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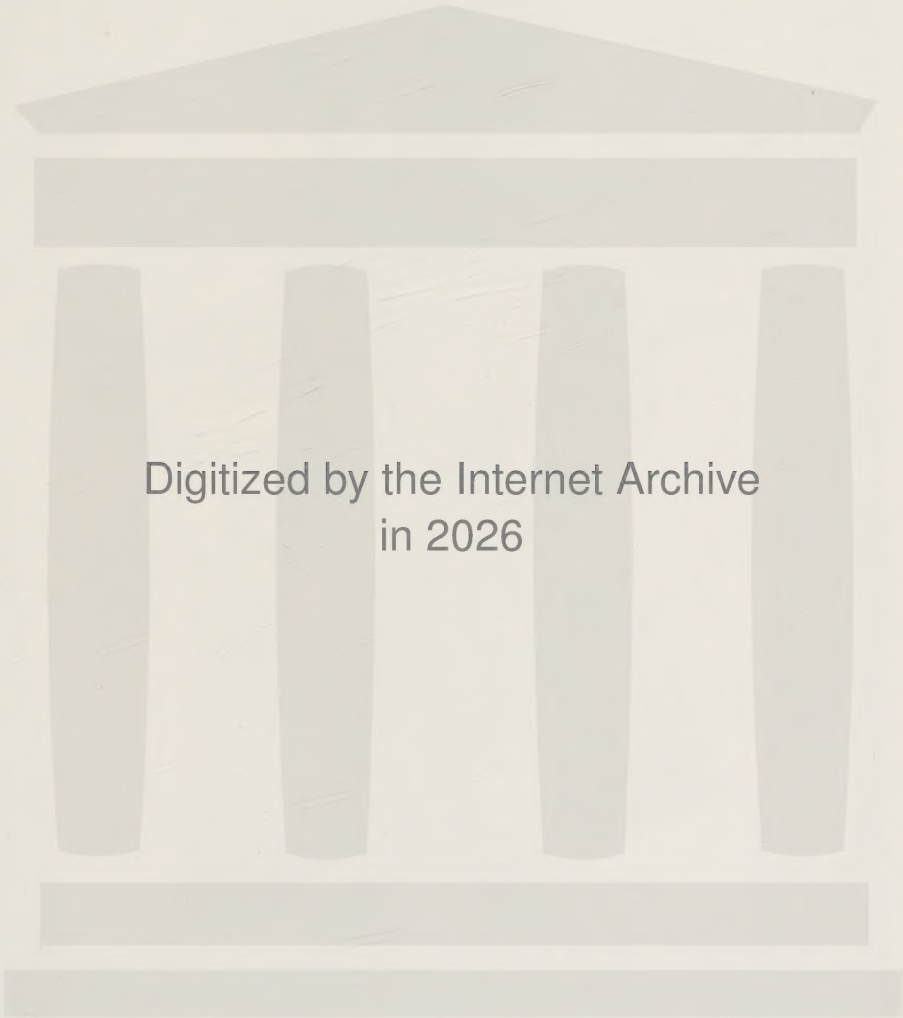

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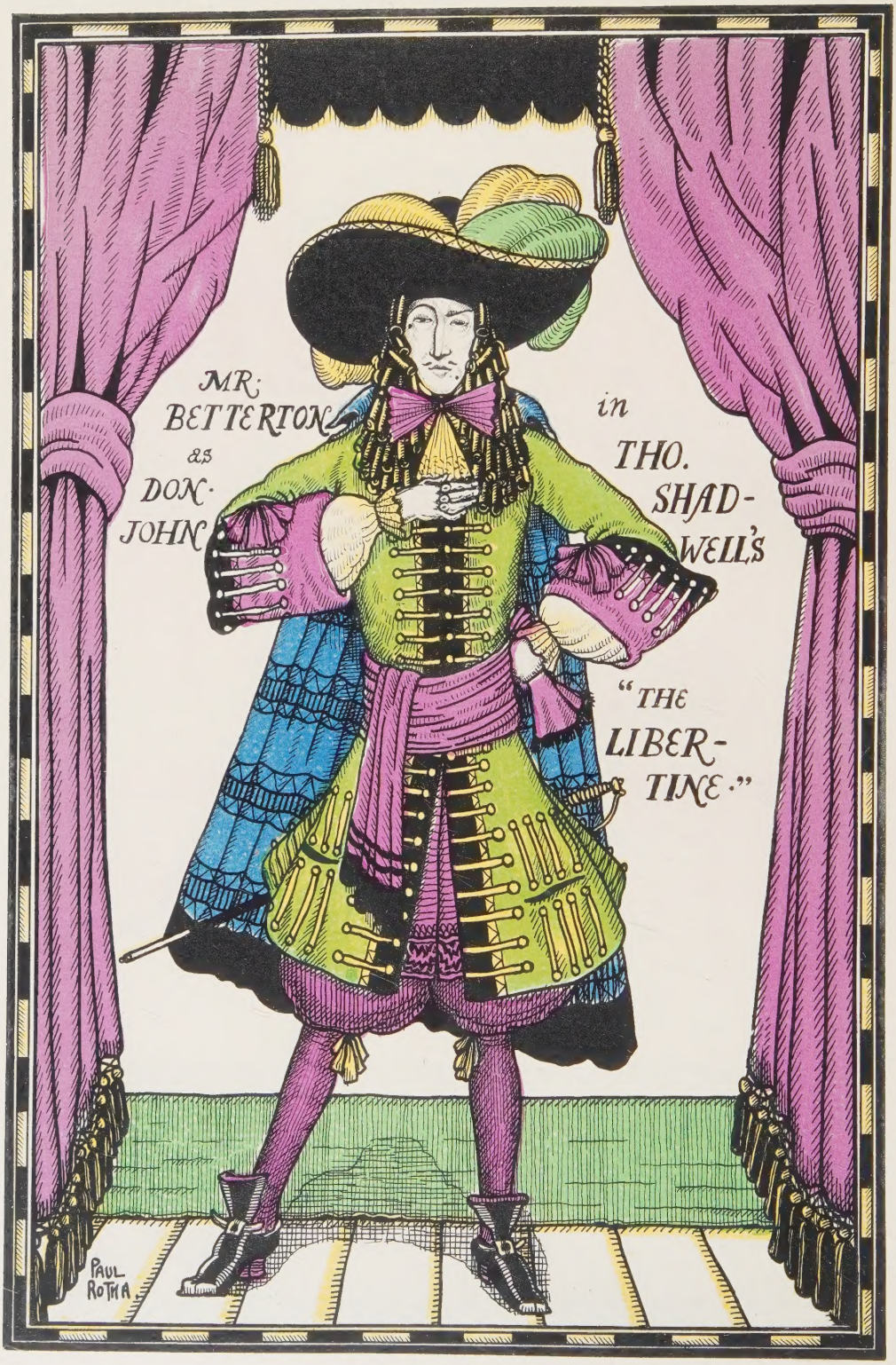
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THE COMPLETE WORKS OF THOMAS SHADWELL

Edited by

MONTAGUE SUMMERS

VOLUME THREE

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THE
LIBERTINE:
A
TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted by
His *ROYAL HIGHNESS'S* Servants.

Written by Tho. Shadwell.

LONDON:

Printed by *T. N.* for *Henry Herringman,* at the *Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange,* 1676.

Source.

As has been pointed out in the Introduction, Shadwell owes his material to at least three sources, which he has mingled together and interwoven with no little acuteness and dexterity. The main theme is from Rosimond's verse drama *Le nouveau Festin de Pierre, ou l'Athée foudroyé* which was represented in 1669 at the Théâtre au Marais, that being, as the author naïvely remarks in his preface to the printed play, the only house in Paris where a *Don Juan* had not yet appeared. Rosimond has suggested the character of Don John, as also his two companions Don Antonio and Don Lopez. Leonora, who is Molière's Elvire, is purveyance from Rosimond together with the rape of a nun, the burning of the convent, the invasion of Don John by several women, each of whom claims to be his lawful spouse, the banquet offered to the Statue whilst his two friends stand mockingly by, the philosophical disquisitions on libertinism and anarchy between the three evil comrades, and their final franzied impenitence to the very moment of death and doom.

The foul trick of Don John, when he takes the place of Don Octavio whom he has slain, and the subsequent imbroglio, are from Jacinto Andrea Cicognini's *Il Convitato di pietra, opera essemplare*, a prose piece in three acts, the precise date of which is unknown, but which must be earlier than 1650, since that is almost certainly the year of Cicognini's death. The scenes between Jacomo and the guards, the hurried voyage on shipboard and the storm, the meeting with the good Hermit, and the ravishment of the shepherdesses are all ensilaged from Dorimon's *Le Festin de Pierre, ou le fils criminel*, a tragedy in verse acted at Lyons in November–December, 1658, at Paris in the Théâtre de la rue des Quatre-Vents in 1661, printed at Lyons early in 1659 ; and from de Villiers' *Le Festin de Pierre*, produced at the Hôtel de Bourgogne in 1659, and published in the following year at Paris and at Amsterdam with an " Epître à M. de Corneille, à ses heures perdues." Dorimon was an actor belonging to the Company of Mademoiselle ; de Villiers was of the Hôtel de Bourgogne troop. Both these dramatists, whose plays are very similar, not only in the names of the characters but in the sequence of scenes and language, had a common original which was, no doubt, Onofrio Giliberto's *Il Convitato di pietra* which appeared at Naples in 1652, but is now lost (Allacci, *Drammaturgia*, p. 87).

Yet Shadwell has much, very much, which is peculiarly his own. After all, it is not in the legend nor in the various intrigues and incidents arising

from the legend that we can look for anything new, but rather in the dramatist's treatment of this theme. A fanatic of evil as the English Don John may seem, outrageous as his sallies may sound, there is nevertheless a cold calculating philosophy that underlies his brutality, his crimes, and his lust. It is by no means mere hot-headed madness and unreined depravity. Woman is far from being his only goal, nay far from being his only instrument. He demands an excess of savagery, a monstrous riot of violence and corruption. He is a swaggering colossus of wickedness and ruffianism. He is such a brute as Nero was. We meet him in the pages of De Sade where we have Coeur-de-Fer; Saint-Florent; d'Esterval the murderous innkeeper; Noirceuil; the Muscovite Minski; Brisa-Testa, the brigand-chief; and many others, who moreover upon the slightest provocation indulge with an excess of cynicism in those long ethical debates which are adumbrated in the dialogues of Don John, Don Lopez, and Don Antonio.

It should be remarked that the legend of Don Juan with the banquet of the statue is employed by Sir Aston Cockain in his *The Tragedy of Ovid* which was published in his *Poems* with *The Obstinate Lady* and *Trappolin A supposed Prince*, 8vo, 1662 (second edition, 1669), and "Intended to be Acted shortly." But it seems never to have appeared upon the stage. Captain Hannibal, an atheistical whoremonger, as he passes the gibbet, invites to supper a hanged man, whose spectre duly appears. In return Hannibal goes to dine at the gallows, where his phantom wry-necked host has "A table set forth, covered with a black linen cloth; all the napkins of the same colour; the meat and dishes, bottles, wine, and all things also." As he eats, the guest boasts of his horrid crimes. Presently the three Judges of hell appear with the Furies, and the Captain is of a sudden seized by demons and borne off howling "to the infernal shades of grisly Pluto's kingdom." Cacala, Hannibal's poltroon man, closely corresponds to Jacomo and Sganarelle. Langbaine notes: "The passage of Captain Hannibal's inviting the dead carcass of *Helvidius* to Supper is possibly borrow'd from the Italian Play call'd *Il Atheisto Fulminato*, to which Language our Author was no stranger; and on which Foundation the Catastrophe of the *Libertine* is built." No doubt Cockain knew Cicognini's *Il Convitato di pietra*. The substitution of a hanged criminal for the statue was probably adopted from the old German story of *The Guests at the Gallows*, which was first related in literary form by the Dominican writer, Simon Grünau, O.P., in his *Prussian Chronicle*.

Theatrical History.

THE LIBERTINE, written, Shadwell has told us, in something like three weeks, was produced at Dorset Garden in June, 1675, possibly on the fifteenth of that month when it was seen by the King. Downes records: "*The Libertine*, and *Virtuoso;* both wrote by Mr. *Shadwell;* they were both very well acted, and got the Company great reputation; the *Libertine* perform'd by Mr. *Betterton* crown'd the play." Unfortunately with this exception the original cast has not been preserved.

The drama was immensely successful and was played season after season to crowded houses. Some scenes became proverbial. "'Tis like eating with the Ghost in the *Libertine*," cries the coxcomb Novel in *The Plain Dealer* (produced at Drury Lane in the winter of 1676) when he describes his dinner at my Lady Autum's.

"This Play," writes Langbaine, "if not regular, is at least diverting: which according to the Opinion of some of our First-Rate Poets, is the End of Poetry."

Purcell's famous music to *The Libertine* is sometimes very erroneously said to be that for the original production, whereas in matter of fact it was composed for a special revival in 1692.

The serenade *Thou joy of all hearts*, Act I, was set by Dr. William Turner, and this is given in *New Ayres and Dialogues composed for Voices and Viols*, 1678, and in Playford's *Choice Ayres and Songs*, II, 1679. It is reported to have also been printed in *The Wit's Academy*, 1677, but this has not been traced.

Both the above collections further contain Turner's music to the song *When you dispense your Influence*, the words being slightly varied: *Cloris, when you dispense.*

The rustic revelry, Act IV, has two songs *Nymphs and Shepherds*, and *In these delightful fragrant Groves*, the earliest extant versions of which seem to be in the second edition (1706) of Book I of *Orpheus Britannicus*. In both cases the title runs "A single Song in the Libertine."

Purcell's remarkable music to the "Song of Devils," *Prepare, prepare*, Act V, is found in several MSS. The short instrumental induction with which it opens was used by the composer for the Funeral Procession of Queen May II. There also exists music for a song explicitly stated to have been sung in Shadwell's drama. In Book II, 1695, of *Deliciæ Musarum* we have "The Trumpet Song, Sung by the Boy in the Libertine Destroy'd. Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*"

To arms, heroick prince,
Glory, like love, has pow'rfull charms,
Let glory now they soul ingross
And recompense its rival's loss.
Bid trumpets sound, and nothing name
But battles, conquests, triumph, fame.

This was included in the second volume of *Orpheus Britannicus* with the same rubric save that the singer is Mr. Bowen. Now we know that Jemmy Bowen sang Purcell's music as " the Boy " in a revival of *Abdelazer*, 1695. If then he was singing as a boy in 1695, it is impossible he could have sung at the original production of *The Libertine*. Moreover, Thomas Oliphant, who had most accurate knowledge of the music of this period, has left a manuscript note in his copy of the *Biographia Dramatica* to the effect that " a musical masque by H. Purcell was added in 1692 " to *The Libertine*, and it was no doubt at this revival that " The Trumpet Song " was introduced.

22 December, 1703, *The Libertine* was given at Drury Lane, and again at the same house 22 September, 1704. At Dorset Garden, it was seen 23 November, 1706.

On 3 July, 1708, *The Libertine* was given at Drury Lane by the Summer Company. Mills was Don John ; Booth Don Lopez ; Johnson Jacomo ; Mrs. Porter Maria. At the same theatre 14 December, 1709, Powell appeared as Don John, a character in which he was accounted excellent.

The Spectator, Monday, 21 May, 1711 (LXX) advertises : " At the Desire of several Ladies of Quality. For the Benefit of Mr. Thurmond. By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians. At the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, this present Monday, being the 21st of May, will be presented a Play call'd, The Libertine destroy'd. The Part of Don John by Mr. Mills, Jacomo Mr. Johnson, Antonio Mr. Thurmond, Lopez Mr. Bickerstaff, Francisco Mr. Keene, Leonora Mrs. Knight, Maria Mrs. Porter, Octavia Miss Sherburn, Flavia Miss Willis, the Shepherds Mr. Norris, Mr. Leigh, Mr. Pack, and Mr. Burkhead. With all the Original Decorations proper to the Play. And a Dance by a Dutch Skipper and his Wife. And to Morrow will be reviv'd a Comedy (not acted these 3 Years) call'd The Squire of Alsatia. For the Benefit of Mrs. Powell and Mr. Cross. This Play is sold by Jacob Tonson, at Shakespear's Head over-against Catharine-street in the Strand."

The play is again advertised for Tuesday, 19 June ; for Tuesday, 24 July, when Powel is Antonio, Booth Lopez, Miss Willis Clara, and Miss Sherburn Flavia ; for Friday, 28 December, " At the Request of several Persons of Quality " ; Tuesday, 11 March, 1712 ; Tuesday, 19 August, 1712, with Mrs. Rogers as Maria ; and on various other dates.

In 1712 and 1713 William Bowen appeared as Jacomo, but it was considered that Johnson excelled him in this rôle, which none the less he endeavoured to claim as his own peculiar property, thus unfortunately leading to his tragic end, which Chetwood relates as follows: "Mr. Bowen was too tenacious, and could not brook being told, that the late *Ben Johnson* excell'd in the Part of *Jacomo* in the *Libertine:* Tho' it was given against him by the whole Company. He immediately parted, sent to Mr. *Quin* (in the Name of a Gentleman) to a neighbouring Tavern; when he enter'd, *Bowen* shut the Door, clapt his Back against it, and drew his Sword. Mr. *Quin* mildly expostulated with him, but all to no Purpose. He threaten'd to pin him to the Wainscot, if he did not draw that Moment; which he did to defend his own Life, with an Intention to disarm him: But *Bowen* pressed so furiously upon him, that he receiv'd the Wound which occasion'd his Death three Days after. However, when the Loss of Blood had weakened his rage, he confess'd his own Folly and Madness had justly drawn on his own misfortune; and at the tryal, Mr. *Quin* was honourably acquitted." The coroner's inquest found *se defendendo*, but the Old Bailey jury returned a verdict of manslaughter, and it is said Quin was burned in the hand. This was the statutory punishment for manslaughter, which was not abolished until 19 Geo. III, c. 74. A cross-shaped mark was branded with a hot iron in the brawn of the thumb of the left hand. The sentence may have been nominally executed in this case, but no doubt as was often the use in such circumstances a cold iron was employed. This happened in the spring of 1718.

The Libertine long remained a general favourite in the theatrical repertory. It was played 19 October, 1720, at Drury Lane; 29 October, 1722; 26 December, 1724; 29 October, 1725; 16 October, 1727; to mention but a few especial performances of many.

At the same house, 11 June, 1731, Shadwell's drama was given by the Summer Company with new dresses and effects. Bridgewater played Don John; Harper, with "a fat figure, full voice, round face, and honest laugh," Jacomo; Theophilus Cibber the First Shepherd; Mrs. Butler, a great mistress of the pathetic, Leonora; Mrs. Cibber Maria. *The Amours of Billingsgate*, a ballad opera, followed with Berry, Oates, and Kitty Clive (then Miss Raftor) in the cast. This is in effect only *The Cobler's Opera* by Ryan, an amusing trifle originally produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields, 26 April, 1728.

"*The Libertine*," notes Davies, "was acted frequently at Drury-Lane, during the management of *Booth*, *Wilks*, and *Cibber;* but it dwindled by degrees to a meer Holiday-Play: the elder *Mills* acted *The Libertine*." John Mills, whom Downes judged to excell in tragedy but whom Aaron Hill criticizes somewhat severely, died in November, 1736. He was "in person, inclined to the athletic size; his features large, though not

expressive; his voice was manly and powerful, but not flexible; his action and deportment decent."

The Libertine now began to be seldom seen, but the announcement for Drury Lane, 13 February, 1740, " Don John, or the Libertine Destroyed. Not acted 12 years," is demonstrably an exaggeration. Mills junior played the title-rôle; Macklin Jacomo; Yates the First Shepherd; Taswell the Statue, which he probably buffooned, for although " he fancied he could speak tragedy as well as any man " he " was born only to excite mirth "; Mrs. Pritchard Leonora; Mrs. Mills Maria. The piece was repeated on the following evening with great applause. Shortly after this date, however, the tragedy intact may be said to disappear from the stage.

On 10 May, 1782, the pantomime *Don John; or, The Libertine Destroyed* followed *The Old Batchelour* at Drury Lane. This is founded upon Shadwell's drama, and of its kind has merit. The piece had been arranged by Delpini; the songs, duets, and choruses were by Reeve; W. Dixon painted the scenery. It was again played at the same house for the benefit of Palmer, who was the Don John, 22 May, 1789; and on 28 May of the same year at Covent Garden to give Delpini the opportunity of acting Scaramouch (Jacomo).

So popular did the story of Don John become that numerous melodramas, burlettas, pantomimes and dramatic entertainments founded upon the legend, far too many to chronicle, began to crowd the stage. It can well be understood that so lurid a theme captured the imagination of an age devoted to Mrs. Radcliffe, Monk Lewis, Gothic romances, and many a " dismal, dreadful, horrid Story." (Such actually is the description of *The Abbess of S. Hilda*, one of J. Ker's Greek Street publications about 1805). When Lewis' *Adelmorn, The Outlaw*, produced at Drury Lane, Monday, 4 May, 1801, was objected to as " irreligious " because in a vision the villain, Ulric, is carried off by two Dæmons, and a Glory appears into which Count Roderic ascends upon brilliant clouds " and Hell and Heaven ought not to be publicly exhibited," the author in his Preface to the octavo, 1801, retorted: " In the Vision heaven and hell are not publicly exhibited; my phantoms are only seen on the road thither; and in showing this to the audience, I have only shown them what they have not merely been accustomed to see, but accustomed to applaud.—Don *Juan's* devils have exhibited their flame-coloured stockings and black periwigs in every theatre throughout the kingdom."

In *A Tale of Terror*, Covent Garden, 12 May, 1803, by Henry Siddons, which was received with great favour, the dramatist acknowledges by his Advertisement to the published piece: " Molières play of the ' Feast of the Statue ' furnished the idea of the characters of Valdarno and Donna Mercia in this little attempt. Some of the speeches in the First Scenes are almost literal translations from that Play: but after the First Scene, I

dropped the idea of translation; and the characters of Petro, Hannibal, and Paulina, are, as far, as I can answer for myself entirely new:—On recollection, the rescue of the brother from the robbers in the First Act is taken from Molière." This of itself shows that at the beginning of the nineteenth century particular attention was being given to Molière's play.

20 May, 1817, at Covent Garden, Kemble appeared for the last time as Penruddock in *The Wheel of Fortune*. *The Libertine* by Pocock, "never acted," followed Cumberland. Charles Kemble played Don Juan; Liston Leporello; Sinclair Don Octavio; Duruset Masetto; Chapman Don Pedro; Miss Stephens Zerlina; Mrs. Faucit Elvira; and Miss Matthews Leonora. The operetta proved highly successful, and was repeated twenty times. Much, of course, is taken from Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, but Pocock has not forgotten Shadwell, whose very words he often uses.

Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, the libretto of which is by Lorenzo da Ponte, was originally produced at Prague, 29 October, 1787, by Bondini's company with Bassi, a celebrated baritone only twenty-two years old, as the Don; Felice Ponziani, Leporello; Antonio Baglioni Ottavio; Teresa Saporiti Donna Anna; Caterina Micelli Donna Elvira; and Teresa Bondini, the wife of the manager, Zerlina. The original title was *Il Dissoluto Punito, ossia il Don Giovanni*, and the work is described as *opera buffa* or *dramma giocoso*, although Mozart's genius had made it vastly more than that. Lorenzo da Ponte was not indebted to Molière as has been asserted, but made use of *Il Convitato di Pietra*, a libretto written by the theatrical poet Bertali for the composer Guiseppe Gazzaniga.

Don Giovanni was given in Vienna, 17 May, 1788, for which production Mozart wrote three new vocal numbers; "Mi tradi quell' alma ingrata," at the request of Caterina Cavalieri, the Elvira; "Della sua pace" to be substituted for the more exacting "Il mio tesoro" which Morello the Ottavio was not capable of rendering perfectly; and a comic duet "Per queste tue manine" for Zerlina and Leporello, which now is usually omitted. *Don Giovanni* was given in London, 12 April, 1817, and at New York, Park Theatre, 23 May, 1826. Manuel Garcia sang the title-rôle, and Signorina Maria Garcia, afterwards Malibran, Zerlina. Faure, Maurel, and Scotti are named as great exponents of Don Giovanni; Lablache was accounted supreme as Leporello; Don Ottavio has been sung by Rubini and Mario.

An "adaptation" of the opera was produced by Kalkbrenner at Paris in 1805. Herein the famous "Trio of the Masks," "Protegga, il giusto cielo," was sung not by Donna Anna, Donna Elvira, and Don Ottavio, but by three gendarmes!

At Bath, 19 May, 1819, Bedford for his benefit chose *The Dwarf of Naples*, a tragi-comedy by Soane, which had been produced at Drury Lane on 13 March previously with Kean as Malvesi, a deformed and bastard dwarf.

In the provinces Warde acted Malvesi and was not successful, in fact at Bath he was hissed. *Don Giovanni in London*, by W. T. Moncrieff, had been announced to follow, but there was substituted Dibdin's operatic extravaganza *Don Giovanni; or, The Spectre on Horseback*, which burlesques Mozart. Chatterley was Don Giovanni; Green Leporello; Bedford Don Guzman and the Ghost; the "Marble Horse by a Dandy Charger."

Moncrieff's burletta *Don Giovanni in London; or, The Libertine Reclaimed* which was first performed at the Olympic Theatre, London, 26 December, 1817, with Mrs. Gould as the Don and Keeley Leporello, had been a great success. Later the Don was played by Madame Vestris. This extravaganza was revived at the Victoria Theatre, London, in 1844. It was produced in Bath, 11 December, 1820. Mrs. Gould played Don Giovanni; Woulds, a farceur, Leporello. The thing was the merest trifle. The first scene is laid in Hades, whence they oblige the Don to return to earth.

At Drury Lane 22 December, 1821, *Don Giovanni in Ireland*, a skit was produced with some applause. Madame Vestris played Don Giovanni; Harley Leporello; Fitzwilliam Padreen Gar; and Knight Simon Sly.

There is also a *Don Giovanni in New York*, which was produced in New York, 1841, with Mrs. Thorne as the Don. The following year in the same city was brought out *Don Giovanni in Gotham* with Mrs. Timon as Giovanni.

As might have been expected incidents from Byron's famous poem, *Don Juan*, have been dramatized, and on the 1 December, 1828, a romantic drama of that name by the prolific Buckstone was produced at the Adelphi Theatre, London, with Mrs. Honey as Don Juan and Mrs. Emden Inez.

The same actresses sustained these rôles in another version from Byron, the dialogue by Charles Milner and the lyrics by E. Stirling, which was given at the City of London theatre nine years later.

Don Juan, the Little Gay Deceiver, a burlesque by H. Spry, appeared at the Grecian Theatre, London, 20 June, 1870.

At the Theatre Royal, Bradford, another farcical *Don Juan* was given on 22 November, of the same year.

Don Juan, an extravaganza by Henry J. Byron, was brought out at the Alhambra, 22 December, 1873. Madame Rose Bell was Juan; Harry Paulton Leporello; Kate Santley Haidée; and Lottie Venne Zerlina.

Edgardo Colonna's *Don John of Seville*, produced at the Elephant and Castle, 30 September, 1876, was a serious drama in blank verse, adapted from Zorilla's *Don Juan de Tenorio*, a welcome change from this nimiety of parody and pantomime.

However *Don Juan Junior* by R. Reece and E. Righton, "the brothers Prendergast," first performed at the Royalty, 3 November, 1880, is sheer vaudeville. Kate Lawler was the Don, and Ethel Ritta Haidée.

The Gaiety burlesque *Don Juan*, dialogue by James T. Tanner, lyrics by

Adrian Ross, and music by Meyer Lutz, produced 28 October, 1893, with Myllie Hylton as Juan, Cissy Loftus Haidée, Sylvia Grey, Donna Julia, and Arthur Roberts Pedrillo, could not be counted among the best of those favourite entertainments.

The Elizabethan Stage Society under the direction of William Poel, gave an English translation of Molière's *Le Festin de Pierre* in the dining-hal. of Lincoln's Inn on Friday, 15 December, 1899. Franklin Dyall acted Don Juan and Michael Sherbrooke Sganarelle. The critics " did not find much to interest them." The audience was sparse ; it was an exceptionally cold and foggy night, and some of the chill seemed to have got into the hall.

Don Juan's Last Wager, a play adapted by Mrs. Cunninghame Graham from José Zorilla, was produced at the Prince of Wales Theatre on 27 February, 1900, with Sir Martin Harvey as Juan.

Some mention of Bernard Shaw's *Man and Superman*—it is said the subject of Don Juan was suggested to the dramatist by A. B. Walkley—will be found in the Introduction, where Flecker's *Don Juan* is also considered.

To the Most Illustrious Prince

WILLIAM,

DUKE, MARQUIS, and EARL

OF

Newcastle, &c.

May it please your Grace,

THE *Favours have been so many and so great, which your Grace's unwearied Bounty has conferred upon me, that I cannot omit this opportunity of telling the World, how much I have been obliged, and by whom. My Gratitude will not suffer me to smother the favours in silence; nor the Pride they have rais'd me to, let me conceal the Name of so Excellent a Patron. The honour of being favoured by the Great* Newcastle, *is equal with any real Merit, I am sure infinitely above mine. Yet the encouragement I receive from your Grace, is the certain way to make the World believe I have some desert, or to create in me the most favourable thoughts of my self. My Name may thus, when otherwise it would perish, live in after Ages, under the protection of your Grace's, which, is famous abroad, and will be Eterniz'd in this Nation, for your Wit beyond all Poets; Judgment and Prudence, before all Statesmen; Courage and Conduct, above all Generals; Constancy and Loyalty, beyond all Subjects; Virtue and Temperance, above all Philosophers; for skill in Weapons, and Horsemanship, and all other Arts befitting your Quality, excelling all Noblemen: And lastly, for those eminent Services in defence of your King and Countrey, with an Interest and Power much exceeding all, and with Loyalty equalling any Nobleman. And indeed, the first was so great, that it might justly have made the greatest Prince afraid of it, had it not been so strongly secured by the latter.*

All these Heroick Qualities I admired, and worshipped at a distance, before I had the Honour to wait upon your Grace at your House. For so vast was your Bounty to me, as to find me out in my obscurity, and oblige me several years, before you saw me at Welbeck; *where (when I arrived) I found a Respect so extremely*

above the meanness of my Condition, that I still received it with blushes; having had nothing to recommend me, (but the Birth and Education, without the Fortune of a Gentleman) besides some Writings of mine, which your Grace was pleased to like. Then was soon added to my former Worship and Admiration, infinite Love, and infinite Gratitude, and a Pride of being favour'd by one, in whom I observ'd a Majesty equal with greatest Princes, yet Affability exceeding ordinary Gentlemen. A Greatness, that none e'r approached without Awe, or parted from without Satisfaction.

Then (by the great honour I had to be daily admitted into your Grace's publick and private Conversation) I observed that admirable Experience and Judgment surmounting all the Old, and that vigorousness of Wit, and smartness of Expression, exceeding all the Young, I ever knew; and not onely in sharp and apt Replies, the most excellent way of pursuing a Discourse; but (which is much more difficult) by giving easie and unforced occasions, the most admirable way of begining one; and all this adapted to men of all Circumstances and Conditions. Your Grace being able to discourse with every Man in his own way, which, as it shews you to be a most accurate Observer of all mens tempers, so it shews your Excellency in all their Arts. But when I had the favour daily to be admitted to your Grace's more retired Conversation, when I alone enjoyed the honour, I must declare, I never spent my hours with that pleasure, or improvement; nor shall I ever enough acknowledge that, and the rest of the Honours done me by your Grace, as much above my Condition as my Merit.

And now, my Lord, after all this, imagine not I intend this small Present of a Play (though favoured here by those I most wish it should be) as any return; for all the Services of my life cannot make a sufficient one. I onely lay hold on this occasion to publish to the World your great Favours, and the grateful Acknowledgments of,

My most Noble Lord,

Your Grace's

Most obliged, humble,

and obedient Servant,

THO. SHADWELL.

PREFACE.

THE ſtory from which I took the hint of this Play, is famous all over *Spain*, *Italy* and *France*: It was firſt put into a *Spaniſh* Play (as I have been told) the *Spaniards* having a Tradition (which they believe) of ſuch a vicious *Spaniard*, as is repreſented in this Play. From them the *Italian* Comedians took it, and from them the *French* took it, and Four ſeveral *French* Plays were made upon the Story.

The Character of the *Libertine*, and conſequently thoſe of his Friends, are borrow'd; but all the Plot, till the later end of the Fourth Act, is new: And all the reſt is very much varied from any thing which has been done upon the Subject.

I hope the Readers will excuſe the Irregularities of the Play, when they conſider, that the Extravagance of the Subject forced me to it: And I had rather try new ways to pleaſe, than to write on in the ſame Road, as too many do. I hope that the ſevereſt Reader will not be offended at the Repreſentation of thoſe Vices, on which they will ſee a dreadful puniſhment inflicted. And I have been told by a worthy Gentleman, that many years agon (when firſt a Play was made upon this Story in *Italy*) he has ſeen it Acted there by the name of *Atheiſto Fulminato*, in Churches, on *Sundays*, as a part of Devotion; and ſome, not of the leaſt Judgment and Piety here, have thought it rather an uſeful Moral, than an incouragement to vice.

I have no reaſon to complain of the ſucceſs of this Play, ſince it pleaſed thoſe, whom, of all the World, I would pleaſe moſt. Nor was the Town unkind to it, for which reaſon I muſt applaud my good Fortune, to have pleaſed with ſo little pains: there being no Act in it, which coſt me above Five days writing; and the laſt Two, (the Play-houſe having great occaſion for a Play) were both written in four days, as ſeveral can teſtifie, and this I dare declare, notwithſtanding the foul, coarſe, and ill-manner'd cenſure paſſed upon them, (who write Plays in three, four, or five Weeks time) by a rough, hobling Rhimer, in his *Poſtſcript* to another Man's Play, which he ſpoil'd, and call'd *Love and Revenge*; I having before publickly owned the writing two Plays in ſo ſhort a time. He ought not to have meaſured any Man's Abilities, who writes for the Stage; with his own: For ſome may write that in three weeks, which he cannot in three years. But he is angry, that any man ſhould write ſenſe ſo eaſily, when he finds it ſo laborious a thing to write, even Fuſtian, that he is believed to have been

three years drudging upon the *Conquest of China*. But he ought not to be called a Poet, who cannot write ten times a better in three weeks.

I cannot here pass by his sawcy Epistle to this *Conquest*, which (instead of expressions of just respect, due to the Birth and Merit of his Patron) is stuffed with railing against others. And first, he begins with the vanity of his Tribe. What Tribe that really is, it is not hard to ghess; but all the Poets will bear me witness it is not theirs, who are sufficiently satisfied, that he is no more a Poet than Servant to his Majesty, as he presumes to write himself; which I wonder he will do, since Protections are taken off: I know not what Place he is Sworn into in Extraordinary, but I am sure there is no such thing as Poet in Extraordinary.

But I wonder (after all his railing) he will call these Poets his Brethren; if they were, me-thinks he might have more natural affection than to abuse his Brethren: but he might have spared that Title, for we can find no manner of Relation betwixt him and them; for they are all Gentlemen, that will not own him, or keep him company: and that perhaps, is the cause which makes him so angry with them, to tax them, in his ill-manner'd Epistle, with Impudence, which he (having a particular affection for his own vice) calls by the name of Frailty. Impudence indeed is a very pretty Frailty.

But (what ever the Poets are guilty of) I wish he had as much of Poetry in him, as he has of that Frailty, for the good of the Duke's Theatre; they might then have hopes of gaining as much by his good Sense, as they have lost by his Fustian.

Thus much I thought fit to say in vindication of the Poets, though, I think, he has not Authority enough (with Men of sense) to fix any calumny upon the Tribe, as he calls it. For which reason I shall never trouble my self to take notice of him hereafter, since all men of Wit will think, that he can do the Poets no greater injury, than pretending to be one. Nor had I said so much in answer to his coarse railing, but to reprehend his Arrogance, and lead him to a little better knowledge of himself; nor does his base Language in his *Postscript* deserve a better Return.

PROLOGUE.

OUR *Author sent me hither for a Scout,*
To spy what bloudy Criticks were come out;
Those Piccaroons in Wit, wh' infest this Road,
And snap both Friend and Foe that come abroad.
This Savage Party crueller appears,
Than, in the Channel Ostend *Privateers,*
You in this Road, or sink or plunder all,
Remorsless as a Storm on us you fall:
But as a Merchant, when by Storms distress'd,
Flings out his bulkey Goods to save the rest,
Hoping a Calm may come, he keeps the best.
In this black Tempest which o'r us impends,
Near Rocks and Quicksands, and no Ports of Friends,
Our Poet gives this over to your rage,
The most irregular Play upon the Stage,
As wild, and as extravagant as th' Age.
Now, angry Men, to all your splenes give vent;
When all your fury has on this been spent,
Else-where you with much worse shall be content.
The Poet has no hopes you'll be appeas'd,
Who come on purpose but to be displeas'd,
Such corrupt judges should accepted be,
Who can condemn before they hear or see.
Ne'r were such bloudy Criticks yet in fashion;
You damn by absolute Predestination.
But why so many to run one man down?
It were a mighty triumph when y'have done.
Our scarcity of Plays you should not blame,
When by foul poaching you destroy the Game.
Let him but have fair play, and he may then
Write himself into Favour once agen.
If after this your Anger you'll reveal,
To Cæsar *he must make his just appeal;*
There Mercy and Judgment equally do meet,
To pardon Faults, and to encourage Wit.

The Persons Represented.

Don John.	THE *Libertine;* a rash fearless Man, guilty of all vice.
Don Antonio. *Don Lopez.*	His Two Friends.
Don Octavio.	Brother to *Maria.*
Jacomo.	*Don John*'s Man.
Leonora.	*Don John*'s Mistriss, abused by him, yet follows him for Love.
Maria.	Her Maid, abused by *Don John*, and following him for Revenge.
Don Francisco.	Father to *Clara* and *Flavia*,
Clara. *Flavia.*	His Daughters.
Six Women.	All Wives to *Don John.*
Hermit.	
Two Gentlemen.	Intended for Husbands to *Clara* and *Flavia.*
Ghosts.	
Shepherds and *Shepherdesses.*	
Old Woman.	
Officer and *Soldiers.*	
Singers, Servants, Attendants.	

THE LIBERTINE.

ACT I.

Enter Don John, Don Lopez, Don Antonio, Jacomo, Don John's *Valet.*

Don John. THus far without a bound we have enjoy'd
Our prosp'rous pleasures, which dull Fools call Sins;
Laugh'd at old feeble Judges, and weak Laws;
And at the fond fantastick thing, call'd Conscience,
Which serves for nothing but to make men Cowards;
An idle fear of future misery;
And is yet worse than all that we can fear.

D. Lop. Conscience made up of dark and horrid thoughts,
Rais'd from the fumes of a distemper'd Spleen.

D. Anto. A sensless fear, would make us contradict
The only certain Guide, Infallible Nature;
And at the call of Melancholy Fools,
(Who stile all actions which they like not, Sins)
To silence all our Natural appetites.

D. John. Yet those conscientious Fools, that would perswade us
To I know not what, which they call Piety,
Have in reserve private delicious Sins,
Great as the happy Libertine enjoys,
With which, in corners, wantonly they roul.

D. Lop. Don John, thou art our Oracle; thou hast
Dispell'd the Fumes which once clowded our Brains.

D. Anto. By thee, we have got loose from Education,
And the dull slavery of Pupillage,
Recover'd all the liberty of Nature,
Our own strong Reason now can go alone,
Without the feeble props of splenatick Fools,
Who contradict our common Mother, Nature.

D. John. Nature gave us our Senses, which we please:
Nor does our Reason war against our Sense.
By Natures order, Sense should guide our Reason,
Since to the mind all objects Sense conveys.
But Fools for shaddows lose substantial pleasures,
For idle tales abandon true delight,
And solid joys of day, for empty dreams at night.
Away, thou foolish thing, thou chollick of the mind,
Thou Worm by ill-digesting stomachs bred:
In spight of thee, we'll surfeit in delights,
And never think ought can be ill that's pleasant.

Jacom. A most excellent sermon, and no doubt, Gentlemen, you have edifi'd much by it.

D. John. Away! thou formal phlegmatick Coxcomb, thou
Hast neither courage, nor yet wit enough
To sin thus. Thou art my dull conscientious Pimp.
And when I am wanton with my Whore within,
Thou, with thy Beads and Pray'r-Book keep'st the door.

Jacom. Sir, I find your Worship is no more afraid to be damn'd, than other fashionable Gentlemen of the Age: but, me-thinks, Halters and Axes should terrifie you. With reverence to your Worships, I've seen civiller men hang'd, and men of as pretty parts too. There's scarce a City in *Spain* but is too hot for you, you have committed such outrages wheresoe'r you come.

D. Lop. Come, for diversion, pray let's hear your Fool preach a little.

Jaco. For my part, I cannot but be troubled, that I shall lose my Honour by you, Sir; for people will be apt to say, *Like Master, Like Man.*

D. John. Your honour, Rascal, a Sow-gelder may better pretend to it.

Jacom. But I have another scruple, Sir.

D. John. What's that?

Jacom. I fear I shall be hang'd in your company.

D. Joh. That's an honour you will ne'er have courage to deserve.

Jacom. It is an honour I am not ambitious of.

D. Lop. Why does the Fool talk of hanging? we scorn all Laws.

Jacom. It seems so, or you would not have cut you elder Brother's Throat, *Don Lopez.*

D. Lop. Why, you Coxcomb, he kept a good Estate from me, and I could not Whore and Revel sufficiently without it.

D. Anto. Look you, *Jacomo*, had he not reason?

Jacom. Yes, *Antonio*, so had you to get both your Sisters with Child; 'twas very civil, I take it.

D. Anto. Yes, you fool, they were lusty young handsome Wenches, and pleas'd my appetite. Besides, I sav'd the Honour of the Family by it; for if I had not, some body else would.

Jacom. O horrid villany!
But you are both Saints to my hopeful Master;
I'll turn him loose to *Belzebub* himself,
He shall out do him at his own Weapons.

D. John. I, you Rascal.

Jacom. Oh no, Sir, you are as innocent. To cause your good old Father to be kill'd was nothing.

D. John. It was something, and a good thing too, Sirra: his whole design was to debar me of my pleasures: he kept his purse from me, and could not be content with that, but still would preach his sensless Morals to me, his old dull foolish stuff against my pleasure. I caus'd him to be sent I know not whither. But he believ'd he was to go to Heaven; I care not where he is, since I am rid of him.

Jacom. Cutting his throat was a very good return for his begetting of you.

D. John. That was before he was aware on't, 'twas for his own sake, he ne'r thought of me in the business.

Jacom. Heav'n bless us!

D. John. You Dog, I shall beat out your brains, if you dare be so impudent as to Pray in my company.

Jacom. Good Sir, I have done, I have done——

D. Lop. Prethee let the insipid Fool go on.

D. Ant. Let's hear the Coxcomb number up your crimes,
The patterns we intend to imitate.

Jacom. Sir, let me lay your horrid crimes before you:
The unhappy minute may perhaps arrive,
When the sense of 'em may make you penitent.

D. Anto. 'Twere better thou wer't hang'd.

D. Lop. Repent! Cowards and Fools do that.

D. Joh. Your valiant well-bred Gentlemen never repent:
But what should I repent of?

Jacom. After the Murther of your Father, the brave *Don Pedro*, Governour of *Sevil*, for whom the Town are still in grief, was, in his own house, barb'rously kill'd by you.

D. Joh. Barbarously, you lie, you Rascal, 'twas finely done; I run him through the Lungs as handsomly, and kill'd him as decently, and as like a Gentleman as could be. The jealous Coxcomb deserv'd death, he kept his Sister from me; her eyes would have kill'd me if I had not enjoy'd her, which I could not do without killing him: Besides, I was alone, and kill'd him hand to fist.

Jacom. I never knew you go to Church but to take Sanctuary for a Murder, or to rob Churches of their Plate.

D. Joh. Heav'n needs not be serv'd in Plate, but I had use on't.

Jacom. How often have you scal'd the Walls of Monasteries? Two Nuns, I know, you ravish'd, and a third you dangerously wounded for her violent resistance.

D. Joh. The perverse Jades were uncivil, and deserv'd such usage.

Jacom. Some thirty Murders, Rapes innumerable, frequent Sacrilege, Parricide; in short, not one in all the Catalogue of Sins have scap'd you.

D. Joh. My bus'ness is my pleasure, that end I will always compass, without scrupling the means; there is no right or wrong, but what conduces to, or hinders pleasure. But, you tedious insipid Rascal, if I hear more of your Morality, I will Carbanado you.

D. Anto. We live in the life of Sense, which no fantastick thing, call'd Reason, shall controul.

D. Lop. My reason tells me, I must please my Sense.

D. Joh. My appetites are all I'm sure I have from Heav'n, since they are Natural, and them I always will obey.

Jacom. I doubt it not, Sir, therefore I desire to shake hands and part.

D. Joh. D'ye hear, Dog, talk once more of parting, and I will saw your Wind-pipe. I could find in my heart to cut your Rascals Nose off, and save the Pox a labour: I'll do't, Sirra, have at you.

Jacom. Good Sir, be not so transported; I will live, Sir, and will serve you in any thing; I'll fetch a Wench, or anything in the world, Sir. O how I tremble at this Tyrants rage. [*aside.*

D. Anto. Come, 'tis night, we lose time to our adventures.

D. Lop. I have bespoke Musick for our Serenading.

D. Joh. Let's on, and live the noble life of Sense.
To all the powers of Love and mighty Lust,
In spight of formal Fops I will be just.
What ways soe're conduce to my delight,
My Sense instructs me, I must think 'em right.
On, on my Soul, and make no stop in pleasure,
They're dull insipid Fools that live by measure.

[*Exeunt all but* Jacomo.

Jacom. What will become of me? if I should leave him, he's so revengeful, he would travel o'r all *Spain* to find me out, and cut my throat. I cannot live long with him neither: I shall be hang'd, or knock'd o'th' head, or share some dreadful Fate or other with him. 'Tis between him and me, as between the Devil and the Witch, Who repents her bargain, and would be free from future ills, but for the fear of present durst not venture.

Enter Leonora.

Here comes *Leonora*, one of those multitudes of Ladies, he has Sworn, li'd to, and betray'd.

Leon. Jacomo, where is *Don John?* I could not live to endure a longer absence from him. I have sigh'd and wept my self away: I move, but have no life left in me. His coldness and his absence have given me fearful and killing apprehensions. Where is my Dear?

Jacom. Your Dear, Madam! he's yours no more.

Leon. Heav'n! What do I hear? Speak, is he dead?

Jacom. To you he is.

Leon. Ah me, has he forgot his Vows and Oaths?
Has he no Conscience, Faith, or Honour left?

Jacom. Left, Madam, he ne'r had any.

Leon. It is impossible, you speak this out of malice, sure.

Jacom. There's no man knows him better than I do.
I have a greater respect for you, than for any he has betray'd, and will undeceive you: he is the most perfidious Wretch alive.

Leon. Has he forgot the Sacred Contract, which was made privately betwixt us, and confirm'd before the altar, during the time of holy Mass?

Jacom. All times and places are alike to him.

Leon. Oh how assiduous was he in his passion! how many thousand vows and sighs he breath'd! What tears he wept, seeming to suffer all the cruel pangs which Lovers e'r endur'd! how eloquent were all his words and actions!

Jacom. His person and his parts are excellent, but his base vices are beyond all measure: why would you believe him?

Leon. My own love brib'd me to believe him: I saw the man I lov'd more than the world. Oft on his knees, with his eyes up to Heav'n, kissing my hand with such an amorous heat, and with such ardor, breathing fervent vows of loyal love, and venting sad complaints of extreme sufferings. I poor easie Soul, flattering my self to think he meant as I did, lost all my Sexes faculty, Dissembling; and in a moneth must I be thus betray'd?

Jacom. Poor Lady! I cannot but have bowels for you: your sad Narration makes me weep in sadness: but you are better us'd than others. I ne'r knew him constant a fortnight before.

Leon. Then, then he promis'd he would marry me.

Jacom. If he were to live here one moneth longer, he wou'd marry half the Town, ugly and handsome, old and young: nothing that's female comes amiss to him———

Leon. Does he not fear a thunderbolt from Heav'n?

Jacom. No, nor a Devil from Hell. He owns no Deity, but his voluptuous appetite, whose satisfaction he will compass by Murders, Rapes,

Treasons, or ought else. But pray let me ask you one civil question; Did you not give him earnest of your Body, Madam.

Leon. Mock not my misery.

Oh! that confounds me. Ah! I thought him true, and lov'd him so, I could deny him nothing.

Jacom. Why, there 'tis; I fear you have, or else he wou'd have marri'd you: he has marri'd six within this moneth, and promis'd fifteen more, all whom he has enjoy'd, and left, and is this night gone on some new adventure, some Rape, or Murder, some such petty thing.

Leon. Oh Monster of Impiety!

Oh false *Don John!* wonder of cruelty! [*She swounds.*

Jacom. What a pox does she swound at the news! Alas! poor Soul, she has mov'd me now to pity, as she did to love. Ha! the place is private——If I should make use of a Natural Receit to refresh her, and bring her to life again, 'twould be a great pleasure to me, and no trouble to her. Hum! 'tis very private, and I dare sin in private. A deuce take her, she revives, and prevents me.

Leon. Where is the cruel Tyrant! inhumane Monster! but I will strive to fortifie my self. But Oh my misfortune! Oh my misery! Under what strange Enchantments am I bound? Could he be yet a thousand times more impious, I could not chuse but love his Person still.

Jacom. Be not so passionate; if you could be discreet, and love your self, I'de put you in a way to ease your grief now, and all your cares hereafter.

Leon. If you can now ease an afflicted Woman, who else must shortly rid her self of life, imploy your Charity: 'twas never plac'd yet on a Wretch needed it more than I.

Jacom. If Loyalty in a Lover be a Jewel! say no more, I can tell you where you may have it———

Leon. Speak not of truth in man, it is impossible.

Jacom. Pardon me, I speak on my own knowledge.

Leon. Is your Master true then? and have you happily deceiv'd me? Speak.

Jacom. As true as all the power of Hell can make him.

Leon. If he be false, let all the world be so.

Jacom. There's another-guess man than he, Madam.

Leon. Another! Who can that be?

No, no, there's no truth found in the Sex. [*aside.*

Jacom. He is a civil virtuous and discreet sober person.

Leon. Can there be such a man? What does he mean?

Jacom. There is, Madam, a man of goodly Presence too——

Something inclining to be fat, of a round plump face, with quick and sparkling eyes, and mouth of cheerful overture——

His nose, which is the onely fault, is somewhat short, but that's no matter; his hair and eye-brows black, and so forth.

Leon. How, he may perhaps be brib'd by some other man, and what he said of his Master may be false.

Jacom. How she surveys me! Fa-la-la. [*Sings and struts about.*

Leon. Who is this you speak of?

Jacom. A man, who, envy must confess, has excellent parts, but those are gifts, gifts———meer gifts———thanks be to Heav'n for them.

Leon. But shall I never know his name?

Jacom. He's one, whom many Ladies have honour'd with their affection; but no more of that. They have met disdain, and so forth. But he'll be content to marry you. Fa-la-la-la. [*Sings.*

Leon. Again I ask you who he is?

Jacom. Lord, how inapprehensive she is? Can you not guess?

Leon. No.

Jacom. Your humble Servant, Madam.

Leon. Yours, Sir.

Jacom. It is my self in person; and upon my honour, I will be true and constant to you.

Cleon. Insolent Varlet! Am I fal'n so low to be thy scorn?

Jacom. Scorn! As I am a Christian Soul I am in earnest.

Leon. Audacious Villain! Impudence it self!

Jacom. Ah, Madam! your Servant, your true Lover must endure a thousand such bobs from his Mistriss; I can bear, Madam, I can.

Leon. Because thy Master has betray'd me, am I become so infamous?

Jacom. 'Tis something hard, Madam, to preserve a good reputation in his company; I can scarce do't my self.

Leon. Am I so miserable to descend to his man?

Jacom. Descend, say you: Ha, ha, ha!

Leon. Now I perceive all's false which you have said of him. Farewel, you base ingrateful Fellow.

Jacom. Hold, Madam, come in the Morning and I will place you in the next room, where you shall over-hear our discourse. You'll soon discover the mistake, and find who 'tis that loves you. Retire, Madam, I hear some body coming. [*Exeunt* Jacomo, Leonora.

Enter Don John *in the Street.*

D. John. Let me see, here lives a Lady: I have seen *Don Octavio* haunting about this house, and making private signs to her. I never saw her face, but am resolv'd to enjoy her, because he likes her; besides, she's another Woman.

Enter Antonio.

Antonio, Welcome to our place of randezvous. Well, what game! what adventure!

Enter Lopez.

Come, dear *Lopez*.

Anto. I have had a rare Adventure.

Lop. What, dear *Antonio?*

Anto. I saw at a *Villa* not far off, a grave mighty bearded Fool, drinking *Lemonado* with his Mistriss; I mislik'd his face, pluck'd him by the Whiskers, pull'd all one side of his Beard off, fought with him, run him through the thigh, carri'd away his Mistriss, serv'd her in her kind, and then let her go.

D. Joh. Gallantly perform'd, like a brave Souldier in an Enemies Countrey: When they will not pay Contribution, you fight for Forage.

D. Lop. Pox on't I have been damnably unfortunate; I have neither beat man, nor lain with Woman to night, but faln in love most furiously: I dogg'd my new Mistriss to her Lodging; she's *Don Bernardo*'s Sister, and shall be my Punk.

D. Joh. I could meet with no willing Dame, but was fain to commit a Rape to pass away the time.

D. Anto. Oh! a Rape is the joy of my heart; I love a Rape, upon my *Clavis*, exceedingly.

D. Joh. But mine, my Lads, was such a Rape, it ought to be Registred; a Noble and Heroick Rape.

D. Lop. Ah! dear *Don John!*

D. Anto. How was it?

D. Joh. 'Twas in a Church, Boys.

D. Anto. Ah! Gallant Leader!

D. Lop. Renown'd *Don John!*

D. Anto. Come, let's retire, you have done enough for once.

D. Joh. Not yet, *Antonio*, I have an Intrigue here.

Enter Fidlers.

Here are my Fidlers, Rank your selves close under this Window, and sing the Song I prepar'd.

SONG.

THou joy of all hearts, and delight of all eyes,
Nature's chief Treasure, and Beauty's chief Prize,
Look down, you'l discover,
Here's a faithful young vigorous Lover;
With a Heart full as true,
As e'r languish'd for you;
Here's a faithful young vigorous Lover.

The Heart that was once a Monarch in's Breast,
Is now your poor Captive, and can have no rest;
'Twill never give over,
But about your sweet bosom will hover.
Dear Miss, let it in,
By Heav'n 'tis no sin;
Here's a faithful young vigorous vigorous Lover.

D. Joh. Now Fidlers, be gone.

[*Window opens*, Maria *looks out, and flings a Paper down.*

Mar. Retire, my dear *Octavio;* read that Note. Adieu. [*Exit* Mar.

D. Joh. Good, she takes me for *Octavio.* I warrant you, Boys, I shall succeed in this adventure. Now my false Light assist me. [*Reads by a dark Lanthorn.*

Reads. { *Go from this Window, within eight minutes you shall be admitted to the Garden doore. You know the Sign.*

Ha! the Sign, Gad she lies, I know not the Sign.

D. Anto. What will you do? you know not the Sign. Let's away, and be contented this night.

D. Joh. My friends, if you love me, retire. I'le venture, though Thunderbolts should fall upon my head.

D. Lop. Are you mad? as soon as she discovers the deceit, she'll raise the house upon you, and you'll be murder'd.

D. Joh. She'll not raise the House for her own sake, but rather grant me all I ask to keep her counsell.

D. Antonio. 'Tis very dangerous: be careful of your self.

D. Joh. The more danger the more delight: I hate the common road of pleasure. What! Can I fear at such a time as this! The cowardly Deer are valiant in their Rutting time. I say. Be gone———

D. Anto. We'll not dispute your commands. Good luck to you.

[*Exeunt* Antonio, Lopez.

D. Joh. How shall I know this devilish Sign?

Enter Octavio *with Fidlers, and stands under* Maria's *Window.*

Ha! Whom have we here? Some Serenading Coxcomb. Now shall we have some damn'd Song or other, a *Cloris*, or a *Phillis* at least.

SONG.

Cloris. *When you dispense your Influence,*
Your dazling Beams are quick and clear,
You so surprize and wound the Sense,
So bright a Miracle y'appear.
Admiring Mortals you astonish so,
No other Deity they know,
But think that all Divinity's below———

One charming Look from your illustrious Face,
Were able to subdue Mankind,
So sweet, so powerful a Grace
Makes all men Lovers but the blind:
Nor can they freedom by resistance gain,
For each embraces the soft Chain,
And never struggles with the pleasant pain.

Octa. Be gone! be gone! the Window opens.

D. Joh. 'Sdeath! This is *Octavia.* I must dispatch him, or he'll spoil all; but I would fain hear the Sign first.

Mar. What strange mistake is this? Sure he did not receive my Note, and then I am ruin'd!

Octa. She expects the Sign. Where's my Whistle? O here. [*Whistles.*

D. Joh. I have found it, that must be the Sign——

Mar. I dare not speak aloud, go to the Garden Door.

[Don John *rushes upon* Octavio, *and snatches the Whistle out of his hand.*

Octa. 'Sdeath, What Ruffian's this?

D. Joh. One that will be sure to cut your throat.

Octa. Make not a promise to your self of what you cann't perform. [*Fight.*

D. Joh. I warrant you. Have at you.

Mar. O Heav'n! *Octavio*'s Fighting! Oh my heart!

Octa. Oh! I am slain.——— [*Falls.*

D. Joh. I knew I should be as good as my word. I think you have it, Sir——Ha!——he's dying——Now for the Lady——I'll draw him farther off, that his groans may not disturb our pleasure——Stay—— by your leave, Sir, I'll change Hat and Cloak with you, it may help me in my design.

Octav. O barbarous Villain! [*Dies.*

Mar. They have done fighting, and I hear no noise. Oh unfortunate Woman! my dear *Octavio*'s kill'd———

Flora. Perhaps, Madam, he has kill'd the other. I'll down to the Garden door; if he be well, he'll come thither, as well to satisfie his appointment, as to take refuge. Your Brother's safe, he may come in securely——— [*Ex. to the door.*

Mar. Haste! Haste! Fly! Fly! Oh *Octavio.* I'll follow her. [*She follows.*

D. Joh. Now for the Garden Door. This Whistle will do me excellent Service. Now good luck——— [*Goes to the Door and Whistles.*

Flo. Octavio?

D. Joh. The same.

Flo. Heav'n be prais'd, my Lady thought you had been kill'd.
D. Joh. I am unhurt: let's quickly to her.
Flo. Oh! She'll be overjoy'd to see you alive.
D. Joh. I'll make her more overjoy'd before I have done with her. This is a rare adventure!

Enter Maria *at the Door.*

Flor. Here's your Jewel, Madam, speak softly.
Mar. Oh my dear *Octavio!* I have got you within these arms?
D. Joh. Ah, my Dear, unpierc'd by any thing but by your eyes.
Mar. Those will do you no hurt. But are you sure you are not wounded?
D. Joh. I am. Let me embrace my pretty Dear; and yet she maybe a Blackamore for ought I know———
Mar. We'll retire to my Chamber. *Flora*, go out, and prepare us a Collation.
D. Joh. O admirable adventure! Come, my Delight. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Don Lopez, Antonio, Jacomo.

Jac. Where's my pious Master?
D. Anto. We left him hereabouts. I wonder what he has done in his adventure: I believe he has had some bustle.
D. Lop. I thought I heard fighting hereabout.
Jac. Gad forgive me! fighting! where! where!
D. Ant. O thou incorrigible Coward!
D. Lop. See, here's some of his handy-work; here's a man kill'd.
Jac. Another murder. Heav'n, what will become of me? I shall be hang'd, yet dare not run away from him.

Enter an Officer with a Guard, going the Round.

Officer. Stand! who are there?
D. Lop. We do stand, Rascal, we never use to run.
Jac. Now shall I be taken hang'd for my Master's murder.
[*Offers to run.*
D. Ant. Stand, you Dog! offer once more to run, and I'll put Bilbow in your guts.
Jac. Gad forgive me! what will become of me?
Officer. What's here? a Man murder'd? yield, you are my prisoners.
Jac. With all my heart! but as I hope to be saved, we did not kill him, Sir.
Officer. These must be the murderers, disarm 'em.
D. Ant. How now, Rascal! disarm us!
D. Lop. We are not us'd to part with our Swords.

Jac. I care not a farthing for my Sword, 'tis at your service.

D. Ant. Do you hear, Rascal; keep it, and fight; or I'll swear the murder against you.

D. Lop. Offer to flinch, and I'll run you through.

Offic. Take their Swords, or knock 'em down.

[*They fight.* Jacomo *offers to run, some of the Guards stop him.*

Jac. A pox on't, I had as good fight and die, as be taken and be hang'd. [*Guards are beaten off.*

D. Lop. Are you gone, you Dogs? I have pinck'd some of you.

Jac. Ah Rogues! Villains! I have met with you.

D. Ant. O brave *Jacomo!* you fought like an imprison'd Rat: The Rogue had conceal'd Courage, and did not know it.

Jac. O Cowards! Rascals! a man can get no honour by fighting with such Poletroons! but for all that, I will prudently withdraw, this place will suddenly be too hot for us.

D. Lop. Once in your Life you are in the right, *Jacomo.*

Jac. O good Sir, there is as much to be ascribed to Conduct, as to Courage, I assure you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Don John *and* Maria *in her Chamber.*

Mar. Speak softly, my Dear; should my Brother hear us, we are ruin'd.

D. Joh. Though I can scarce contain my joy, I will. O she's a rare Creature in the dark, pray Heav'n she be so in the light.

Enter Flora *with a Candle; as soon as they discover* Don John, *they shreike out.*

Mar. O Heaven! I am ruin'd and betrayed.

Flo. He has *Octavio*'s clothes on.

Mar. O he has murder'd him. My Brother shall revenge it.

D. Joh. I will cut his throat if he offers it.

Mar. } Thieves! Murder! Murder! Thieves.
Flo. }

D. Joh. I will stop your shrill wind-pipes.

Enter Maria's *Brother, with his Sword drawn.*

Broth. 'Sdeath! a man in my Sister's Chamber!
Have at you. Villain.

D. Joh. Come on, Villain. [Don John *kills the Brother.*

Flo. Murder! Murder!

Mar. O Villain, thou hast kill'd my Brother, and dishonour'd me.

Enter five or six Servants, with drawn Swords.

D your Master's murdered!

D. Joh. So many of you; 'tis no matter: Your *Hero's* in Plays beat ive times as many. Have at you, Rogues.

[Maria *runs away shrieking, and* Don John *beats the Servants off, and stops* Flora.

Now give me the Key of the Garden, or I'll murder thee.

Flo. Murder! Murder! There, take it——— [*She runs away.*

D. Joh. So, thus far it is well; this was a brave adventure.
Mongst all the Joys which in the world are sought,
None are so great as those by dangers bought. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

Jacomo *solus.*

Jac. WHat will this leud Master of mine do? this Town of *Sevil* will not much care for his company after his last nights Atchievments: He must either fly, or hang for't. Ha! me-thinks my bloud grows chill at the naming of that dreadful word, *Hang.* What will become of me? I dare not leave him, and yet I fear that I shall perish with him. He's certainly the first that ever set up a Religion to the Devil.

Enter Leonora.

Leon. I come to claim your promise; is *Don John* within?

Jacom. No, Madam, but I expect him every minute. You see, Madam, what honour I have for you, for I venture my ears to do this.

Leon. You oblige me extremly; so great is the present pain of doubt, that we desire to lose it: though in exchange of certainty, that must afflict us more.

Jac. I hear him coming, withdraw quickly. [*She withdraws.*

Enter Don John.

D. Joh. How now, sir, what wise thoughts have you in your Noddle?

Jac. Why, Sir, I was considering how well I could endure to be hang'd.

D. Joh. And why so, Buffle?

Jac. Why you will force me to wait upon you in all your fortunes, and you are making what haste you can to the Gallows.———

D. Joh. Again at your reproofs. You insipid Rascal; I shall cut your ears off, Dog———

Jac. Good Sir, I have done; yet I cannot but admire, since you are resolv'd to go to the Devil, that you cannot be content with the common way of travelling, but must ride post to him.

D. Joh. Leave of your idle tales, found out by Priests to keep the Rabble in awe.

Jac. Oh horrid wickedness! If I may be bold to ask, what noble exploits did your Chivalry perform last night?

D. Joh. Why, Sir, I commited a Rape upon my Father's Monument.

Jac. Oh horror!

D. Joh. Do you start, you Villain? Hah!

Jac. I, Sir, who I, Sir? not I, Sir.

D. Joh. D'hear, Rascal, let me not see a frown upon your face; if I do, I will cut your throat, you Rogue.

Jac. No, Sir, no, Sir, I warrant you; I am in a very good humor, I assure you———Heav'n deliver me!

D. Joh. Now listen and learn. I kill'd a Lady's Lover, and suppli'd his place, by stratagem enjoy'd her: In came her foolish Brother and surprized me, but perished by my hand; and I doubt not but I maul'd three or four of his Servants.

[Jacomo *starts.*

Jac. Oh horrid fact! [*Aside.*

D. Joh. Again, Villain, are you frowning?

Jac. No Sir, no Sir; don't think so ill of me, Sir. Heav'n send me from this wicked Wretch! What will become of us, Sir? we shall be apprehended.

D. Joh. Can you fear your Rascally Carcase, when I venture mine? I observe always, those that have the most despicable persons, are most careful to preserve 'em.

Jac. Sir, I beg your pardon; but I have an odd humor, makes me something unfit for your Worship's service.

D. Joh. What's that, Sirra?

Jac. 'Tis a very odd one, I am almost asham'd to tell it to you.

D. Joh. Out with it' Fool———

Jac. Why Sir, I cannot tell what is the reason, but I have a most unconquerable antipathy to Hemp. I could never endure a Bell-rope. Hanging is a kind of death I cannot abide. I am not able to endure it.

D. Joh. I have taken care to avoid that; my friends are gone to hire a Vessel, and we'll to Sea together to seek a refuge, and a new Scene of pleasure.

Jac. All three, Sir?

D. Joh. Yes, Sir.———

Jac. Three as civil discreet sober persons, as a man wou'd wish to drink with.

Enter Leonora.

Leon. I can hold no longer!

D. Joh. 'Sdeath, you Dog, how came she here?

Jac. I don't know, Sir, she stole in.———

Leon. What Witchcraft do I suffer under, that when I abhor his vices, I still love his person? Ah, *Don John!* have I deserv'd that you should fly me? are all your Oaths and vows forgotten by you?

D. Joh. No, no; in these cases I always remember my Oaths, and never forget to break them.

Leon. Oh impiety!
Did I, for this, yield up my Honour to you? after you had sigh'd and languished many months, and shew'd all signs of a sincere affection, I trusted in your truth and constancy, without the Bond of Marriage, yielded up a Virgin's Treasure, all my Innocence, believed your solemn Contract, when you invok'd all the Pow'rs above to testifie your Vows.

D. Joh. They think much of us, why don't they witness 'em for you ———Pish, 'tis nothing but a way of speaking, which young amorous Fellows have gotten.

Leon. Did you not love me then? What injury had I e'r done you, that you shou'd feign affection to betray me?

D. Joh. Yes 'faith, I did love you, and shew'd you as frequent and as hearty signs of it as I could; and i'gad y'are an ungrateful Woman if you say the contrary.

Leon. O heav'n! Did you and do not now? What crime have I committed that could make you break your Vows and Oaths, and banish all your passion? Ah! with what tenderness have I receiv'd your feign'd affection, and ne'r thought I liv'd but in your presence; my love was too fervent to be counterfeit——

D. Joh. That I know not, for since your Sex are such dissemblers, they can hold out against, and seem to hate the men they love; why may they not seem to love the men they hate?

Leon. O cruel Man! could I dissemble? had I a thousand lives, I ventur'd all each time I saw your face; nay, were I now discover'd, I should instantly be sacrific'd to my raging Brother's fury; and can I dissemble?

D. Joh. I do not know whether you do or no; you see I don't, I am something free with you.

Leon. And do you not love me then?

D. Joh. Faith, Madam, I lov'd you as long as I could for the heart and bloud of me, and there's an end of it; what a Devil wou'd you have more?

Leon. O cruel man! how miserable have you made me!

D. Joh. Miserable! use variety as I do, and you'll not be miserable. Ah! there's nothing so sweet to frail humane flesh as variety.

Leon. Inhumane Creature! what have I been guilty of, that thou shouldst thus remove thy Affections from me?

D. Joh. Guilty, no: but I have had enough of you, and I have done what I can for you, and there's no more to be said.

Leon. Tigers would have more pity than thou hast.

D. Joh. Unreasonable Woman! would you have a man love after enjoyment? I think the Devil's in you———

Leon. Do you upbraid me with the rash effects of Love, which you caus'd in me? and do you hate me for what you ought to love me for? were you not many moneths with Vows and Oaths betraying me to that weakness? Ungrateful Monster!

D. Joh. Why the Devil did you not yield before? you Women always rook in Love; you'll never play upon the square with us.

Leon. False Man! I yielded but too soon. Unfortunate Woman!

D. Joh. Your dissembling Arts and jilting tricks, taught you by your Mothers, and the phlegmatick coldness of your constitutions, make you so long in yielding; that we love out almost all our love before you begin, and yet you would have our love last as long as yours. I got the start of you a long way, and have reason to reach the Goal before you.

Leon. Did you not swear you wou'd for ever love me?

D. Joh. Why there 'tis; why did you put me to the trouble to swear it? If you Women wou'd be honest, and follow the Dictates of Sense and Nature, we shou'd agree about the business presently, and never be forsworn for the matter.

Leon. Are Oaths so slighted by you, perfidious Man?

D. Joh. Oaths! Snares to catch conceited Women with, I wou'd have sworn all the Oathes under the Sun; Why I wou'd have committed Treason for you, and yet I knew I should be weary of you———

Leon. I thought such love as mine might have deserv'd your constancy, false and ungrateful man!

D. Joh. Thus your own vanity, not we betray you. Each Woman thinks, though men are false to others, that she is so fine a person, none can be so to her. You shou'd not take our words of course in earnest.

Leon. Thus Devils do in Hell, who cruelly upbraid whom they have tempted thither.

D. Joh. In short, my constitution will not let me love you longer: and whatever some Hypocrites pretend, all mankind obey their constitutions, and cannot do otherwise———

Leon. Heav'n, sure, will punish this vile treachery.

D. Joh. Do you then leave it to Heav'n, and trouble your self no farther about it.

Leon. Ye Sacred Pow'rs, who take care of injur'd innocence assist me.

Enter Jacomo.

Jac. Sir, Sir! Stand upon your guard.

D. Joh. How now! What's the matter?

Jac. Here's a whole Batallion of couragious Women come to charge you.

Enter Six Women.

D. Joh. Keep 'em out, you Villain.

Jac. I cannot, they over-run me.

D. Joh. What an inundation of Strumpets is here?

Leon. O Heav'n! I can stay no longer to be a witness of his falshood——— [*Exit* Leonora.

1 *Wom.* My Dear, I desire a word in private with you.

D. Joh. 'Faith my Dear, I am something busie, but I love thee dearly. [*Aside.* A pox on thee!

2. *Wom. Don John,* a word: 'tis time now we should declare our marriage; 'tis now about three weeks.

D. Joh. Ay, we will do it suddenly———

3. *Wom.* Pre'thee, Honey, what bus'ness can these idle Women have? send them packing, that we may confer about our affairs.

4. *Wom.* Lord! How am I amaz'd at the confidence of some Women! Who are these that will not let one converse with one's own Husband? By your leave, Ladies.

Jac. Now it works! teaze him, Ladies, worry him soundly.———

5. *Wom.* Nay, by your leave, good Madam; if you go to that. [*Pulls* Don John *from the other.*

6. *Wom.* Ladies, by all your leaves; sure none of you will have the confidence to pretend an interest in this Gentleman———

D. Joh. I shall be torn in pieces: *Jacomo,* stand by me.

1 *Lad.* Lord, Madam, what's your meaning? none ought to claim a right to another Woman's Husband, let me tell you that.

2. *Lad.* You are in the right, Madam. Therefore pre'thee, Dear, let's withdraw, and leave them; I do not like their company.

D. Joh. Ay, presently, my Dear. What an excellent thing is a Woman before Enjoyment, and how insipid after it!

4. *Wom.* Come, prethee, put these Women out of doubt, and let them know our Marriage.

D. Joh. To Morrow we'll declare and celebrate our Nuptials.

6. *Wom.* Ladies, the short and the long on't is, you are very uncivil

to press upon this Gentleman. Come, Love, e'en tell 'em the truth of the story———

4. *Wom.* Uncivil, Madam, pardon me; one cannot be so in speaking to one's own.

3. *Wom.* That's true; she little thinks who that is.

6. *Wom.* To their own! Ha, ha, ha, that's true———Come, Honey, keep 'em no longer in Ignorance.

4. *Wom.* Come, Ladies, I will undeceive you all; think no further of this Gentleman, I say, think no further of him———

1 *Woman.* What can this mean?

D. Joh. Hold, for Heav'ns sake; you know not what you do.

4. Yes, yes, I do; it shall all out: I'll send 'em away with Fleas in their Ears. Poor silly Creatures!

D. Joh. Now will Civil Wars arise———

4. *Wom.* Trouble your selves no longer about *Don John*, he is mine——he is mine, Ladies.

All. Yours!———

D. John. Pox on't, I must set a good face upon the bus'ness; I see murder will out———

6. *Wom.* Your's that's pleasant; he's mine———

5. *Wom.* I have been too long patient; he is my Husband.

1. *Wom.* Yours, how can that be? I am sure I am his Wife.

3. *Wom.* Are you not asham'd, Ladies, to claim my Husband?

2. *Wom.* Are you all mad? I am sure I am marri'd to him.

All. You!

D. Joh. Look you, Ladies, a Man's but a Man? here's my Body, take't among you as far as 'twill go. The Devil can't please you all———

Jac. Pray Ladies, will you dispatch; for there are a matter of fifteen more that are ready to put in their claims, and must be heard in their order——

D. Joh. How now, Rogue, this is your fault, Sirra.

Jac. My fault, Sir, no; the Ladies shall see I am no Traitor. Look you Ladies——

D. Joh. Peace, Villain, or I will cut your Throat. Well, Ladies, know then, I am marri'd to one in this company; and to morrow morning, if you will repair to this place, I will declare my marriage, which now for some secret Reasons, I am oblig'd to conceal——Now will each Strumpet think 'tis her I mean.

1 *Wom.* 'That's well enough.

4 *Wom.* I knew he would own me at last.

3 *Wom.* Now they will soon see their errors.

5. *Wom.* Now we'll conceal it no longer, Dearest.

D. John. No, no, I warrant you———

6. *Wom.* Lord how blank these Ladies will look.

2 *Wom.* Poor Ladies——

Jac. Ladies, pray let me ask a question, which of you is really marri'd to him?

Omnes. I, I, I.

D. Joh. 'Sdeath, you Son of a Baboon. Come, Pox on't, why should I dally any longer! Why should I conceal my good actions! In one word, I am married to every one of you, and have above four-score more; nor will I ever give over, till I have as many Wives and Concubines as the *Grand Signior.*

Jac. A very modest civil Person truly——

4. *Wom.* O horrid Villain!

6 *Wom.* Perfidious Monster!

Enter Don Lopez *and* Antonio.

D. Ant. How now, *Don John;* Hah; you are a ravenous Bird of prey indeed; do you fly at no less than a whole Covee of Whores at once? you scorn a single Strumpet for your Quarry.

Ant. What, in Tears too! Fie, *D. John;* thou art the most ungenteel Knight alive: Use your Ladies civilly for shame.

D. Joh. Ah, before the Victory, I grant you; but after it, they should wear Chains, and follow the Conqueror's Chariot.

D. Lop. Alas, poor Harlots!

D. Joh. Peace, peace, good words; these are certain Animals call'd Wives, and all of 'em are my Wives: Do you call a Man of Honour's Wives, Harlots? out on't.

1 *Wom.* Perfidious Monster!

Ant. Excellent!

D. Joh. Come on, you are come very opportunely, to help to celebrate my several and respective Weddings. Come, my Dears; 'faith we will have a Ballad at our Weddings. Where are my Fidlers?

6 *Wom.* O salvage Beast!

4 *Wom.* Inhumane Villain! Revenge shall follow.

D. Joh. Pox on Revenge, call in my Minstrils.

Enter Fidlers.

Come, Sing my *Epithalamium.*

SONG.

Since Liberty, Nature for all has design'd,
A pox on the Fool who to one is confin'd.
All Creatures besides,
When they please change their Brides.

All Females they get when they can,
Whilſt they nothing but Nature obey,
How happy, how happy are they?
But the silly fond Animal, Man,
Makes Laws 'gainſt himself, which his Appetites sway;
Poor Fools, how unhappy are they?
Chor. *Since Liberty, Nature for all has design'd,*
A pox on the Fool who to one is confin'd.

At the firſt going down, a Woman is good,
But when e'er she comes up, I'll ne'r chew the Cud,
But out she shall go.
And I'll serve 'em all so.
When with One my Stomack is cloy'd,
Another shall soon be enjoy'd.
Then how happy, how happy are we?
Let the Coxcomb when weary, drudge on,
And foolishly ſtay when he wou'd fain be gone.
Poor Fool! How unhappy is he?
Chor. *At the firſt going down,* &c.

Let the Rabble obey, I'll live like a Man,
Who, by Nature, is free to enjoy all he can:
Wiſe Nature does Teach
More truth than Fools Preach;
They bind us, but she gives us ease.
I'll revel, and love where I please.
She, she's my infallible Guide.
But were the Bleſs'd freedom deni'd
Of variety in the things we love beſt,
Dull Man were the slaviſheſt Beaſt.
Chor. *Let the Rabble obey,* &c.

D. Joh. Come, How do you like this? Let's be merry, my Brides.

4. *Wom.* O monſtrous Traitor! Do you mock our Misery?

D. Joh. Good Spouse, be not passionate——faith we'll have a Dance. Strike up——— [*Dance.*

D. Lop. Be comforted, good Ladies; you have Companions in your misfortunes———

D. Ant. He has been marri'd in all the Cities of *Spain;* what a breed of *Don John's* shall we have?

D. Joh. Come, Sweet-hearts; you muſt be civil to these Gentlemen; they are my Friends, and men of Honour.

6. *Wom.* Men of Honour! They are Devils if they be your Friends.

D. Joh. I hate unreasonable, unconscionable fellows, who when they are weary of their Wives, will still keep 'em from other Men. Gentlemen, ye shall command mine.

4. *Wom.* Thinkest thou I will out-live this affront?

D. Joh. I'll trust you for that, there's ne'r a *Lucrece* now a-days, the Sex has learnt Wit since. Let me see, *Antonio*, thou shalt have for thy present use, let me see, my sixth Wife——'faith she's a pretty buxom Wench, and deserves hearty usage from thee,

6. *Wom.* Traitor, I'll be reveng'd on all thy treachery.

Ant. A mettl'd Girl, I like her well: She'll endure a Rape gallantly. I love resistance, it endears the pleasure.

D. Joh. And *Lopez*, thou shalt have, let me see, ay, my fourth Spouse; She's a brave *Virago;* and Gad if I had not been something familiar with her already, I would venture my Life for her.

4. *Wom.* Vile Wretch! Think'st thou I will out-live this affront? Impious Villain! Though thou hast no sense of Vertue or Honour left, thou shalt find I have.

D. Joh. Vertue and Honour! There's nothing good or ill, but as it seems to each man's natural appetite, if they will consent freely. You must ravish friends: that's all I know, you must ravish.

1. *Wom.* Unheard of Villany! Fly from this Hellish place.

Ant. Ladies, you shall fly, but we must ravish first.

D. Lop. Yes, I assure you we must ravish———

4 *Wom.* No, Monster, I'll prevent you. [*Stabs her self.*

D. Ant. S'death, she's as good as her word.
The first time I e're knew a Woman so.

D. Lop. Pox on't, she has prevented me; she's dead.

D. Joh. Say you so? well, go thy ways, thou wer't a Girl of pretty parts, that's the truth on't; but I ne'r thought this had been in thee.

2. *Wom.* These, sure are Devils in the shape of men.

D. Joh. Now see my providence, if I had been marri'd to none but her, I had been a Widdower.

1. *Wom.* O horror! horror! flie! flie!

6. *Wom.* No, I'll be reveng'd first on this barbarous Wretch.

D. Joh. Why look you, here's a Wench of mettle for you; go ravish quickly———

6. *Wom.* Let's fly, and call for help, some in the street may help us——
[*They all run off, crying, Help, murder, murder.*

D. Ant. Let 'em go, they are confin'd, they cann't get out.

D. Joh. It shall ne'r be said that a Woman went out of this House *Re infecta;* but after that, 'twill be time for to fly.

D. Lop. We have a hir'd Vessel, the Master is a brave Rogue of my acquaintance; he has been a *Bandit.*

D. Ant. A brave honest wicked Fellow as heart can wish, I have ravish'd, robbed, and murdered with him.

D. Joh. That's well. Hey, where are my Rogues? Hey!

Enter Servant and Jacomo.

Here, Sirrah, do you send my Goods on Board.

Ant. My Man will direct you. [*Exit Servant.*

D. Joh. Come, Sirra, do you remove this Body to another Room——

Jac. Oh horrid fact! what, another Murder! what shall I do?

D. Joh. Leave your complaints, you Dog; I'll send you after her.

Jac. Oh! I shall be hang'd, I shall be hang'd.

D. Joh. Take her up, Rascal; or I'll cut your throat.

Jac. I will, Sir. Oh mercy upon me! I shall be hang'd——

D. Joh. Now, Sirrah, do you run into the streets, and force in the next Woman you meet, or I'll cut your Wind-pipe; and let no Body out——

Jac. What hellish fact will he now commit.

D. Joh. Take her up, you Hen-hearted compassionate Rascal.

Jac. Heaven! what will become of me? Oh! Oh———

[*Carries her off.*

D. Joh. Now, Gentlemen, you shall see I'll be civil to you, you shall not ravish alone: indeed I am loath to meddle with mine old acquaintance, but if my Man can meet with a Woman I have not lain withall, I'll keep you company; let her be old or young, ugly or handsome, no matter.

D. Lop. Faith I will ever say, you are a well bred man.

D. Ant. A very civil person, a man of Honour.

Enter Servant, forcing in an ugly old Woman who cries out.

D. Joh. This unlucky Rogue has made but a scurvy choice, but I'll keep my word. Come, Bawd, you must be ravish'd, Bawd.

Old Wom. O murder! murder! help! help! I was never ravish'd in my life.

D. Joh. That I dare swear; but to shew I am a very vigorous Man, I'll begin with you. But, you Rascal, Jaccall, I'll make you Cater better next time.

Serv. Indeed, Sir, this was the first I met.

D. Joh. Come on, Beldam, thy face shall not protect thee.

Old Wom. Oh my Honour! my Honour! help, help, my Honour!

D. Joh. Come to our business.

Enter Jacomo.

Jac. O Sir! Sir! shift for your self; we shall all be hang'd the house is beset. Oh what shall we do?

D. Joh. Away, Coward: were the King of *Spain*'s Army beleagu'ring us, it should not divert me from this Exploit.

D. Ant. Nor me.

D. Lop. Nor me: Let's on.

D. Joh. Keep the doors fast, Sirra. Come on.

Jac. Oh what will become of me! Oh Heav'n! mercy on me! Oh Oh! [*Exeunt.*

In Mans habit, Enter Maria, *and her Maid* Flora.

Mar. Thus I have abandoned all my Fortune, and laid by My Sex.
Revenge for thee. Assist me now,
You Instruments of Bloud, for my dear Brothers,
And for my much more dear *Octavio*'s sake.
Where are my Bravo's?———

Flo. Thay have beset the Villains House,
And he shall ne'r come out alive.———

Mar. O let 'em shew no more remorse,
Than Hungry Lions o'r their prey will.
How miserable am I made by that
Inhumane Monster! No savage Beast,
Wild deserts e'r brought forth, provoked
By all its hunger, and its natural rage,
Could yet have been so cruel.
Oh my *Octavio!* whether thou art fled,
From the most loving and most wretched
Creature of her Sex? What Ages of delight
Each hour with thee brought forth!
How much, when I had thee, was all the world
Unenvied by me! Nay, I piti'd all my Sex,
That cou'd have nothing worth their care,
Since all the treasure of Mankind was mine.
Methought I cou'd look down on Queens, when he
Was with me: but now, compared to me,
How happy is the Wretched, whose sinews
Crack upon the merciless Engine
Of his torture? I live with greater torments then he dies.

Flo. Leave your complaints. Tears are no Sacrifice for bloud.

Mar. Now my just grief to just revenge give place
I am ashamed of these soft Tears, till I've
Revenged thy horrid Murder, Oh that I could

Make the Villain linger out an Age in
Torments! But I will revel in his bloud: Oh
I could suck the last drop that warms the
Monsters heart, that might inspire me with
Such cruelty, as vile Man, with all his horrid
Arts of power, is yet a stranger to;
Then I might root out all his cursed Race.
Flo. I'll follow all your fortunes, my dear Lady;
Had I ten thousand lives, in this cause I'd
Venture one by one to my last stake.
Mar. Thou art my dear and faithful Creature;
Let not thy fortunes thus be wrack'd with mine.
Be gone, and leave thy most unhappy Mistriss;
One that has miseries enow to sink the Sex.
Flo. I will not leave you, till death takes me from you.
Mar. Oh that I had been some poor lost Mountain Girl,
Nurs'd up by Goats, or suckl'd by wild Beasts,
Exposed to all the rage of heats and killing colds.
I ne'r coud have been abandoned to such fury.
More savage cruelty reigns in Cities,
Than ever yet in Desarts among the
Most venemous Serpents, and remorsless
Ravenous Beasts, could once be found.
So much has barbarous Art debauch'd
Mans innocent Nature.
Flo. Lay by your tears, till your revenge be finish'd;
Then, then you may have leisure to complain.
Mar. I will 'tis bloud I now must spill, or
Lose my own in the attempt. But if I can
Have the fortune, with my own hand, to reach
The Dogs vile heart: I then shall die
Contented, and in the other World I'll
Torture him so, Devils shall learn of me to
Use the Damn'd.
Flo. Let's to our Sacred Instruments of revenge.
Mar. Come on: So just a cause would turn the
Vilest Ruffian to a Saint. [*Exeunt.*

[*Bravo's watch at* Don John's *house.*

Maria *and* Flora *re-enter.*

Mar. Come, friends, let once a Woman preach courage
To you, inspired by my just rage this Arm
Shall teach you wonders. I'll shew you now

What Love with just Revenge can do.

1. *Brav.* We are so practised in the trade of death,
We need no teaching.

Mar. There's Gold good store; if you dispatch the Dog,
I'll give you yet much more; if not,
If all the wealth I have can buy your lives,
I'll have 'em instead of his.

1. *Brav.* For half the Sum, I'd kill a Bishop at the Altar.

[*They retire.*

Enter Don John, Don Antonio, Don Lopez, Jacomo.

D. Joh. Now we have finished our design; let's make a Salley, and raise the Siege.

D. Ant. Jacomo, do you lead the Van.

D. Lop. Lead on *Jacomo*, or we are sure to lose you; you are not good at bringing up the Rear.

Jac. Nay, good Gentlemen, I know my self better than to take place of Men of Quality, especially upon this occasion.

D. Joh. Sirra, go on: I'll prick him forward. Remember, if you do not fight, I am behind you.

Jac. Oh Heaven! Oh *Jacomo!* what will become of thy dear person? Is this your Courage to put me forward, to what you dare not meet your selves.

D. Joh. No words, Rogue, on, on, I say——

Jac. Oh I shall be murdered! murdered! Oh! Oh!

D. Joh. On, on, you Dog.

Jac. Inhumane Master! It must be so! Heaven have mercy on my better part.

Enter Maria.

Mar. Fall on, fall on, that's the Villain! have at you, Dog——

D. Joh. Courage, *Jacomo.*

[*They fight, and are driven off, but* Maria *and* Flora *remain.*

Jac. Oh! Oh!

Mar. Oh Cowardly Villains! the Traitor will escape their hands. Oh Dogs! More feeble than the feeblest of our Sex. Let's after him, and try our strength.

Enter Don John.

He is return'd——Fall on.

D. Joh. Ha! Must I encounter Boys?

Flo. Oh I am slain———— [*Kills* Flora.

Mar. At thy heart, base Villain. [D. John *disarms* Maria.

D. Joh. There, take your Sword; I'll not nip Roguery in the bud; thou may'st live to be as wicked as my self.

Mar. Poor *Flora!* But, Dog, I'll be reveng'd on thee yet e're I die. [*Exit.*

Enter Don Lopez, Don Antonio, Jacomo.

Jac. What! no thanks! no reward!

D. Joh. What's the matter, Sirra?

Jac. What, no acknowledgment? you are but an ungrateful man, let me tell you that, to treat a man of my prowess thus.

D. Joh. What has your valour done?

Jac. Nothing, nothing; sav'd your life onely, that's all: But men of valour are nothing now a-days. 'Tis an ungrateful Age. I fought like a *Hero*———

D. Ant. Call'd a Stag at Bay.

D. Lop. You can fight, when there's no way of escape, without it.

Jac. Oh! What's here! Another murder! Fly, fly; we shall be hang'd!

D. Joh. Come on! let's now to Sea, to try our fortunes.

Jac. Ay, make haste; I've laid Horses, and will shift by Land. Farewell, Sir; a good Voyage———

D. Joh. I will Murder you, if you refuse to go to Sea———

Jac. O, good Sir, consider, do but consider; I am so Sea-sick always: that wicked Element does not agree with me.

D. Joh. Dare you dispute! Go on, I say.

Jac. O, good Sir, think, think a little; the merciless Waves will never consider a man of parts: Besides, Sir, I can swim no more than I can fly.

D. Joh. I'll leave you dead upon the place, if you refuse.

Jac. O Sir, on my knees I beg you'l let me stay. I am the last of all my Family; my Race will fail, if I should fail.

D. Joh. Damn your Race———

D. Ant. Do not we venture with you?

Jac. You have nothing but your lives to venture, but I have a whole Family to save; I think upon Posterity. Besides, Gentlemen, I can look for no safety in such wicked company.

D. Joh. I'll kill the Villain. His fear will else betray us.

Jac. O hold! hold! For Heav'ns sake hold———

[*Ghost of* Don John's *Father rises.*

Ghost. Hold! hold!

Jac. Ay, hold, hold. Oh Heav'n! your Father's Ghost; a Ghost! a Ghost! a Ghost! Oh! Oh! [*Falls down and roars.*

D. Joh. 'Sdeath! What's here? my Father alive!

Ghost. No, no; inhumane Murderer, I am dead.

D. Joh. That's well; I was afraid the old Gentleman had come for his Estate again; if you wou'd have that, 'tis too late; 'tis spent———

Ghost. Monster! behold these wounds.

D. Joh. I do; they were well meant, and well perform'd, I see.

D. Ant. This is strange! How I am amaz'd!

D. Lop. Unheard of Wonder!———

Ghost. Repent, repent of all thy Villanies;
My clamorous Bloud to Heav'n for vengeance cries.
Heav'n will pour out his judgments on you all;
Hell gapes for you, for you each Fiend does call,
And hourly waits your unrepenting Fall.
You with eternal horrours they'l torment,
Except of all your crimes you suddainly repent. [*Ghost sinks.*

Jac. Oh! Oh! Heav'n deliver me from these Monsters.

D. Joh. Farewel, thou art a foolish Ghost; Repent, quoth he! What could this mean? our senses are all in a mist sure.

D. Ant. They are not, 'twas a Ghost.

D. Lop. I ne'r believ'd those foolish Tales before.

D. Joh. Come, 'tis no matter; let it be what it will, it must be natural———

D. Ant. And Nature is unalterable in us too.

D. Joh. 'Tis true, the nature of a Ghost cannot change ours.

D. Lop. It was a silly Ghost, and I'll no sooner take his word than a Whores.

D. Joh. Thou art in the right. Come, Fool, Fool, rise; the Ghost is gone.

Jac. Oh! I die, I die; pray let me die in quiet.

D. Ant. Oh! If he be dying, take him up; we'll give him burial in the Sea. Come on.

Jac. Hold, hold, Gentlemen; bury me not till I am dead, I beseech you———

D. Joh. If you be not, Sirra, I'll run you through.

Jac. Hold, hold, Sir, I'll go, I'll go———

D. Lop. } Let's on.
D. Ant. }

D. Joh. Should all the Bugbears Cowards feign appear,
I would urge on without one thought of fear.

D. Ant. And I.

D. Lop. And I.——— [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT III.

Enter Don John, Don Lopez, Don Antonio, Jacomo, *Captain of the Ship, Master and Sailors.*

Master. MErcy upon us! What suddain dreadful storm is this? we are all lost; we shall split upon the Rocks. Loof, loof——

Jac. Oh! Oh! Mercy! Oh I was afraid of this! See what your wickedness has brought me to? Mercy! Mercy!

D. Joh. Take away thy Cowardly face, it offends me, Rascal.

Capt. Such dreadful claps of Thunder I never yet remember'd.

D. Joh. Let the Clowds roar on, and vomit all their Sulphur out, they ne'r shall fright me.———

D. Ant. These are the Squibs and Crackers of the Sky.

D. Lop. Fire on, fire on; we are unmov'd.

Capt. The Heav'ns are all on fire; these unheard of Prodigies amaze me.

D. Joh. Can you that have stood so many Cannons, be frighted at the farting and the belching of a Clowd?

Mast. Bless me, Captain! six of our Foremast men are even now struck dead with Lightning.

Sail. O that clap has rent our Masts in sunder.

Jac. O we are lost! You can swim, Sir; pray save me, Sir, for my own and Family's sake.————

D. Joh. Toss these cowardly Rogues over-board. Captain, Courage! let the Heav'ns do their worst, 'tis but drowning at last.

Jac. But——in the name of Heav'n, but drowning, quoth he; your drowning will prepare you for burning, though Oh, Oh, Oh.———

Sail. Captain, Captain, the Ship's on fire in the Fore-castle———

Capt. All hands to work upon the Forecastle. Heav'n! How it blazes already!—— [*Exit Capt.*

Jac. Oh! Oh! We burn, we drown, We sink, Oh! We perish, We are lost, We are lost. Oh, Oh, Oh.———

Mast. O horrid Apparitions! Devils stand and guard the Fire, and will not suffer us to quench it. We are lost.

Enter Captain.

Capt. In all the dangers I have been, such horrors I never knew; I am quite unmann'd.

D. Lop. A Man and fear: 'tis but dying at last.

D. Joh. I never yet could know what that foolish thing Fear is.

Capt. Help, help, the fire increases. What horrid sights are these? where e'er I turn me, fearful Spirits appear.

[*Exeunt Captain and Sailers.*

D. Joh. Let's into the Boat, and with our Swords keep out all others.

D. Ant. While they are busie about the fire we may 'scape.

D. Lop. If we get from hence, we certainly shall perish on the Rocks———

D. Joh. I warrant you———

Jac. O good Gentlemen, let us shift for our selves, and let the rest burn or drown, and be damn'd and they will.

D. Joh. No, you have been often leaving me: Now shall be the time we'll part. Farewell.

Jac. Oh! I'll stand by you while I live. Oh the Devil, the Devil! What horrors do I feel? Oh I am kill'd, I am dead!

[*A Thunder-clap strikes* Don John *and* Jacomo *down.*

D. Joh. 'Sdeath! Why this to me? You paltry foolish bugbear Thunder, am I the mark of your sensless Rage?

D. Lop. Nothing but accident. Let's leap into the Boat.

D. Ant. The Sailors all make towards us; they'll in and sink it.

D. Joh. Sirra, if you come on, you run upon my Sword.

Jac. O cruel Tyrant! I burn, I drown, I sink! Oh I die, I am lost.

Capt. All shift aboard; we perish, we are lost.

Mast. All lost, all lost. [*A great shriek, they all leap over-board.*

Enter an old Hermit.

Herm. This fourty years I've liv'd in this neighb'ring Cave, and from these dreadful Cliffs which are always beaten by the foaming Surges of the Sea; beheld the Ocean in its wildest Rage, and ne'r yet saw a storm so dreadful: such horrid flashes of lightning, and such claps of thunder, never were in my remembrance. Yon Ship is all on fire, and the poor miserable Wretches must all perish. The dreadful object melts my Heart, and brings a floud of tears into my eyes: It is prodigious, for on the suddain, all the Heavens are clear again, and the inraged Sea is become more patient.

Enter Don Francisco.

D. Fran. Oh Father, have you not been frighted at this prodigious storm, and at yon dreadful spectacle?

Herm. No man that has an apprehension, but wou'd have been mov'd with horrour.

D. Fran. 'Twas the most violent Tempest I ever saw. Hold, yonder are some coming in a small Vessel, and must necessarily split upon the Rock; I'll go and help to succour 'em.

Herm. Here are some this way, just come in a small Boat: Go you to those, and these I will assist———

D. Fran. I'le haste to their relief——— *Exit* Don Francisco.

Herm. Hah! these are come safe to Land, three men, goodly men they seem to be; I am bound in charity to serve them: they come towards me.

Enter Don John, Don Antonio, *and* Don Lopez.

D. Joh. Much ado, we are safe, but my Man's lost; pox on him, I shall miss the Fool, it was a necessary Blockhead.

D. Ant. But you have lost your Goods, which were more necessary.

D. Lop. Our Jewels and Money we have all about us.

D. Joh. It makes me laugh to think, how the Fools we left behind were puzl'd which death to chuse, burning or drowning————-

D. Ant. But how shall we dispose of our selves, we are plaguy wet and cold. Hah! What old Fool is that?

D. Lop. It is a Hermit, a fellow of mighty Beard and Sanctity.

D. Joh. I know not what Sanctity he may have, but he has Beard enough to make an Owl's Nest, or stuff a Saddle with.

Herm. Gentlemen, I see you are shipwrack'd, and in distress; and my Function obliges me in charity, to succour you in what I may.

D. Ant. Alas! what canst thou help us to? Dost thou know of ever a house near hand, where we may be furnished with some necessaries?

Herm. On the other side of this vast Rock, there is a fertile and a pleasant Valley, where one *Don Francisco*, a rich and hospitable Man, has a sweet Dwelling; he will entertain you nobly: He's gone to assist some shipwrack'd Persons, and will be here presently. In the mean time, what my poor Cave can afford, you shall be welcome to.

D. Lop. What can that afford? you oblige your self to fasting and abstinence———

Herm. I have studied Physick for the relief of needy people, and I have some Cordials which will refresh you; I'll bring one to you———

[*Exit Hermit.*

D. Joh. A good civil old Hipocrite: but this is a pleasant kind of Religion, that obliges 'em to nastiness and want of meat. I'll ha' none on't———

D. Ant. No, nor of any other, to my knowledge.

Enter Hermit with a Cordial.

Herm. Gentlemen, pray taste of this Vial, it will comfort your cold stomachs.

D. Joh. Ha! 'tis excellent 'faith. Let it go round.

Herm. Heav'n bless it to you.

D. Lop. Ha! it warms.

D. Ant. Thank thee, thou art a very honest old fellow i'faith.

D. Joh. I see thou art very civil; but you must supply us with one necessary more; a very necessary thing, and very refreshing.

Herm. What's that, Sir?

D. Joh. It is a Whore, a fine young buxom Whore.

D. Ant. } A Whore, Old Man, a Whore.
D. Lop. }

Herm. Bless me, are you Men or Devils?

D. Joh. Men, men, and men of lust and vigor. Pre'thee, old Sot, leave thy prating, and help me to a Strumpet, a fine salacious Strumpet, I know you Zealots have enough of 'em. Women love your godly Whore-masters.

Herm. Oh Monsters of impiety! are you so lately scap'd the wrath of Heaven, thus to provoke it?

D. Ant. How! by following the Dictates of Nature, who can do otherwise?

D. Lop. All our actions are necessitated, none command their own wills.

Herm. Oh horrid blasphemy! would you lay your dreadful and unheard of Vices upon Heaven? No, ill men, that has given you free-will to good.

D. Joh. I find thou retir'st here, and never read'st or think'st.
Can that blind faculty the Will be free
When it depends upon the Understanding?
Which argues first before the Will can chuse;
And the last Dictate of the Judgment sways
The Will, as in a Balance, the last Weight
Put in the scale, lifts up the other end,
And with the same Necessity.

Herm. But foolish men and sinners act against
Their Understandings, which inform 'em better.

D. Ant. None willingly do any thing against the last
Dictates of their Judgments, whatsoe'r men do,
Their present opinions lead 'em to.

D. Lop. As fools that are afraid of sin, are by the thought
Of present pleasure, or some other reason,
Necessarily byass'd to pursue
The opinion they are of at that moment.

Herm. The Understanding yet is free, and might perswade 'em better.

D. Joh. The Understanding never can be free;
For what we understand, spite of our selves we do:
All objects are ready form'd and plac'd
To our hands; and these the Senses to the Mind convey,

And as those represent them, this must judge :
How can the Will be free, when the understanding,
On which the Will depends, cannot be so.

Herm. Lay by your devillish Philosophy, and change the dangerous and destructive course of your leud lives.

D. Ant. Change our natures ; Go bid a Blackamore be white, we follow our Constitutions, which we did not give our selves.

D. Lop. What we are, we are by Nature, our reason tells us we must follow that.

D. Joh. Our Constitutions tell us one thing, and yours another ; and which must we obey ? If we be bad, 'tis Natures fault that made us so.

Herm. Farewell. I dare no longer hear your impious discourse. Such hardened Wretches I ne'r heard of yet.

[*Exit Hermit.*

D. Ant. Farwell, old Fool.

D. Joh. Thus Sots condemn what they can never answer.

Enter Don Francisco.

This I believe is *Francisco*, whom he spoke of, if he has but a handsome Wife, or Daughters, we are happy.

D. Lop. Sir, we are shipwracked men, and if you can direct us to a place, where we may be furnished with some necessaries, you will oblige us———

D. Franc. Gentlemen, I have a House hard by, you shall be welcome to it : I even now endeavoured to succour a Youth and beauteous Woman who, with two Sailers, in a Boat, were driven towards these Rocks, but were forced back again, and, I fear, are lost by this time. I desire nothing more, than to assist men in extremes, and am o'rjoy'd at the opportunity of serving you.

D. Joh. We thank you.

D. Fran. You shall command my House as long as you please : I see you are Cavaliers, and hope you will bear with some inconvenience. I have two young, and, though I say it, handsome Daughters, who are, to morrow morning to be marri'd ; the Solemnity will bring much company together, which, I fear, may incomode my house and you———

D. Ant. You pose us with this kindness.

D. Joh. What ever pleases you, cannot be inconvenient to us.

D. Lop. On the contrary, we shall be glad to assist you at the Ceremony, and help to make up the joyful *Chorus*.

D. Fran. You shall command my house and me ;
I'll shew you the way to it.

D. Joh. Your humble Servant. We'll follow you.

[*Exit* Don Francisco.

This is an admirable adventure.

He has Daughters, Boys, and to be marri'd too:
If they have been so foolish, to preserve those
Toys, they call *Maidenheads;* their sensless
Husbands shall not be troubled with them:
I'll ease them of those. Pox, what should those dull
Drudging Animals, call'd Husbands, do with such Treasures:
No, they are for honest Whore-masters, Boys.

D. Ant. Well said, *Don;* we will not be wanting in our endeavours to succeed you.

D. Lop. To you alone we must give place. Allons. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hermit, Maria *in Man's habit, and* Leonora.

Herm. Heaven be praised, you are safely now on Land.

Mar. We thank you, reverend Father, for your assistance.

Leon. We never shall forget the obligation.

Herm. I am happy to be so good an Instrument.

Leon. We followed a Vessel, which we saw fired with Lightning, and we fear that none of 'em escaped.

Mar. I hope the Villain I pursue has scap'd. I would not be revenged by Heaven, but my own hand; or, if not by that, by the Hangman's.

Leon. Did any come to land? for I most nearly am concern'd for one; the grief for whom, if he be lost, will soon, I fear destroy me.

Herm. Here were three of that company came safe to Land; but such impious Wretches, as did not deserve to escape, and such as no vertuous person can be concerned for, sure; I was stiff with fear and horrour when I heard 'em talk.

Mar. Three, say you?

Leon. By this sad description it must be *Don John,* and his two wicked Associates; I am asham'd to confess the tenderness I have for him. Why should I love that Wretch? Oh my too violent passion hurries me I know not whether! into what fearful dangerous Labyrinths of misery will it conduct me.

Mar. Were they Gentlemen?

Herm. By their out-side they seemed so, but their in-sides declared them Devils.

Mar. Heaven! it must be the Villain and his barbarous
Companions. They are reserved for my revenge:
Assist me, Heaven, in that just cause.
Oh, Villain, Villain! inhumane Villain!
Each minute is, me-thinks, a tedious Age,
Till I have dipt my hands in thy hearts bloud.

Herm. You seem'd o'r-joy'd at the news of their safe arrival: Can any have a kindness for such dissolute abandon'd Athiests.

Mar. No; tis revenge that I pursue against the basest of all Villains.

Herm. Have a care; Revenge is Heavens, and must not be usurped by Mortals.

Mar. Mine is revenge for Rapes and cruel murders, and those Heaven leaves to Earth to punish.

Herm. They are horrid crimes, but Magistrates must punish them.

Leon. What do I hear? were he the basest of all men, my love is so head-strong and so wild within me, I must endeavour to preserve him, or destroy my self: To what deplorable condition am I fall'n? what Chains are these that hold me? Oh that I could break them! and yet I wou'd not if I cou'd; Oh my heart!

Herm. They are gon to one *Don Francisco*'s house, that Road will bring you to it; 'tis on the other side of this Rock, in a pleasant Valley. I have not stirr'd these fourty years from these small bounds, or I wou'd give him notice what Devils he harbours in his house. You will do well to do it.

Jac. (*within*) Help, help, murder! I am drown'd, I am dead; Help, help!

Herm. Hah! what voice is that? I must assist him———

Mar. Father, farewell. Come, Madam, will you go to this house? Now, Monster, for my revenge.

Leon. I will; but for different ends we go;
'Tis Love conducts me, but Revenge brings you. [*Exeunt* Maria, Leonora.

Jac. Oh help, help! I sink, I sink!

Herm. Poor man, sure he is almost drown'd.

Jac. No, not yet; I have only drunk something too much of a scurvy unpleasant Liquor.

Herm. Reach me your hand——— [*Pulls him out.*

Jac. Ay, and my heart too; Oh! Oh!
Sir, a thousand Thanks to you: I vow to Gad, y'are a very civil person, and, as I am an honest man, have done me the greatest kindness in the world, next to the piece of the Mast which I floated upon, which I must ever love and honour; I am sorry it swam away, I wou'd have preserv'd it, and hung it up in the Seat of our antient Family.

Herm. Thank Heaven for your deliverance, and leave such vain thoughts.

Jac. I do with all my heart; but I am not setled enough to say my prayers yet: Pray, Father, do you for me: 'tis nothing with you, you are us'd to it, it is your Trade.

Herm. Away, vain Man; you speak as if you had drunk too deeply of another Liquor than Sea-water.

Jac. No, I have not, but I wou'd fain: Where may a man light of a Glass of good Wine? I would gladly have an Antidote to my poison. Methinks, Pah! these Fishes have but a scurvy time; I am sure they have very ill drinking.

Herm. Farewel, and learn more devotion and thankfulness to Heav'n ——— [*Exit Hermit.*

Jac. Ha! 'tis uncivilly done to leave a Man in a strange Country. But these *Hermits* have no breeding. Poor *Jacomo*, Dear *Jacomo*, how I love thy person, how glad am I to see thee safe? for I swear, I think thou art as honest a fellow as e'r I met with. Well, farewell, thou wicked Element; if ever I trust thee again———Well, Haddocks, I defie you, you shall have none of me, not a Collop; no, no, I will be eaten by Worms, as all my Ancestors have been. If Heaven will but preserve me from the Monsters of the Land, my Master and his two Companions (who, I hope, are drown'd) I'll preserve my self from those of the Sea. Let me see, here is a path——this must lead to some house. I'll go, for I am plaguy sick with this Salt water. Pah——— [*Exit* Jacomo.

Enter Clara *and* Flavia *with her two Maids.*

Clar. Oh, *Flavia*, this will be our last happy night, to morrow is our Execution day; we must marry.

Flav. Ay, *Clara*, we are condemn'd without reprieve. 'Tis better to live as we have done, kept from all men, than for each to be confin'd to one, whom yet we never saw, and a thousand to one shall never like.

Clar. Out on't, a *Spanish* Wife has a worse life than a coop'd Chicken.

Flav. A singing Bird in a Cage is a Princely Creature, compar'd to that poor Animal, call'd a Wife, here.

Clar. Birds are made tame by being cag'd, but Women grow wild by confinement, and that, I fear, my Husband will find to his cost.

Flav. None live pleasantly here, but those who should be miserable, Strumpets: They can choose their Mates, but we must be like Slaves condemn'd to the Gallies; we have not liberty to sell our Selves, or venture one throw for our freedom.

Clar. O that we were in *England!* there, they say a Lady may chuse a Footman, and run away with him, if she likes him, and no dishonour to the Family.

Flav. That's because the Families are so very Honourable, that nothing can touch them: their Wives run and ramble whither, and with whom they please, and defie all censure.

Clar. Ay, and a jealous Husband is a more monstrous Creature there, than a Wittal here, and wou'd be more pointed at: They say, if a Man be jealous there, the Women will all joyn and pull him to pieces.

Flav. Oh happy Countrey! we ne'r touch Money, there the Wives can spend their Husband's Estate for 'em. Oh Bless'd Countrey!

Clar. Ay, there they say the Husbands are the prettiest civil easie good natur'd indifferent persons in the whole world; they ne'r mind what their Wives do, not they.

Flav. Nay, they say, they love those men best that are kindest to their Wives. Good men! poor hearts. And here, if an honest Gentleman offers a Wife a civility by the By, our bloudy butcherly Husbands are cutting of Throats presently———

Clar. Oh that we had these frank civil *Englishmen*, instead of our grave dull surly *Spanish* Blockheads, whose greatest Honour lies in preserving their Beards and Foreheads inviolable.

Flav. In *England*, if a Husband and Wife like not one another, they draw two several ways, and make no bones on't, while the Husband treats his Mistriss openly in his Glass-Coach; the Wife, for Decency's sake, puts on her Vizar, and whips away in a Hackney with a Gallant, and no harm done.

Clar. Though of late 'tis as unfashionable for a Husband to love his Wife there, as 'tis here, yet 'tis fashionable for her to love some body else, and that's something.

Flav. Nay, they say, Gentlemen will keep company with a Cuckold there, as soon as another man, and ne'r wonder at him.

Clar. Oh happy Countrey! there a Woman may chuse for her self, and none will into the Trap of Matrimony; unless she likes the Bait; but here we are tumbled headlong and blindfold into it.

Flav. We are us'd as they use Hawks, never unhooded, or whistled off, till they are just upon the Quarry.

Clar. And 'tis for others, not our selves, we fly too.

Flav. No more, this does but put us in mind of our misery.

Clar. It does so: But prethee let's be merry one night, to Morrow is our last. Farewel all happiness.

Flav. O that this happy day would last our lives-time. But prethee, my Dear, let's have thy Song, and divert our selves as well as we can in the mean time.

Clar. 'Tis a little too wanton.

Flav. Prethee let's be a little wanton this evening, to morrow we must take our leaves on't.

Clar. Come on then; our Maids shall joyn in the *Chorus:*
Here they are.

SONG.

WOman who is by Nature wild,
Dull bearded men incloses;
Of Nature's freedom we're beguil'd
By Laws which man imposes:
Who still himself continues free,
Yet we poor Slaves must fetter'd be.

Chor. *A shame on the Curse*
Of, For better for worse;
'Tis a vile imposition on Nature:
For Women should change,
And have freedom to range,
Like to every other wild Creature.

So gay a thing was n'er design'd
To be restrain'd from roving
Heav'n meant so changeable a mind
Should have its change in loving.
By cunning we could make men smart,
But they by strength o'recome our Art.

Chor. *A shame on the Curse*
Of, For, &c.

How happy is the Village Maid,
Whom onely Love can fetter;
By foolish Honour ne'r betray'd,
She serves a Pow'r much greater:
That lawful Prince the wisest rules,
Th' Usurper's Honour rules but Fools.

Chor. *A shame on the Curse,*
Of, For, &c.

Let us resume our antient right,
Make man at distance wonder;
Though he victorious be in fight,
In love we'll keep him under.
War and Ambition hence be hurl'd,
Let Love and Beauty rule the World.

Chor. *A shame on the Curse*
Of, For better, &c.

Flav. Oh, 'dear *Clara*, that this were true! But now let's home, our Father will miss us.

Clar. No, he's walk'd abroad with the three Shipwrack'd Gentlemen.

Flav. They're proper handsome Gentlemen; but the chief, whom they call *Don John*, exceeds the rest.

Clar. I never saw a finer person; pray Heaven either of our Husbands prove as good.

Flav. Do not name 'em. Let the Maids go home, and if my Father be there, let him know we are here. [*Exeunt Maids.*

Clar. In the mean time, if he be thereabouts, do you go down that Walk, and I'll go this way, and perhaps one of us shall light on him.

Flav. Agreed. [*Exit Ambo.*

Enter Don John, Don Lopez, Don Antonio.

D. Joh. Where have you left the Old Man, *Don Francisco?*

D. Lop. He's very busie at home, seeing all things prepar'd for his Daughters Weddings to Morrow.

D. Joh. His Daughters are gone this way: if you have any friendship for me, go and watch the Old Man; and if he offers to come towards us, divert him, that I may have freedom to attack his Daughters.

D. Ant. You may be sure of us, that have serv'd you with our lives: besides, the justice of this cause will make us serve you. Adieu.

[*Exeunt* Don Lop. Don Ant.

D. Joh. Now for my Virgins. Assist me Love Fools, you shall have no Maidenheads to morrow-night. Husbands have Maidenheads! no, no———poor sneaking Fools.

Enter Jacomo.

Jac. I have lost my way, I think I shall never find this house: But I shall never think my self out of the way, unless I meet my impious Master; Heaven grant he be drown'd.

D. Joh. How now, Rascal, are you alive?

Jac. Oh Heaven! He's here. Why was this leud Creature sav'd; I am in a worse condition than ever; now I have scap'd drowning, he brings hanging fresh into my memory.

D. Joh. What mute, Sirra?

Jac. Sir, I am no more your Servant, you parted with me, I thank you, Sir, I am beholding to you: Farewel, good Sir, I am my own man now———

D. Joh. No: Though you are a Rogue, you are a necessary Rogue, and I'll not part with you.

Jac. I must be gone, I dare not venture further with you.

D. Joh. Sirra, do you know me, and dare you say this to me? have at your Guts, I will rip you from the Navel to the Chin.

Jac. O good Sir, hold, hold. He has got me in his clutches, I shall never get loose——Oh! Oh!

D. Joh. Come Dog, follow me close, stinking Rascal.

Jac. I am too well pickl'd in the Salt water to stink, I thank you, I shall keep a great while. But you were a very generous Man, to leave a Gentleman, your Friend in danger, as you did me. I have reason to

follow you: But if I serve you not in your kind, then am I a sows'd Sturgeon.

D. Joh. Follow me, Sirra; I see a Lady.

Jac. Are you so fierce already?

Enter Clara *singing*, A shame on the Curse, *&c.*

Clar. Ha! This is the Stranger;
What makes him here?

D. Joh. A delicate Creature. Ha! This is the Lady.
How happy am I to meet you here———

Clar. What mean you, Sir?

D. Joh. I was undone enough before, with seeing your Picture in the Gallery; but I see you have more Excellencies than Beauty, your Voice needed not have conspir'd with that to ruine me.

Clar. Have you seen my Picture?

D. Joh. And lov'd it above all things I ever saw, but the Original. I am lost beyond beyond redemption, unless you can pity me.

Jac. (*aside*) He has been lost a hundred times, but he always finds himself again———and me too; a pox on him.

D. Joh. When Love had taken too fast hold on me, ever to let me go, I too late found you were to morrow to be marri'd.

Clar. Yes, I am condemn'd to one I never saw, and you are come to railly me and my misfortunes.

Jac. Ah, Madam, say not so, my Master is always in earnest.

D. Joh. So much I am in earnest now, that if you have no way to break this marriage off, and pity me, I soon shall repent I ever came to Land; I shall suffer a worse wrack upon the Shoar, here I shall linger out my life in the worst of pains, despairing Love; there I should have perish'd quickly———

Jac. Ah poor man! he's in a desperate condition, I pity him with all my heart———

D. Joh. Peace, Rascal. Madam, this is the onely opportunity I am like to have. Give me leave to improve it.

Clar. Sure, Sir, you cannot be in earnest.

D. Joh. If all the Oaths under the Sun can convince you, Madam, I swear———

Jac. O Sir, Sir, have a care of Swearing, for fear you should, once in your life, be forsworn———

D. Joh. Peace, Dog, or I shall slit your Wind-pipe.

Jac. Nay, I know if he be forsworn, 'tis the first time, that's certain.

Clar. But, Sir, if you be in earnest, and I had an inclination, 'Tis impossible to bring it about, my Father has dispos'd of me.

D. Joh. Dispose of your self, I'll do well enough with him, and my

Fortune and Quality are too great for him, for whom you are intended, to dispute with me.

Clar. If this be true, wou'd you win a Woman at first sight?

D. Joh. Madam, this is like to be the first and last; to morrow is the fatal day that will undo me.

Jac. Courage, *Don*, matters go well.

Clar. Nay, I had rather have a Peasant of my own chusing, than an Emperor of another's. He is a handsome Gentleman, and seems to be of Quality: Oh that he could rid me of my intended slavery. [*Aside.*

Sir, talk not of impossible things; for could I wish this, my Father's Honour will not suffer him to dispense with his promise.

D. Joh. I'll carry you beyond his power, and your intended Husband's too.

Clar. It cannot be; but I must leave you, I dare not be seen with you——

D. Joh. Remember the short time you have to think on this: will you let me perish without relief? if you will have pity on a wretched man, I have a Priest in my company, I'll marry you, and we'll find means to fly early in the morning, before the house are stirring.

Clar. I confess I am to be condemn'd to a Slavery, that nothing can be worse; yet this were a rash attempt.

D. Joh. If you will not consent to my just desires, I am resolv'd to kill my self, and fall a Sacrifice to your disdain. Speak, speak my doom ——— [*Holds his Sword to his breast.*

Clar. Hold, hold———

Jac. Ay, hold, hold: poor foolish Woman, she shou'd not need to bid him hold.

Clar. I'll find a means this night to speak with you alone; but I fear this is but for your diversion.

Jac. Yes, 'tis for diversion indeed; the common diversion of all the world.

D. Joh. By all that's great and good my Intentions are honourable.

Clar. Farewel, Sir, I dare not stay longer.

D. Joh. Will you keep your word, Madam?

Jac. You'll keep yours, no doubt———

Clar. I will, any thing rather than marry one I cannot love, as I can no man of anothers choosing.

D. Joh. Remember, Madam, I perish if you do not; I have onely one thing to say, Keep this Secret from your Sister, till we have effected it; I'll give you sufficient reason for what I say. [*Exit* Clar. *Victoria, Victoria;* I have her fast, she's my own.

Jac. You are a hopefull man, you may come to good in time.

Enter Flavia.

D. Joh. Here is the other Sister; have at her.

Jac. Why, Sir, Sir; have you no conscience? Will not one at once serve your turn?

D. Joh. Stand by, Fool. Let me see, you are the Lady.

Flav. What say you Sir?

D. Joh. You have lately taken up a stray heart of mine, I hope you do not intend to detain it, without giving me your own in exchange.

Flav. I a heart of yours? since when, good Sir? you are but this day shipwrack'd on this Coast, and never saw my face before.

D. Joh. I saw your Picture, and I saw your motion, both so charming, I could not resist them; but now I have a nearer view, I see plainly I am lost.

Flav. A goodly handsome man! but what can this mean?

D. Joh. Such killing Beauties I ne'r saw before; my heart is irrevocably gone.

Flav. Whether is it gone, Sir? I assure you I have no such thing about me, that I know of.

D. Joh. Ah, Madam, if you wou'd give me leave to search you, I should find it in some little corner about you, that shall be nameless.

Flav. It cannot be about me, I have none but my own, and that I must part with to morrow to I know not whom.

D. Joh. If the most violent love that man e'r knew can e'r deserve that treasure, it is mine; if you give that way, you lose the truest Lover that e'er languished yet.

Jac. What can be the end of this; Sure Blood must follow this dishonour of the Family, and I unfortunate, shall have my throat cut for company.

Flav. Do you know where you are?

D. Joh. Yes, Madam, in *Spain*, where opportunities are very scarce and those that are wise make use of e'm as soon as they have 'em.

Flav. You have a mind to divert your self; but I must leave you, I am disposed to be more serious.

D. Joh. Madam, I swear by all———

Jac. Hold, hold; will you be forsworn again?

D. Joh. Peace, Villain, I shall cut that tongue out.

Flav. Farewell, I cannot stay. [*Exit* Flavia.

D. Joh. I'll not leave her; I'll thaw her if she were Ice, before I have done with her.

Jac. There is no end of this lewdness. Well, I must be kill'd or hang'd once for all, and there's an end on't. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Maria *and* Leonora.

Leon. I am faint with what I suffered at Sea, and with my wandring since; let us repose a little, we shall not find this house to night.

Mar. I n'er shall rest till I have found *Don Francisco's* house; but I'll sit down awhile.

Leon. I hope he will not find it, till I have found means to give *Don John* warning of his cruel intentions: I would save his life, who I fear, would not do that for me. But in the miserable case that I am in, if he denies his love, death would be the welcom'st thing on earth to me.

Mar. Oh my *Octavios!* how does the loss of thee perplex me with despair! the honour of Mankind is gone with thee. Why do I whine? grief shall no longer usurp the place of my revenge. How could I gnaw the Monsters heart, Villain! I'll be with you. When I have reveng'd my dear *Octavio's* loss, I then shall die contented.

Enter Don Lopez *and* Don Antonio.

D. Lop. Th' old mans safe; I long to know *Don John's* success.

D. Ant. He's engag'd upon a noble cause: If he succeeds, 'twill be a victory worth the owning.

D. Lop. Hah! whom have we hear? a young man well habited, with a Lady too; they seem to be strangers.

D. Ant. A mischief comes into my head, that's worth the doing.

D. Lop. What's that, dear *Antonio?*

D. Ant. We are in a strange Countrey, and may want money: I would rob that young Fellow. We have not robb'd a good while; me-thinks 'tis a new wickedness to me.

D. Lop. Thou art in the right. I hate to commit the same dull sin over and over again, as if I were marri'd to it: variety makes all things pleasant.

D. Ant. But there's one thing we'll ne'r omit. When we have robb'd the Man, we'll ravish the Womun.

D. Lop. Agreed; let's to't, man. Come on, young Gentleman, we must see what riches you have about you.

Mar. O Villains! Thieves! Thieves! these are the inhumane Companions of that bloudy Monster.

Leon. Have pity on poor miserable Strangers.

D. Ant. Peace; we'll use you kindly, very kindly.

D. Lop. Go you carry that young Gentleman, bind him to a Tree, and bring the money, while I wait upon the Lady.

D. Ant. Will you play me no foul play in the mean time then? For we must cast Lots about the business you wot of.

D. Lop. No, upon my honour.

Mar. Honour, you Villain?

D. Ant. Come, young Gentleman, I'll tame you.

Mar. Help! help!——— [*Exit* Don Ant. *haling* Maria.

Leon. Have you no humanity in you? Take our money, but leave us liberty; be not so barb'rously cruel.

D. Ant. Come, I have made hast with him; now let us draw Cuts who enjoys the Lady first.

Leon. O heav'n assist me! what do I hear? help! help!

Enter four or five Countrey Fellows, coming from work.

1. *Count. Fel.* What, two men a robbing of a Lady! Be gone, and let her alone, or we have sower Cudgels shall wasler your bones, I tell you that.

D. Ant. How now, Rogues? [*Fight off the Stage.*

Leon. Thanks to Heav'n. I fly! I fly! where shall I hide my self.—— [*Exit.*

Enter Don John *and* Jacomo.

D. Joh. I shall conquer 'em both. Now, Sirrah, what think you?

Jac. Why I think you manage your business as discreetly, and take as much pains to have your throat cut, as any man in *Spain.*

D. Joh. Your fear o'r-rules your sense, mine is a life Monarchs might envy.———

Jac. 'Tis like to be a very short one at this rate.

D. Joh. Away, Fool, 'tis dark, I must be gone; I shall scarce find the way home.———

Enter Leonora.

Leon. Heaven guard me from these wicked Wretches. Help! help! they are here.

D. Joh. How now, Madam? what, afraid of a Man!

Leon. Don John, no, not of you; you are the man i'th' world I would have met.

D. Joh. Leonora, you are the woman i'th' world I would have avoided. 'Sdeath! she will spoil my new designs; but I have a trick for her. What miracle brought you hither?

Leon. Love, that works the greatest miracles, made me follow you; and the same Storm drove me on this shoar, on which you were thrown, and thus far I've wander'd till I have found you.

D. Joh. This is the most unreasonable unsatiable loving Lady, that ever was abus'd by man; she has a kind of Spaniel love, the worse you use her, the more loving she is. Pox on her, I must be rid of her.

Leon. I am very faint and weary, yet I was resolved not to rest till I had found you.

D. Joh. Your unweared love has o'rcome and convinc'd me, there is not such a Woman breathing.

Leon. This is a Sovereign Medicine for all my sorrows, I now, methinks am happier than ever: But I am faint and ill.

D. Joh. Here, Madam, I have an excellent Cordial, 'twill refresh you; and I'll conduct you where you shall never be unhappy more.

Leon. From that dear hand 'tis welcome———
To your health. [*Drinks.*

D. Joh. And to your own destruction; you have drunk your last.

Leon. What means my Love?

D. Joh. Y'have drunk the subtilest poison that Art e'r yet invented.

Jac. O murder! murder! what have you done?

D. Joh. Peace, Villain, leave your unseasonable pity———
You cannot live two minutes.

Leon. O ungratefull Tyrant! thou hast murdered the onely Creature living that cou'd love thee. Heaven will revenge it, though to me 'tis kindness. Here all my sorrows shall for ever cease.

D. Joh. Why would you persecute me with your love?

Leon. I could not help it. I came to preserve you, and am destroyed for't.

Jac. Oh horrid fact!

D. Joh. To preserve me! I wear my safety by my side.

Leon. Oh I faint! Guard your self. There's a young
Gentlemen pursues your life. Have a Care———
I came to tell you this, and thus I am rewarded.
Heav'n pardon you. Farewell. I can no more. [*Dies.*

Jac. This object sure will strike your heart! Tygers would melt at this. Oh the Earth will open and swallow you up, and me for company. There's no end of your murders.

D. Joh. This is the first time I ever knew compassion.
Poor Fool, I pity her, but tis too late———
Farewell all sensless thoughts of a remorse,
I would remove what e'r wou'd stop my course. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Don John, Don Lopez, Don Antonio, Jacomo.

D. Joh. THis nights success exceeded all my hopes. I had admittance to their several Chambers, and I have been contracted to both the Sisters, and this day resolve to marry 'em, and

at several times enjoy them; and, in my opinion, I shall have a brace of as pretty Wives, as any man in *Spain*.

D. Ant. Brave *Don John*, you are Master of your Art, not a Woman in *Spain* can stand before you.

D. Lop. We can but envy you, and at a distance imitate; But both their Maids shall to pot, I assure you.

Jac. How far will the Devil hurry you.

D. Joh. 'Tis not the Devil, 'tis the Flesh Fool.

Jac. Here will be fine cutting of throats. Poor *Jacomo*, must thou be cut off in the flower of thy Age?

Enter Don Francisco.

D. Fran. Gentlemen, your Servant; I hope you rested well this night.

D. Lop. We thank you, Sir; never better.

D. Ant. We never shall requite this obligation.

Jac. I warrant you my Master will; he's a very grateful civil person indeed.

D. Joh. The favour is too great to be suddenly requited; but I shall study to deserve it.

Jac. Good man, you will deserve it.

Enter Two Bridegrooms.

D. Fran. Gentlemen, you are come, you are early.

1. *Bridegr.* This joyful occasion made us think it late.

2. *Bridegr.* The expectation of so great a blessing as we this day hope to enjoy, would let us have but little rest last night.

1. *Bridegr.* And the fruition will afford us less to night.

D. Joh. Poor Fools! you shall be bob'd. How it tickles my Spleen to think on't.

D. Fran. These are to be my Sons in law.

D. Joh. And my Cuckolds before-hand.

D. Fran. Pray know 'em, Gentlemen, they are Men of Honour.

D. John. I shall be glad to serve them;
But first I'le serve their Ladies. [*Aside.*

D. Fran. Com, Gentlemen, I'le now conduct you to my Daughters; and beg your pardon for a moment, I'll wait on you again.

[*Exit* Don. Fran. *and Bridegrooms.*

D. Ant. These Fools will spoil your design.

D. Joh. No, poor Sots; I have perswaded the Ladies to feign sickness, and put off their marriage till to morrow morning, to gain time; as the mean while I have 'em safe, Boys.

D. Lop. But will not the Sisters betray you to one another?

D. Joh. No, I have wheedled each into a jealousie of the other, and

each believes that if the other knows it, she, in honour will reveal it to the Father.

Jac. Sir, if you be so very weary of your life, why don't you make use of a convenient Beam? 'tis the easier way; so you may dye without the filthy pother you keep about it.

D. Joh. Away, Coward; 'tis a sign I am not weary of my life, that I make so much use on't!

Jac. Oh *Jacomo!* Thou art lost; 'Tis pity a Fellow of thy neat spruce parts should be destroy'd.

Enter Don Francisco.

D. Fran. Come, Gentlemen, will you not refresh your selves with some cool Wines this morning?

D. Lop. We Thank you, Sir, we have already.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a young Gentleman, a Stranger, desires to speak with you.

D. Fran. Admit him.

Enter Maria *in Man's Habit.*

Your humble Servant.

Mar. Sir, when I've told you what I come for, I doubt not not but I shall deserve your thanks. I come to do you service.

D. Fran. You have 'em, Sir, already———

Mar. You have lodg'd within your house some ship-wrack'd men, who are greater Villains than the Earth e'r bore; I come to give you warning of 'em, and to beg your power to revenge such horrid actions, as heart could never yet conceive, or tongue could utter. Ha! they are these———Revenge, Revenge cruel, unnatural Rapes and Murders. They are Devils in the shapes of Men.

D. Fran. What say you, Sir?

Jac. Now the snare is fall'n upon me; me-thinks I feel cold Steel already in my Body. Too well I know that face.

D. Joh. I know that Face. Now, Impudence, assist me. What mad young man is that?

D. Fran. These, by their habits and their meens, are Gentlemen, and seem to be men of Honour.

Mar. By these two, last night I was robb'd, and bound to a Tree, and there have been all night, and but this morning was reliev'd by Peasants ———I had a Lady with me, whom they said they would ravish, and this Morning I saw her dead; they must have murder'd her.

D. Fran. Heav'n! What do I hear?

Jac. Oh! I am noos'd already, I feel the knot, methinks, under my left ear.

D. Ant. The youth raves; we never saw his face, we never stirr'd from the bounds of this house since we came hither.

D. Lop. 'Sdeath, let me kill the Villain; Shall he thus affront men of our quality and honour?

D. Fran. Consider I am a Magistrate.

D. Joh. The Youth was robb'd, and with the fright has lost his wits. Poor Fool! let him be bound in's bed.

D. Fran. Do not persist in this, but have a care.
These injuries to men of Honour shall not go unpunished.

Mar. Whither shall injur'd Innocence fly for succour, if you so soon can be corrupted? Monster, I'll revenge my self; have at thy heart.

D. Fran. What means the Youth, put up your Sword.

D. Ant. We told you, Sir, he was mad.

Mar. Oh impudent Villains! I ask your pardon, Sir; My griefs and Injuries transport me so, I scarce can utter them. That Villain is *Don John*, who basely murdered the Governour of *Sevil* in his house, and then dishonoured his fair Sister.

D. Joh. Death and Hell! this injury is beyond all sufferance.

D. Fran. Hold Sir, think in whose house you are.

Jac. O Lord! what will this come to? Ah *Jacomo!* thy line of life is short.

Mar. This is the Villain, who kill'd the Lover of *Antonio*'s Sister, deflow'rd her, and murder'd her Brother in his own house.

D. Joh. I'll have no longer patience.

D. Ant. Such a Villain should have his throat cut, though in a Church.

D. Lop. No man of honour will protect those, who offer such injuries.

D. Joh. Have at you, Villain.

D. Franc. Nay then; Within there: Ho! I will protect him, or perish with him.

Enter two Bridegrooms.

1. *Brideg.* What's the matter?

D. Joh. This rashness will spoil my design upon the Daughters; if I I had perfected that, I would have own'd all this for half a Duccatoon.——
[*To* Ant. Lop.
I ask your pardon for my ill manners; I was provok'd too far; indeed the accusations are so extravagant and odd, I rather should have laughed at 'em. Let the young Fool have a vein open'd, he's stark staring mad.

D. Ant. A foolish Impostor. We ne'r saw *Sevil* till last night.

Mar. Oh Impudence!

Jac. No, not we; we never were there till yesterday. Pray Sir, lay that young Fellow by the hells, for lying on us, men of Honour.

D. Franc. What is the matter, Friend, you tremble so?

D. Lop. 'Sdeath, the Dog's fear will betray us.

Jac. I tremble Sir? no, no, Sir: I tremble———Though it would make any one tremble to hear one lie, as that young Gentleman does. Have you no conscience in you?

Mar. Heav'n can witness for me, I speak not false. *Octavio*, my dear *Octavio*, being dearest to me of all the world, I would in *Sevil* have revenged his murder but the Villain there escaped me; I followed him to Sea, and in the same Storm in which their Ship perish'd, I was thrown on shoar. Oh my *Octavio!* if this foul unnatural murther be not reveng'd, there is no Justice left among mankind. His Ghost, and all the rest whom he has barbarously murder'd, will interrupt your quiet, they'll haunt you in your sleep. Revenge, revenge!

2. *Bride.* This is wonderful.

D. Franc. There must be something in this; his passion cannot be counterfeited, nor your man's fear.

Jac. My fear? I scorn your words; I fear nothing under the Sun. I fear? Ha, ha, ha.———

D. Joh. Will you believe this one false Villain against three, who are Gentlemen, and men of honour?

Jac. Nay, against four, who are Gentlemen, and men of honour.

Mar. O Villain, that I had my Sword imbru'd in thy hearts bloud. Oh my dear *Octavio!* Do Justice, Sir, or Heaven will punish you.

Enter Clara.

D. Franc. Gentlemen, he is too earnest, in his grief and anger, to be what you wou'd have him, an Impostor. My house has been your Sanctuary, and I am obliged in honour not to act as a Magistrate, but your Host, no violence shall here be offer'd to you; but you must instantly leave this house, and if you would have safety, find it somewhere else. Be gone.

D. Joh. This is very well.

Mar. Oh! will you let 'em go unpunish'd?
Whither shall I flie for vengeance?

D. Franc. Pray leave this place immediately.

Jac. Ah, good Sir, let's be gone———Sir, your most humble Servant.

Clar. Oh, Sir, consider what you do; do not banish *Don John* from hence.

1. *Bride.* Ha! what means she?

D. Fran. What say you?

Clar. Oh, Sir, he is my Husband, we were last night contracted.

D. Fran. Oh! what do I hear?
1. *Bride.* I am dishonoured, abus'd. Villain, thou dieſt.
D. Joh. Villain, you lie; I will cut your throat firſt.
D. Fran. Hey, where are my people here.

Enter Servants and Flavia.

Flav. Oh, Sir, hold; if you banish *Don John*, I am loſt for ever.
D. Fran. Oh Devil! what do I hear?
Flav. He is my Husband, Sir, we were laſt night contracted.
Clar. Your Husband! Heaven! what's this?
2. *Brideg.* Hell and Damnation!
D. Fran. Oh! I have loſt my senses.
Mar. Oh Monſter! now am I to be believ'd?
Jac. Oh spare my life! I am innocent as I hope to live and breath.
D. Joh. Dog, you shall fight for your life, if you have it.
D. Franc. Firſt, I'll revenge my self on these.
D. Joh. Hold, hold, they are both my Wives, and I will have them.
[*Runs at his Daughters, they run out.*
D. Franc. Oh Devil! fall on————
Mar. Fall on, I will aſſiſt you.
[*They fight.* Maria *and* Don Francisco *are killed the two Bridegrooms are hurt,* Jacomo, *runs away.*
D. Joh. Now we've done their business.
Ah, cowardly Rogue! are not you a Son of a Whore?
Jac. Ay, Sir, what you please: A man had better be a living Son of a Whore, than a dead *Hero*, by your favour.
D. Joh. I could find in my heart to kill the Rascal; his fear, some time or other, will undo us.
Jac. Hold, Sir, I went, Sir, to provide for your escape. Let's take Horses out of the Stable, and flie; abundance of Company are coming, expecting the Weding, and we are irrepairably loſt if we take not this time. I think my fear will now preserve you.
D. Ant. I think he councels well. Let's flie to a new place of pleasure.
D. Joh. But I shall leave my business undone with the two Women.
D. Lop. 'Tis now scarce feazible. Let's fly; you'll light on others as handsom, where we come next.
D. Joh. Well, dispose of me as you please; and yet it troubles me.
Jac. Haſte, haſte, or we shall be apprehended. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clara *and* Flavia.

Flav. O that I ever liv'd to see this day!
This fatal day! 'Twas our vile disobedience
Caus'd our poor Fathers death, which Heaven

Will revenge on us. So lewd a Villain
As *Don John* was never heard of yet.
Clar. That we should be so credulous! Oh dreadful
Accident Dear Father, what Expiation can
We make? our crimes too foul for
Tears to wash away, and all our lives will
Be too short, to spend in penitence for this
Our levity and disobedience. He was the
Best of Fathers, and of Men.
Flav. What will become of us, poor miserable Maids,
Lost in our Fortunes and our Reputations?
Our intended Husbands, if they recover of their
Wounds, will murder us; and 'tis but Justice:
Our lives too now cannot be worth the keeping.
Those Devils in the shapes of men are fled.
Clar. Let us not waste our time in fruitless grief;
Let us employ some to pursue the murderers.
And for our selves, let's to the next Monastery,
And there spend all our weary life in penitence.
Flav. Let's fly to our last Sanctuary in this world,
And try, by a Religious life, to expiate this Crime:
There is no safety, or no hope but there.
Let's go, and bid along farewel to all the
World; a thing too vain, and little worth our care.
Clar. Agreed; farewell to all the vanity on Earth,
Where wretched Mortals, toss'd 'twixt hope and fear,
Must of all fix'd and solid joy despair. [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE is a delightful Grove.

Enter two Shepherds and two Nymphs.

1. *Shep.* Come Nymphs and Shepherds, hast away
To the happy Sports within these shady Groves,
In pleasant lives time slides away apace,
But with the wretched seems to creep too slow.
1. *Nymph.* Our happy leisure we employ in joys,
As innocent as they are pleasant. We,
Strangers to strife, and to tumultuous noise,
To baneful envy, and to wretched cares,
In rural pleasures spend our happy days,
And our soft nights in calm and quiet sleeps.
2. *Shep.* No rude Ambition interrupts our rest,
Nor base and guilty thoughts how to be great.

2. *Nymph.* In humble Cottages we have such contents,
As uncorrupted Nature does afford,
Which the great, that surfeit under gilded Roofs,
And wanton in Down Beds, can never know.
1. *Shep.* Nature is here not yet debauch'd by Art,
'Tis as it was in *Saturn*'s happy days:
Minds are not here by Luxury invaded;
A homely Plenty, with sharpe Appetite,
Does lightsome health, and vigorous ſtrength impart.
1. *Nymph.* A chaſt cold Spring does here refresh our thirſt,
Which by no feavourish surfeit is increas'd;
Our food is such as Nature meant for Men,
Ere with the Vicious, Eating was an Art.
2. *Nymph.* In noisie Cities riot is pursu'd,
And lewd luxurious living softens men,
Effeminates Fools in Body and in Mind,
Weakens their Appetites, and decays their Nerves.
2. *Shep.* With filthy ſteams from their excess of Meat,
And clowdy vapours rais'd from dangerous Wine;
Their heads are never clear or free to think,
They waſt their lives in a continual miſt.
1. *Shep.* Some subtil and ill men chuse Temperance,
Not as a Vertue, but a Bawd to Vice,
And vigilantly wait to ruine those,
Whom Luxury and Ease have lull'd asleep.
2. *Shep.* Yes, in the clamorous Courts of tedious Law,
Where what is meant for a relief's a grievance;
Or in Kings Palaces, where Cunning ſtrives.
Not to advance King's Intereſts, but its own.
1. *Nymph.* There they in a continual hurry live,
And seldom can, for all their subtile Arts,
Lay their foundations sure; but some
Are undermin'd, others blown down by ſtorms.
2. *Nymph.* Their subtilty is but a common Road
Of flattering great men, and oppressing little,
Smiling on all they meet, and loving none.
1. *Shep.* In populous Cities, life is all a ſtorm;
But we enjoy a sweet perpetual calm:
Here our own Flocks we keep, and here
I and my *Phillis* can embrace unenvi'd.
2. *Shep.* And I and *Celia* without jealousie.
But hark, the Pipes begin; now for our sports.

[*A Symphony of Ruſtick Musick.*

Nymphs and Shepherds come away,
In these Groves let's sport and play;
Where each day is a Holy-day,
Sacred to Ease and happy Love.
To Dancing, Musick, Poetry:
Your Flocks may now securely rove.
Whilst you express your jollity.

Enter Shepherds and Shepherdesses, singing in *Chorus.*
We come, we come, no joy like this.
Now let us sing, rejoyce, and kiss.
The Great can never know such bliss.

1. *As this.*
2. *As this.*
3. *As this.*

All. *As this.*
The Great can never know such bliss.

1. *All th' Inhabitants o'th' Wood,*
Now celebrate the Spring,
That gives fresh vigour to the bloud
Of every living thing.

Chor. *The Birds have been singing and billing before us,*
And all the sweet Choristers joyn in the Chorus.

2. *The Nightingales and jugging throats,*
Warble out their pretty Notes,
So sweet, so sweet, so sweet:
And thus our Loves and Pleasures greet.

Chor. *Then let our Pipes sound, let us dance, let us sing*
Till the murmuring Groves with loud Eccho's shall ring. [Dance begins.

3. *How happy are we,*
From all jealousie free;
No dangers or cares can annoy us:
We toy and we kiss,
And Love's our chief bliss;
A-pleasure that never can cloy us.

Chor. *Our days we consume in unenvied delights,*
And in love and soft rest our happy long nights.

4. *Each Nymph does impart*
Her love without Art,
To her Swain, who thinks that his chief Treasure.

No envy is fear'd,
No sighs are e'r heard,
But those which are caus'd by our pleasure.
Chor. *When we feel the bless'd Raptures of innocent Love,*
No joys exceed ours but the pleasures above.

General Chorus. *In these delightful fragrant Groves,*
Let's celebrate our happy Loves.
Let's pipe, and dance, and laugh, and sing;
Thus every happy living thing,
Revels in the chearful Spring. [Dance continues.

Enter Don John, Don Lopez, Don Antonio, Jacomo.

D. Joh. So, thus far we are safe, we have almost kill'd our Horses with riding cross out of all Roads.

Jac. Nay, you have had as little mercy on them, as if they had been Men or Women: But yet we are not safe, let us fly farther.

D. Joh. The house I lighted at was mine during my life, which I sold to that fellow; he, since he holds by that tenure, will carefully conceal us.

Jac. 'Tis a Tenure I will not give him two moneths purchase for.

D. Joh. Besides, our Swords are us'd to conquest.

D. Ant. At worst, there is a Church hard by; we'll put it to its proper use, take refuge in't.

D. Lop. Look here, here are Shepherds, and young pretty Wenches; shall we be idle, *Don?*

D. Ant. By no means; 'tis a long time, methinks, since we were vicious.

D. Joh. We'll serve 'em as the *Romans* did the *Sabines*, we'll rob 'em of their Women; onely we'll return the Punks again, when we have us'd them.

Jac. For Heavens sake hold.

D. Joh. Sirra, no more; do as we do, ravish, Rascal, or by my Sword, I'll cut thee into so many pieces, it shall pose an Arithmetician to sum up the fractions of thy body.

Jac. I ravish! Oh, good Sir! my Courage lies not that way; alas, I, I am almost famish'd, I have not eat to day.

D. Joh. Sirra, by Heaven do as I bid thee, or thou shalt never eat again. Shall I keep a Rascal for a Cypher?

Jac. Oh! What will become of me? I must do it.

D. Joh. Come on, Rogue, fall on.

D. Ant. Which are you for?

D. Joh. 'Tis all one, I am not in Love but in Lust, and to such a one, a Belly-full's a Belly-full, and there's an end on't.

1. *Shepherdess.* What means this violence?

2. *Shepherdess.* Oh! Heav'n protect us.

Jac. Well, I must have one too; if I be hang'd, I had as good be hang'd for something. [*Every one runs off with a Woman.*

D. Lop. Rogues, come not on; we'll be in your guts.

All Shepherdess. Help, help. [*They cry out.*

1. *Shep.* What Devils are these? [*Exeunt.*

[*Three or four Shepherds return with* Jacomo.

1. *Shep.* Here's one Rogue. Have we caught you, Sir? We'll cool your courage.

Jac. Am I taken prisoner? I shall be kept as an honourable Hostage at least————

2. *Shep.* Where are these Villains, these Ravishers?

Jac. Why you need not keep such a stir, Gentlemen, you will have all your Women again, and no harm done. Let me go, I'le fetch 'em to you.

1. *Shep.* No, you libidinous Swine; we'll revenge the Rapes on you.

Jac. Good kind civil people pass this by: 'Tis true, my Master's a very *Tarquin;* but I ne'r attempted to ravish before.

2. *Shep.* I'le secure you from ever doing of it again. Where's your Knife?

Jac. Heav'n! What do you mean? Oh spare me! I am unprepar'd; let me be confest.

1. *Shep.* We will not kill you, we'll but geld you: Are you so hot, Sir?

Jac. Oh bloudy Villains! have a care, 'tis not a season for that, the Sign's in *Scorpio.*

2. *Shep.* Down with him————

Jac. O help help! murder! murder! Have a care what you do, I am the last of all my Race————Will you destroy a whole Stock, and take away my Representers of my Family?——

1. *Shep.* There shall be no more of the Breed of you——

Jac. I am of an antient Family; Will you cut off all hopes of a Son and Heir? Help! Help! Master, *Don John?* Oh! Oh! Oh!

Enter Don John, Don Lopez, Don Antonio.

D. Joh. How now, Rogues? do you abuse my Man?

Jac. O Sir, this is the first good thing you ever did: If you had not come just in the Nick, I had lost my Manhood.

D. Ant. 'Tis no matter for the use you make on't.

D. Lop. But come, let's now to Supper.

Jac. Come on, I am almost starv'd. [*Exeunt.*

Shepherds return.

1 *Shep.* Let's not complain, but Dog the Rogues, and when we have Hous'd 'em, we will to the next Magistrate, and beg his pow'r to apprehend 'em. [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE changes to a CHURCH, with the Statue of *Don Pedro* on Horseback in it.

D. Joh. Let's in and see this Church.

Jac. Is this a time to see Churches? But let me see whose Statue's this? Oh Heav'n! this is *Don Pedro*'s, whom you murder'd at *Sevil.*

D. Joh. Say you so, Read the Inscription.

Jac. Here lies Don Pedro, *Governour of* Sevil, *barbarously murder'd by that impious Villain* Don John, *'gainst whom his innocent blood cries still for vengeance.*

D. Joh. Let it cry on. Art thou there i' faith? Yes, I kill'd thee, and wou'd do't again upon the same occasion. *Jacomo*——invite him to Supper.

Jac. What, a Statue! Invite a Statue to Supper? Ha, Ha——can Marble eat?

D. Joh. I say, Rascal, tell him I would have him Sup with me.

Jac. Ha, ha, ha! who the Devil put this whimsey into your head? Ha, ha, ha! Invite a Statue to Supper?

D. Joh. I shall spoil your Mirth, Sirra; I will have it done.

Jac. Why, 'tis impossible; wou'd you have me such a Coxcomb, invite Marble to eat? Ha, ha, ha.

[*He goes several times towards the Statue and returns laughing.*

Good Mr. Statue, if it shall please your Worship, my Master desires you to make Collation with him presently——

[*The Statue nods his head,* Jacomo *falls down and roars.*

Oh I am dead! Oh, Oh, Oh.

D. Joh. The Statue nods its Head; 'tis odd——

D. Ant. 'Tis wonderful.

D. Lop. I am amaz'd.

Jac. Oh I cannot stir! Help, help.

D. Joh. Well, Governour, come, take part of a Collation with me, 'tis by this time ready; make haste, 'tis I invite you. [*Statue nods again.* Say you so? come on, let's set all things in order quickly.

Jac. Oh fly, fly.

D. Ant. This is prodigious.

[*Exeunt* Don John, Don Lopez, Don Antonio, Jacomo.

The SCENE is a Dining-Room, a Table spread, Servants setting on Meat and Wine.

D. Joh. Come, our meat is ready, let's Sit. Pox on this foolish Statue, it puzles me to know the reason on't. Sirra, I'le give you leave to sit.

D. Ant. Let's eat, ne'r think on't.

Jac. Ay, come, let's eat; I am too hungry now to think on the fright——— [Jacomo *eats greedily.*

D. Joh. This is excellent Meat. How the Rogue eats. You'll choak your self.

Jac. I warrant you, look to your self

D. Ant. Why, *Jacomo*, is the Devil in you?

Jac. No, no; if he be, 'tis a hungry Devil.

D. Lop. Will you not Drink?

Jac. I'le lay a good foundation first.

D. Joh. The Rascal eats like a Canibal.

Jac. Ay, 'tis no matter for that.

D. Joh. Some Wine, Sirra.

Jac. There, Sir, take it; I am in haste.

D. Ant. 'Sdeath, the Fool will be strangl'd.

Jac. The Fool knows what he does.

D. Joh. Here's to *Don Pedro*'s Ghost, he should have been welcome.

Jac. O name him not.

D. Lop. The Rascal is afraid of you after death.

Jac. Oh! Oh! Some Wine, give me some Wine. [*Almost choak'd.*

D. Ant. Take it.

Jac. So, now 'tis down.

D. Ant. Are you not satisfi'd yet?

Jac. Peace, peace; I have but just begun. [*One knocks hard at the door.*
Who's there? come in, I am very busie.

D. Joh. Rise, and do your duty.

Jac. But one morsel more, I come. [*Knocks again.*
What a pox, are you mad? [*Opens the door.*

Enter Ghost.

Oh! the Devil, the Devil.

D. Joh. Hah! It is the Ghost, let's rise and receive him.

D. Ant. I am amaz'd.

D. Lop. Not frighted are you?

D. Ant. I scorn the thoughts of fear. [*They salute the Ghost.*

D. Joh. Come, Governour, you are welcome, sit there; if we had thought you would have come, we wou'd have staid for you. But come on, Sirra, give me some Wine. [*The Ghost sits.*

Jac. Oh! I am dead; What shall I do? I dare not come near you.

D. Joh. Come, Rascal, or I'le cut your Throat.

[*Fills Wine, his hand trembles.*

Jac. I come, I come, I come. Oh! Oh!

D. Joh. Why do you tremble, Rascal? Hold it steadily——

Jac. Oh! I cannot.

[Jacomo *snatches meat from the Table, and runs aside.*

D. Joh. Here, Governour, your health. Friends, put it about. Here's excellent Meat; Taste of this Ragoust. If you had had a body of flesh, I would have given you *cher entire*———but the Women care not for Marble. Come, I'll help you. Come, eat, and let old quarrels be forgotten.

Ghost. I come not here to take Repast with you;
Heaven has permitted me to animate
This Marble Body, and I come to warn
You of that Vengeance is in store for you,
If you amend not your pernicious lives.

Jac. Oh Heav'n!

D. Ant. What, are you come to preach to us?

D. Lop. Keep your Harangues for Fools that will believe 'em.

D. Joh. We are too much confirm'd. Pox o' this dry discourse, give me some Wine. Come, here's to your Mistriss; you had one when you were living: not forgetting your sweet Sister. Sirra, more Wine.

Jac. Ay, Sir——Good Sir, do not provoke the *Ghost;* his Marble Fists may fly about your ears, and knock your brains out.

Don Joh. Peace, Fool.

Ghost. Tremble, you impious Wretches, and repent;
Behold, the Pow'rs of Hell wayt for you. ——[*Devils rise.*

Jac. Oh! I will steal from hence. Oh the Devil!

D. Joh. Sirra, stir not; by Heav'n I'le use thee worse than Devils can do. Come near, Coward.

Jac. Oh *I* dare not stir; what will become of me?

D. Joh. Come, Sirra, eat.

Jac. O, Sir, my Appetite is satisfied.

D. Joh. Drink, Dog, the *Ghost*'s Health: Rogue, do't, or I'le run my Sword down your throat.

Jac. Oh! Oh! Here, Mr. *Statue*, your Health.

D. Joh. Now Rascal, sing to entertain him.

Jac. Sing, quoth he! Oh! I have lost my voice: I cannot be merry in such company. Sing——

D. Ant. Who are these with ugly shapes?

D. Lop. Their manner of appearing is something strange.

Ghost. They're Devils, that wait for such hard impious
Men. They're Heaven's Instruments of eternal vengeance.

D. Joh. Are they some of your Retinue? Devils, say you? I am sorry I have no Burnt Brandey to treat 'em with, that's Drink fit for Devils—Hah! they vanish. [*They sink.*

Ghost. Cannot the fear of Hell's eternal tortures,
Change the horrid course of your abandon'd lives?
Think on those Fires, those everlasting Fires,
That shall without consuming burn you ever.

D. Joh. Dreams, Dreams, too slight to lose my pleasure for.
In spight of all you say, I will go on,
Till I have surfeited on all delights.
Youth is a Fruit that can but once be gather'd,
And I'll enjoy it to the full.

D. Ant. Let's push it on: Nature chalks out the way that we should follow.

D. Lop. 'Tis her fault, if we do that we should not. Let's on, here's a Brimmer to our Leader's health.

Jac. What hellish Fiends are these?

D. Joh. Let me tell you, 'tis something ill bred to rail at your Host, that treats you civilly. You have not yet forgot your quarrel to me.

Ghost. 'Tis for your good; by me Heaven warns you of its wrath, and gives you a longer time for your repentance. I invite you this night to a repast of mine.

D. Joh. Where?

Ghost. At my Tomb.

D. Ant. What time?

Ghost. At dead of night.

D. Joh. We'll come.

Ghost. Fail not.

D. Lop. I warrant you.

Ghost. Farewell, and think upon your lost condition.

D. Joh. Farewell, Gevernour, I'll see what Treat you'll give us.

D. Ant. } And I.
D. Lop. }

Jac. That will not I. Pox on him, I have had enough of his company, I shall not recover it this week. If I eat with such an Host, I'll be hang'd.

D. Joh. If you do not, by Heaven you shall be hang'd.

Jac. Whither will your lewdness carry me? I do not care for having a Ghost for my Landlord. Will not these Miracles do good upon you.

D. Joh. There's nothing happens but by Natural Causes,
Which in unusual things Fools cannot find,
And then they stile 'em Miracles. But no Accident
Can alter me from what I am by Nature.
Were there———

Legions of Ghosts and Devils in my way,
One moment in my course of pleasure I'd not stay.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT V.

Enter Jacomo, *with Back, Breast, and Head-piece.*

Jac. WEll, this damn'd Master of mine will not part with me; and we must fight five or six times aday, one day with another, that's certain: Therefore thou art wise, honest *Jacomo*, to arm thy self, I take it. Sa, sa, sa———Methinks I am very valiant on the suddain. Sa, sa, sa. Hah! there I have you. Paph———Have at you. Hah——there I have you through: That was a fine thrust in tierce. Hah——Death! what noise is that?

Enter Don John.

D. Joh. How, now Sirrah, what are you doing?

Jac. Nothing, but practising to run people through the bodies, that's all; for I know some body's throat must be cut before midnight.

D. Joh. In Armour too! why, that cannot help you, you are such a cowardly Fool; fear will betray you faster within, than that can defend you without.———

Jac. I fear no body breathing, I; nothing can terrifie me but the Devilish Ghost. Ha! who's that coming? O Heaven!

[*Leaps back.*

D. Joh. Is this your courage? you are preparing for flight before an Enemy appears.

Jac. No, no, Sir, not I; I onely leapt back to put myself upon my guard——Fa, la, la.———

Enter Don Lopez *and* Don Antonio.

D. Joh. Whom have we hear?

Jac. Oh where! where! who are they?

D. Joh. Oh my Friends! where have you been?

D. Ant. We went to view the stately Nunnery hard by, and have been chatting with the poor sanctifi'd Fools, till it's dark; we have been chaffering for Nuns-flesh.

D. Lop. There I made such a discovery, if you do not assist me, I am ruin'd for ever. *Don Bernardo*'s Sister, whom I fell in love with in *Sevil*,

is this day plac'd there for probation; and if you cannot advise me to some way or other of getting her out, for some present occasion I have for her, I am a lost man, thats certain.

D. Ant. The business is difficult, and we resolve to manage it in council.

Jac. Now will they bring me into some wicked occasion or other of shewing my prowess: a pox on 'em.

D. Joh. Have you so long followed my fortunes: to boggle at difficulty upon so honourable an occasion; besides, here is no difficulty.

D. Lop. No? the Walls are so high, and the Nunnery so strongly fortifi'd, 'twill be impossible to do it by force; we must find some stratagem.

D. Joh. The stratagem is soon found out——

D. Ant. As how, *Don John?*

D. Joh. Why, I will set fire on the Nunnery; fire the Hive, and the Drones must out, or be burnt within: then you may, with ease, under pretence of succour, take whom you will.

D. Lop. 'Tis a gallant design.

D. Ant. I long to be about it. Well, *Don*, thou art the bravest Fellow breathing.

Jac. Gentlemen, pray what became of that brave Fellow, that fir'd the Temple at *Ephesus?* was he not hanged, Gentlemen, hum——

D. Ant. We are his Rivals, Fool; and who would not suffer for so brave an action?

D. Joh. He's a Scoundrel and a Poultroon, that would not have his Death for his Fame.

D. Lop. That he is, a damn'd Son of a Whore, and not fit to drink with.

Jac. 'Tis a rare thing to be a Martyr for the Devil; But what good will infamy do you, when you are dead? when Honour is nothing but a vapour to you, while you are living. For my part I'd not be hang'd to be *Alexander the Great.*

D. Ant. What a phlegmatick dull Rascal is that, who has no Ambition in him.

Jac. Ambition! what, to be hang'd? besides, what's the intrinsick value of honour when a man is under ground? Let 'em but call me honest *Jacomo*, as I am, while I live, and let 'em call me, when I am dead, *Don John* if they will.

D. Joh. Villain, dare you prophane my name?

Jac. Hold, Sir, think what you do; you cannot hurt me, my Arms are Pistol proof.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. I come to give you notice of an approaching danger: You must fly; an Officer with some Shepherds have found you were at our house, and

are come to apprehend you, for some outrage you have commited; I came to give you notice, knowing our Family has a great respect for you.

D. Joh. Yes, I know your Family has a great respect for me, for I have lain with every one in it, but thee and thy Master.

Jac. Why look you now, I thought what 'twoud come to: Fly, Sir, fly; the darkness of the night will help us. Come Ill lead the way.

D. Joh. Stay Sirra, you shall have one occasion more of shewing your valour.

D. Ant. Did ever any Knight Errant fly, that was so well appointed?

D. Lop. No; you shall stay, and get Honour, *Jacomo.*

Jac. Pox of Honour, I am content with the Stock I have already.

D. Joh. You are easily satisfied. But now let's fire the Nunnery.

D. Ant. Come on.

D. Lop. I long to be at it.

Jac. O *Jacomo!* Thy Life is not worth a piece of Eight. 'Tis in vain to disswade 'em, Sir; I will never trouble you with another request, if you'll be graciously pleas'd to leave me out of this adventure.

D. Joh. Well, you have your desire.

Jac. A thousand Thanks, and when I see you again, I will be humbly content with a Halter.

D. Joh. But, do you hear, Fool? Stand Centinel here; and if any thing happens extraordinary, give us notice of it.

Jac. O, good Sir! What do do you mean? That's as bad as going with you.

D. Joh. Let me find you here when I come again, or you are a dead man——— [*Exeunt* Don John, Don Lopez, Don Antonio.

Jac. I am sure I am a dead man, if you find me here: But would my Armour were off now, that I might run the lighter. Night assist me. Heaven! what noise is that? to be left alone in the dark, and fear Ghosts and Devils, is very horrible. But Oh! Who are these.

Enter Officer, Guards, and Shepherds.

1. *Shep.* We are thus far right, the Ravishers went this way.

2. *Shep.* For Heaven's sake take 'em dead or alive; such desperate Villains ne'r were seen.

Jac. So; if I be catch'd I shall be hang'd; if not, I shall be kill'd. 'Tis very fine. These are the Shepherds. I'll hide my self.

[*He stands up close against the Wall.*

1. *Shep.* If we catch the Rogues we'll broil 'em alive; no death can be painful enough for such Wretches.

Jac. O bloudy-minded Men———

2. *Shep.* O impious vile Wretches! that we had you in our clutches! Open your dark Lanthorn, and let's search for 'em.

Jac. What will become of me, my Armour will not do now.

1. *Shep.* Thus far we hunted them upon a good scent: But now we are at a fault.

Jac. Let me see; I have one trick left, I have a Disguise will fright the Devil.

2. *Shep.* They must be hereabouts.

Jac. I'll in amongst them, and certainly this will fright e'm.

1. *Shep.* Oh Heaven! What horrid Object's this?

Jac. The Devil.

2. *Shep.* Oh fly, fly! The Devil, the Devil! fly———

[*Exeunt Shepherds frighted.*

Jac. Farewell, good Gentlemen. This is the first time my face e'r did me good. But I'll not stay I take it; Yet whether shall I fly? Oh! What noise is that? I am in the dark, in a strange place too; what will follow? There lie. Oh! my Arms. Hah! Who's there? Let me go this way——— Oh the Ghost! the Ghost! Gad forgive me, 'twas nothing but my fear. [*A noise within, Fire, fire, the Nunnery's on fire.* Oh vile Wretches! they have done the deed. There is no flying; now the place will be full of People, and wicked Lights that will discover me, if I fly.

Within. Fire, fire, fire; the Nunnery's on fire; help, help———

[*Several people cross the Stage, crying Fire.*

Jac. What shall I do? there's no way but one, I'll go with the Crowd. Fire Fire——— Murder! help! help! fire! fire———

[*More people cross the Stage, he runs with them.*

Enter Don John, Don Antonio, Don Lopez, *Four Nuns.*

D. Joh. Fear not, Ladies, we'll protect you.

1. *Nun.* Our Sex and Habits will protect us.

D. Lop. Not enough, we will protect you better.

1. *Nun.* Pray leave us, we must not consort with men.

D. Ant. What would you run into the fire to avoid Mankind? you are zealous Ladies indeed.

D. Joh. Come, Ladies, walk with us; we'll put you in a place of safety.

1. *Nun.* We'll go no further, we are safe enough; be gone, and help to quench the fire.

D. Joh. We have another fire to quench; come along with us.

D. Lop. Ay, come, you must go.

D. Ant. Come along, we know what's good for you; you must go with us.

1. *Nun.* Heaven! What violence is this? what impious men are these? Help! Help! [*All cry Help.*

Enter Flavia *and* Clara *Probationers.*

Flav. Here are the bloudy Villains, the causes of our misery.

Clar. Inhumane Butchers! now we'll have your Lives.

D. Joh. Hah! here are a brace of my Wives. If you have a mind to this Fool, take her betwixt you; for my part, I'll have my own. Come, Wives, along with me; we must consummate, my Spouses, we must consummate.

Clar. What Monsters are these?

All Nuns. Help! help!

D. Ant. 'Sdeath! these foolish Women are their own Enemies.

D. Lop. Here are so many people, if they cry out more, they'll interrupt us in our brave design.

D. Joh. I warrant you; when they cry out, let us out-noise 'em. Come, Women, you must go along with us.

1. *Nun.* Heaven! What shall we do? Help! help!

D. Joh. Help! help! Fire! fire! fire!

D. Lop. } Help! help!
D. Ant. }

[*They hale the Women by the hands, who still cry out, and they with them.*

Enter several people, crying out Fire, Jacomo *in the rear.*

Jac. Fire! fire! fire! Help! help!
'Sdeath! here's my Master.

D. Joh. Sirra, come along with me, I have use of you.

Jac. I am caught.

D. Joh. Here, Sirra, take one of my Wives, and force her after me. Do you refuse, Villain.

Enter Shepherds, with Officer and Guards.

Nuns. Help! help! good people help! rescue us from these Villains.

1 *Shep.* Who are you, committing violence on Women?

2 *Shep.* Heavens! they are the Villains we seek for.

Jac. Where is my Armour now? Oh my Armour.

Officer. Fall on.

[*They fight, Women fly,* Jacomo *falls down as kill'd, Two Shepherds and the Officer are kill'd.*

D. Joh. Say you so, Rogues?

D. Lop. So, the Field's our own.

D. Joh. But a pox on't, we have bought a Victory too dear, we have lost the Women.

D. Ant. We'll find 'em again. But poor *Jacomo*'s kill'd.

Jac. That's a lie. [*Aside.*

D. Lop. 'Faith, let's carry off our dead.

D. Joh. Agreed; we'll bury him in the Church, while the Ghost treats us, we'll treat the Worms with the body of a Rascal.

Jac. Not yet a while. [*Aside.*

D. Lop. Come, let's take away the Fool.

Jac. No, the Fool can take up himself. 'Sdeath! you resolve not to let me alone dead or alive———

Here are more Murders, Oh!

D. Lop. Oh counterfeiting Rascal! Are you alive?

[*The Clock strikes Twelve.*

D. Ant. The Clock strikes Twelve.

D. Joh. 'Slife, our time's come, we must to the Tomb: I would not break my word with the Ghost for a thousand Doubloons———

Jac. Nor I keep it for ten times the Money.

D. Joh. But you shall keep your word, Sir.

Jac. Sir, I am resolv'd to Fast to night, 'tis a Vigil: Besides, I care not for eating in such base company.

Within. Follow, follow, follow———

D. Lop. D'hear that noise? The remaining Rogues have rais'd the Mobile, and are coming upon us.

Jac. Oh! let's flie——flie——What will become of me?

D. Ant. Let's to the Church, and give the Rogues the Go-by.

D. Joh. Come on, since 'tis my time, and I have promis'd the Governour, I'll go——You had best stay, Sirra, and be taken.

Jac. No: Now I must go to the Church whither I will or no. Away, away, flie!

Enter Two Shepherds with a great Rabble.

Here they went; follow, follow——— [*Exeunt omnes.*

The SCENE the Church, the Statue of *Don Pedro* on Horseback; on each side of the Church, *Don John*'s [Father's] Ghost, *Maria*'s, *Don Francisco*'s, *Leonora*'s, *Flora*'s, *Maria*'s Brothers, and others, with Torches in their hands.

Enter Don John, Don Antonio, Don Lopez, Jacomo.

Jac. Good Sir, let's go no farther; look what horrid Attendants are here. This wicked Ghost has no good meaning in him.

D. Joh. He resolves to treat us in State; I think he has robb'd all the Graves hereabouts of their Dead, to wait upon us.

D. Ant. I see no Entertainment prepar'd.

D. Lop. He has had the manners to light off his Horse, and entertain us.

D. Joh. He would not sure be so ill bred, to make us wait on him on foot.

Jac. Pox on his Breeding, I shall dye with fear; I had as good have been taken and hang'd. What horror seizes me!

D. Joh. Well, Governour, you see we are as good as our words.

D. Ant. Where's your Collation?

D. Lop. Bid some of your Attendants give us some Wine.

[*Ghost descends.*

Stat. Have you not yet thought on your lost condition?
Here are the Ghosts of some whom you have murder'd,
That cry for vengeance on you———

Father's Ghost. Repent, repent of all your horrid crimes:
Monsters, repent, or Hell will swallow you.

D. Joh. That's my Old man's voice. D'y hear Old Gentleman, you talk idly.

Jac. I do repent, O spare me. I do repent of all my sins, but especially of following this wicked Wretch. [*Kneels.*

D. Ant. Away, Fool. [Ant. *Kicks him.*

D. Fran. Ghost. My bloud cries out upon thee, barbarous Wretch.

D. John. That's my Host *Francisco*, 'faith thou wert a good honest Blockhead, that's the truth on't———

Flora's Ghost. Thou shalt not escape Vengeance for all thy crimes.

D. Joh. What Fool's that, I am not acquainted with her.

Leon. Ghost. In time lay hold on mercy, and repent.

D. Joh. That was *Leonora*, a good natur'd silly Wench, something too loving, that was all her fault.

Mar. Villain, this is the last moment of thy life.
And thou in flames eternally shalt howl.

D. Joh. Thou li'st, this is the young hot-headed Fool we kill'd at *Francisco's*. Pox on him, he disappointed me in my design upon the Daughters. Would thou wert alive again, that I might kill thee once more.

D. Lop. No more of this old foolish stuff; give us some Wine to begin with.

D. Ant. Ay, Give us some Wine, Governour.

D. Joh. What, do you think to Treat us thus? I offer'd you a better entertainment. Prethee trouble us no more, but bid some of your Attendants give us some Wine; I'll drink to you and all the good company.

Stat. Give 'em the Liquor they have most delighted in.

[*Two of the Ghosts go out, and bring four Glasses full of bloud, then give 'em to* D. Joh. D. Ant. D. Lop.

D. Lop. This is something.

D. Joh. This is civil.

D. Lop. I hope a good desert will follow.

[*Ghost offers a Glass to* Jacomo, *who runs round* Don John, D. Ant. D. Lop. *roaring.*

Jac. Are you stark distracted? Will you drink of that Liquor? Oh Oh! What d'you mean? Good sweet Ghost forbear your civility; Oh, I am not dry, I thank you———

D. Joh. Give it me. Here, take it, Sirra.

Jac. By no means, Sir, I never drink between meals. Oh Sir———

D. Joh. Take it, Rascal.

Jac. Oh Heav'ns!

D. Joh. Now, Governour, your Health; 'tis the reddest drink I ever saw.

D. Lop. Hah! pah! 'tis bloud.

D. Ant. Pah! it is———

Jac. Oh! I'll have none of it.

[*They throw the Glasses down.*

D. Joh. 'Sdeath do you mean to affront us?

Stat. 'Tis fit for such bloud-thirsty Wretches.

D. Joh. Do you upbraid me with my killing of you; I did it, and would do it again: I'd fight with all your Family one by one; and cut off root and branch to enjoy your Sister. But will you Treat us yet no otherwise?

Stat. Yes, I will, ye impious Wretches. [*A Flourish.*

D. Lop. What's here? Musick to treat us with?

D. Ant. There is some pleasure in this.

Song of Devils.

1 Dev. *Prepare, prepare, new Guests draw near,*
And on the brink of Hell appear.
2. Dev. *Kindle fresh Flames of Sulphur there.*
Assemble all ye Fiends,
Wait for the dreadful ends
Of impious Men, who far excel
All th' Inhabitants of Hell.

Chor. of Devils. ——*Let 'em come, Let 'em come,*
To an eternal dreadful Doom,
Let 'em come, Let 'em come.

3. Dev. *In mischiefs they have all the damn'd out-done;*
Here they shall weep, and shall unpiti'd groan,
Here they shall howl, and make eternal moan.
1. Dev. *By Bloud and Lust they have deserv'd so well,*
That they shall feel the hottest flames of Hell.
2. Dev. *In vain they shall here their past mischiefs bewail,*
In exquisite torments that never shall fail.

3. Dev. *Eternal Darkness they shall find,*
And them eternal Chains shall bind.
To infinite pain of sense and mind.

Chor. of all. ——*Let 'em come, Let 'em come,*
To an eternal dreadful doom
Let 'em come, Let 'em come.

Stat. Will you not relent and feel remorse?

D. Joh. Cou'dst thou bestow another heart on me, I might; but with this heart I have, I cannot.

D. Lop. These things are prodigious.

D. Ant. I have a kind of grudging to relent, but something holds me back.

D. Lop. If we could, 'tis now too late; I will not.

D. Ant. We defie thee.

Stat. Perish ye impious Wretches, go and find.
The punishments laid up in store for you.

[*It Thunders,* Don Lopez *and* Don Antonio *are swallow'd up.*

Behold their dreadful Fates, and know, that thy last moment's come.

D. Joh. Think not to fright me, foolish Ghost; I'll break your Marble body in pieces, and pull down your Horse.

Jac. If fear has left me my strength, I'll steal away. [*Exit.*

D. Joh. These things I see with wonder, but no fear.
Were all the Elements to be confounded,
And shuffl'd all into their former Chaos;
Were Seas of Sulphur flaming round about me,
And all Mankind roaring within those fires,
I could not fear or feel the least remorse.
To the last instant I would dare thy power.
Here I stand firm, and all thy threats contemn;
Thy Murderer stands here, now do thy worst.

[*It Thunders and Lightens, Devils descend and sink with* Don John, *who is cover'd with a Cloud of fire as he sinks.*

Stat. Thus perish all
Those men, who by their words and actions dare,
Against the will and power of Heav'n declare.

[*Scene shuts.*

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by *Jacomo*.

THrough all the Perils of the Play I*'ve run,*
But know not how your fury I *may shun;*
I'm in new dangers now to be undone——
I *had but one fierce Master there,*
But I have many cruel Tyrants here.
Who do most bloudily my life pursue;
Who takes my Livelihood, may take that too.
'Gainst little Players you great factions raise,
Make Solemn Leagues and Cov'nants against Plays.
We, who by no Allies assisted are,
Against the Great Confederates must make War.
You need not strive our Province to o'r-run,
By our own stratagems we are undone.
We've laid out all our Pains, nay Wealth for you,
And yet, hard-hearted men, all will not do.
'Tis not your Judgments sway, for you can be
Pleas'd with damn'd Plays (as heart can wish to see)
'Ounds, we do what we can, what wou'd you more?
Why do you come, and rant, and damn, and roar?
'Sdeath, what a Devil would you have us do?
Each take a Prison, and there humbly sue,
Angling for single Money *with a Shoo.*
What, will you be Don Johns*? have you no remorse?*
Farewel then, bloudy men, and take your course.
Yet stay———
If you'll be civil, we will treat of Peace,
And the Articles o'th' Treaty shall be these.
" First, to the men of Wit we all submit;
The rest shall swagger too within the Pit,
And may roar out their little or no Wit.
But do not swear so loud to fright the City,
Who neither care for wicked men, nor witty;
They start at ills they do not like to do,
But shall in Shops be wickeder than you.

" *Next you'll no more be troubl'd with Machines.*
Item, *you shall appear behind our Scenes,*
And there make love with the sweet chink of Guinnies,
The unresisted Eloquence of Ninnies.
Some of our Women shall be kind to you,
And promise free ingress and egress too.
But if the Faces which we have w'on't do,
We will find out some of Sixteen for you.
We will be civil when nought else will win ye ;
We will new bait our Trap, and that will bring ye.
" *Come, faith let all old breaches now be heal'd,*
And the said Articles shall be Sign'd and Seal'd.

F I N I S.

THE
VIRTUOSO.

A
COMEDY,

Acted at the
DUKE'S THEATRE.

Written By
THOMAS SHADWELL.

Licensed *May* 31. 1676. *Roger L'Estrange.*

LONDON,

Printed by *T. N.* for *Henry Herringman*, at the *Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*, 1676.

Source.

THE intrigue of *The Virtuoso*, which so agreeably and so comically rallies the shallow pedants who had rushed headlong and ill-equipp'd into the study of natural history, experimental philosophy and other sciences, would seem to be Shadwell's own invention. As the *Biographia Dramatica* well says: "This play contains an infinite deal of true humour, and a great variety of characters, highly drawn and perfectly original, particularly those of Sir Nicholas Gimcrack and Sir Formal Trifle, which had been hitherto untouched upon, though of a kind that were very frequent at that period." The vagaries of the virtuoso and his grandiloquent claw-back are, of course, a bob for the Royal Society, then in its earliest years, and one may compare Butler's whimsical *The Elephant in the Moon* which wittily banters the grandees of that same august body, as also "A Virtuoso" in his *Characters*.

D'Urfey in his *Madam Fickle; or, The Witty False One* produced at Dorset Garden in October–November, 1676, has borrowed something from Sir Nicholas Gimcrack for Sir Arthur Oldlove, acted by Sandford, and in the same comedy Captain Tilbury, "an old fashion'd blunt Fellow," acted by Medbourne, may have been suggested by Snarl. Langbaine, it is true, will have it that Oldlove is from Veterano in Shackerley Marmion's *The Antiquary*, 4to, 1641, and the characters are similar, but D'Urfey has assuredly introduced a few significant strokes at least from Sir Nicholas. Again in *The Fool Turn'd Critick*, produced at Drury Lane in November, 1676, D'Urfey has Sir Formal Ancient and an oratorical pedant, Smallwit. In *Squire Oldsapp; or, The Night-Adventuress*, one of D'Urfey's busiest plays, produced at Dorset Garden in June, 1678, the humour of Colonel Buff, "a blunt old Souldier of the last Age," acted by Sandford, is at least reminiscent of Snarl.

Sir Formal Trifle became a notable figure and a type in literature. Thus in *The Adventure of Lindamira, a Lady of Quality* (Tom Brown), 1702, the heroine is pestered with a suitor, Sir Formal Trifle, a pedant and a prig, and she declares that she would prefer to "have been shut up in some horrible vault with Ghosts and Hobgoblins, Screech-Owls and Bats, than to have been the Bride of so nautious and disagreeable a Man."

In that fine play *The Double-Dealer*, Drury Lane, October, 1693, Congreve has borrowed much of Lady Plyant from Lady Gimcrack. Some of the speeches are even verbally the same.

Mrs. Centlivre in her amusing, if farcical, comedy *A Bold Stroke for a*

Wife, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields in February, 1717–18, draws a capital character, Periwinkle, " a kind of silly Virtuoso," acted by Spiller, but I think there is hardly any direct indebtedness to Shadwell here.

It is perhaps worth remarking that as Shadwell laughed at the virtuosi of his day so Foote in his farce *The Patron*, Haymarket, 1764, introduces Mr. Rust, a slight but sufficient sketch, satirizing the Society of Antiquaries.

Theatrical History.

THE VIRTUOSO was produced at Dorset Garden in May, 1676, and seen by the King upon the 25 of that month. Sir Formal Trifle was played by Antony Leigh; Sir Samuel Hearty by Nokes; and old Snarl by Cave Underhill. The comedy deservedly attained a great success, and Downes records: "*The Libertine*, and *Virtuoso;* both wrote by Mr. *Shadwell:* they were both very well acted, and got the Company great reputation." Langbaine delivers this just and judicious verdict: "I think there is no Body will deny this Play its due Applause; at least I know, that the University of *Oxford*, who may be allowed Competent Judges of Comedy, (especially of such Characters, as Sir *Nicholas Gimcrack*, and Sir *Formal Trifle*) applauded it: and as no Man ever undertook to discover the Frailties of such Pretenders to this kind of knowledge, before Mr. *Shadwell;* so none since Mr. *Johnson's* Time, ever drew so many different characters of Humours, and with such success."

Downes especially tells us that Mr. Leigh was eminent in the rôle of Sir Formal, and we know from contemporary reference that Nokes excited great laughter as Sir Samuel. Cibber says that when this happy couple were on the stage "every scene between them seemed but one continued riot of excellence," and there can be no doubt that the episode in the vault, which but to read is rarest fun, must in the theatre have topped the very height of exquisite merriment.

When Leigh and Nokes were gone, Cibber tells us, many comedies which had been first favourites with the Town were now "rarely known to stand upon their own legs; by seeing no more of Leigh or Nokes in them, the characters were quite sunk, and altered." *The Virtuoso* was one of these, and after having been constantly given with unfailing laughter and applause it was gradually allowed to drop out of the repertory.

However, Cave Underhill occasionally repeated Snarl, the rôle he had so admirably created. It is probable that George Bright who, after 1692, was "studying up many pts of Mr. Leigs," played Sir Formal, but we have no indication who followed Nokes. In a few years Underhill, an old man much afflicted with gout and failing fast, was less and less frequently seen. Probably he was the Snarl when *The Virtuoso* was revived in 1704, and again when it was given at Lincoln's Inn Fields, 31 March, 1705, "it being the last time of acting in this house." The satire was outmoded, and Shadwell's comedy does not seem to have been performed after this date.

To the Most

Illustrious Prince WILLIAM, DUKE of *NEWCASTLE*, &c.

May it please your Grace,

SO *long as your Grace persists in Obliging, I must go on in Acknowledging; nor can I let any opportunity pass of telling the World how much I am favoured by you; or any occasion slip of assuring your Grace, that all the actions of my life shall be dedicated to your service; who, by your Noble Patronage, your Generosity and Kindness, and your continual Bounty, have made me wholly your Creature: nor can I forbear to declare, that I am more obliged to your Grace, than to all Mankind. And my Misfortune is, I can make no other return, but a declaration of my grateful Resentments.*

When I shew'd your Grace some part of this Comedy, at Welbeck, *being all that I had then written of it, you were pleased to express your great liking of it, which was a sufficient encouragement for me to proceed in it; and, when I had finish'd it, to lay it humbly at your feet; what ever I write, I will submit to your Grace, who are the greatest Master of Wit, the most exact Observer of Mankind, and the most accurate Judge of Humour, that ever I knew: And, were I not assured of the greatness of your Favour, I should be afraid of the excellency of your judgment.*

I have endeavoured, in this Play, at Humour, Wit, and Satyr, which are the three things (however I may have fallen short in my attempt) which your Grace has often told me are the life of a Comedy. Four of the Humors are entirely new; and (without vanity) I may say, I ne'er produc'd a Comedy that had not some natural Humour in it not represented before, nor I hope ever shall. Nor do I count those Humours which a great many do, that is to say, such as consist in using one or two By words; or in having a fantastick, extravagant Dress, as many pretended Humours have; nor in the affectation of some French *words, which several Plays have shown us. I say nothing of impossible, unnatural Farce Fools, which some intend for Comical, who think it the easiest thing in the World to write a Comedy, and yet will sooner grow rich upon their ill Plays, than write a good one: Nor is downright silly folly a Humour, as some take it to be, for 'tis a meer natural Imperfection; and they might as well call it a humour of Blindness in a blind man, or Lameness in a lame one: or, as a celebrated French Farce has the humour of one who speaks very fast, and of another who speaks very slow: But Natural imperfections are not fit Subjects for Comedy, since they are not to be laugh'd at, but*

pitied. But the Artificial folly of those, who are not Coxcombs by Nature, but with great Art and Industry make themselves so, is a proper object of Comedy, as I have discoursed at large in the Preface to the Humorists, *written five Years since. Those slight circumstantial things mentioned before, are not enough to make a good Comical Humour; which ought to be such an affectation, as misguides men in Knowledge, Art, or Science, or that causes defection in Manners, and Morality, or perverts their minds in the main Actions of their Lives. And this kind of Humour, I think, I have not improperly described in the* Epilogue *to the* Humorists.

But your Grace understands Humour too well not to know this, and much more than I can say of it. All I have now to do, is, humbly to dedicate this Play to your Grace, which has succeeded beyond my expectation, and the Humours of which have been approved by Men of the best Sense and Learning. Nor do I hear of any profest Enemies to the Play, but some Women, and some Men of Feminine understandings, who like slight Plays onely, that represent a little tattle sort of Conversation, like their own; but true Humour is not liked or understood by them, and therefore even my attempt towards it is condemned by them. But the same people, to my great comfort, damn all Mr. Johnson's *Plays, who was incomparably the best Drammatick Poet that ever was, or, I believe, ever will be; and I had rather be Authour of one Scene in his best Comedies, than of any Play this Age has produced. That there are a great many faults in the conduct of this Play, I am not ignorant. But I (having no Pension but from the Theatre, which is either unwilling or unable to reward a Man sufficiently for so much pains as correct Comedies require) cannot allot my whole time to the writing of Plays, but am forced to mind some other business of Advantage. (Had I as much Money, and as much time for it) I might, perhaps, write as Correct a Comedy as any of my Contemporaries. But I hope your Grace will accept of this with all its imperfections; which, since the Royal Family have received favorably, I have all my aim, if it be approved by your Grace, who are, next to them, in the greatest esteem and observance of,*

My Lord,

London, June 26, 1676.

Your Grace's most obliged humble Servant,

Thomas Shadwell.

PROLOGUE.

YOU came with such an eager appetite
To a late Play, which gave so great delight;
Our Poet fears, that by so rich a Treat,
Your Palates are become too delicate.
Yet since y'have had Rhime for a relishing Bit,
To give a better taste to Comick Wit.
But this requires expence of time and pains,
Too great, alas, for Poets slender gains.
For Wit, like *China*, should long buri'd lie,
Before it ripens to good Comedy;
A thing we ne'r have seen since *Johnson*'s days,
And but a few of his were perfect Plays.
Now Drudges of the Stage must oft appear,
They must be bound to scribble twice a year.
Thus the thin thred-bare Vicar still must toil,
Whilst the fat lazie Doctor bears the spoil.
In the last Comedy some Wits were shown;
In this are Fools that much infest the Town.
Plenty of Fops, grievances of the Age,
Whose nauseous Figures ne'r were on a Stage.
He cannot say they'll please you, but they're new;
And he hopes you will say h' has drawn 'em true.
He's sure in Wit he cann't excel the rest,
He'd but be thought to write a Fool the best.
Such Fools as haunt and trouble Men of Wit,
And spight of them will for their Pictures sit.
Yet no one Coxcomb in this Play is shown,
No one Man's humour makes a part alone,
But scatter'd follies gather'd into one.
He says, if with new Fops he can but please,
He'll twice a year produce as new as these.

Drammatis Personæ.

Sir *Nicholas Gimcrack.* — The *Virtuoso.*

Sir *Formal Trifle.* — The Orator, a florid Coxcomb.

Snarl. — An Old pettish Fellow, a great Admirer of the last Age, and a Declaimer against the Vices of this, and privately very vicious himself.

Sir *Samuel Hearty.* — A brisk; amorous, adventurous, unfortunate Coxcomb; one that, by the help of humorous, nonsensical By-Words, takes himself to be a Wit.

Longvil. — In Love with *Miranda.*

Bruce. — In Love with *Clarinda.*

{ Gentlemen of wit and sense.

Swiming Master.

Hazard.

Lady *Gimcrack.* — Wife to the *Virtuoso.*

Clarinda. — In Love with *Longvil.*

Miranda. — In Love with *Bruce.*

{ Nieces to the Virtuoso.

Flirt. — The Virtuoso's Whore.

Figgup. — *Snarl*'s Whore.

Betty. — *Clarinda*'s Chambermaid.

Bridget. — Lady *Gimcracks* Maid.

Porter to Sir *Nicholas.*

Ribband-Weavers, Sick, and Lame People, Porters, Servants, Masqueraders.

SCENE *LONDON.*

THE VIRTUOSO.

ACT I.

Bruce, *in his Gown, reading.*

Bruce. THou great *Lucretius!* Thou profound Oracle of Wit and Sence! thou art no Trifling-Landskip-Poet, no Fantastick Heroick Dreamer, with empty Descriptions of Impossibilities, and mighty sounding Nothings. Thou reconcil'st Philosophy with Verse, and dost, almost alone, demonstrate that Poetry and Good Sence may go together.

Reads,

Omnis enim per se Divûm Natura necesse est,
Immortali ævo summâ cum pace fruatur,
Semota à nostris Rebus, sejunctaque longè,
Nam privata dolore omni, privata periclis,
Ipsa suis pollens opibus, nihil indiga nostri,
Nec bene promeritis capitur, nec tangitur ira.

Enter Longvil.

Long. Bruce, Good Morrow: what great Author art thou chewing the Cud upon? I look'd to have found you with your Head-ake, and your Morning-Qualms.

Bruce. We should not live always hot-headed; we should give our selves leave sometimes to think.

Long. Lucretius! Divine *Lucretius!* But, my Noble Epicurean, what an Unfashionable Fellow art thou, that in this Age art given to understand *Latin?*

Bruce. 'Tis true, *Longvil*, I am a bold Fellow to pretend to it, when 'tis accounted Pedantry for a Gentleman to spell, and where the Race of Gentlemen is more degenerated than that of Horses.

Long. It must needs be so: for Gentlemen care not upon what strain they get their Sons, nor how they breed 'em, when they have got 'em: the best of 'em, now, have a kind of Education like Pages; and you shall seldom see a young Fellow of this Age that does not look like one of those over-grown Animals, newly manumitted from Trunk-Breeches.

Bruce. Some are first instructed by Ignorant-young-houshold-Pedants, who dare not whip the Dunces their Pupils, for fear of their Lady-Mothers: then, before they can Conster and Pearce, they are sent into *France*, with sordid, illiterate Creatures, call'd Dry'd-Nurses, or Governors; Engines of as little use as Pacing-Saddles, and as unfit to govern them as the Post-Horses they ride to *Paris* on: from whence they return with a little smattering of that Mighty, Universal Language, without being ever able to write true *English*.

Long. O but then they'l value 'em for speaking good *French*.

Bruce. Perhaps good *French* may be spoken with little sence; but good *English* cannot.

Long. Thou art in the right: but then there are a sort of hopeful Youths that do not travel; and they are either such as keep Company with their Sisters, and visit their Kindred, and are a great comfort to their Mothers, and a scorn to all others; or they are sparks that early break loose from Discipline, and at Sixteen forsooth, set up for Men of the Town.

Bruce. Such as come Drunk and Screaming into a Play-house, and stand upon the Benches, and toss their full Periwigs and empty Heads, and with their shrill unbroken Pipes, cry, *Dam-me, this is a Damn'd Play; Prethee let's to a Whore, Jack.* Then says another, with great Gallantry, pulling out his Box of Pills, *Dam-me*, Tom, *I am not in a condition; here's my Turpentine for my Third Clap:* when you would think he was not old enough to be able to get one.

Long. Heav'n be prais'd, these Youths, like untimely Fruit, are like to be rotten before they are ripe!

Bruce. These are sure the only Animals that live without thinking: a Sensible Plant has more imagination than most of 'em.

Long. Gad, if they go on as they begin, the Gentlemen of the next Age will scarce have Learning enough to claim the Benefit of the Clergy for Man-slaughter.

Bruce. The highest pitch our Youth do generally arrive at, is, to have a form, a fashion of Wit, a Rotine of speaking, which they get by imitation; and generally they imitate the extravagancies of witty Men drunk, which they very discreetly practise sober; but in so clumsie and awkard a way, that methinks it should make witty men out of love with their Vices; as Prentices wearing Pantaloons, would make Gentlemen lay by the Habit.

Long. These are sad Truths: but I am not such a fop to disquiet my self one minute for a thousand of 'em.

Bruce. You have reason; say what we can, the Beastly, Restive World will go its way; and there is not so foolish a Creature as a Reformer.

Long. Thank Heav'n, I am not such a publick spirited fop, to lose one moment of my private pleasure for all that can happen without me.

Bruce. Thou art a Philosopher: and now thou talkst of private pleasure, what think'st thou of our Adventure with *Clarinda* and *Miranda*, the *Vertuoso*'s, Sir *Nicholas Gimcrack*'s Neeces? See the danger of going to Church, *Longvil:* I advised thee against it; 'twas a fine Curiosity, and has cost us dear.

Long. Did ever I think we two should be caught any way in a Church?

Bruce. 'Tis a little strange that we, that have run together into all the Vices of Men of Wit, and Gentlemen, should, at last, fall together into the Vice of Fools and Country-Squires, Love.

Long. We that have wonder'd at all other amorous Coxcombs, must now laugh at one another. I am amaz'd at thy Passion for *Clarinda.*

Bruce. And I no less at thine for *Miranda.* There's Witchcraft in't, to love where there's such apparent difficulty: for *Virtuoso* is as jealous as an Italian Uncle; his jealousie, helpt by the vigilancy and malice of that impertinent Strumpet his Wife, keeps 'em from all manner of Address. Letters they have received from us, and we can have no answer; what the Devil's left for us to do in this case?

Longv. Fall down and worship me! I have found out the Noblest Tool to work with, and the most excellent Coxcomb that Nature e'er began, or Art e're finish'd.

Bruce. Thou reviv'st my dying hope. Who is't?

Longv. A Rascal that is *Vertuoso*'s Admirer, Flatterer, and great Confident, the only Man he'll trust his Neeces with, who has discover'd to me that he has a passion for your *Clarinda.*

Bruce. Curse on him: But a Rival's a very improper Instrument.

Longv. But this is a Rival so conceited of his own parts, that he can never be jealous of anothers. He is indeed a very choice Spirit; the greatest Master of Tropes and Figures: The most *Ciceronian* Coxcomb: the noblest Orator breathing; he never speaks without Flowers of Rhetorick: In short, he is very much abounding in words, and very much defective in sense, Sir *Formal Trifle.*

Bruce. He's an Original indeed, the most Florid Knight alive; I have some little knowledge of him.

Longv. I have perswaded him, that you and I are the greatest Philosophers, and the greatest Admirers of the *Virtuoso* and his Works that can be: This has already produc'd that good effect, that Sir *Formal* has this morning been with me from his noble Friend Sir *Nicholas*, to invite

me to come to his House to see a Cock-Lobster dissected, and afterwards to Dine with him; and will be here with the same Message to you.

Bruce. How I applauded thy Wit! but why wouldst not thou communicate thy design before hand?

Longv. I was resolv'd to surprise thee with it if it took, and to conceal it if it did not.

Enter Bruce's *Foot-man.*

Foot. Sir *Samuel Hearty* has sent you word, he will come and give you a visit.

Bruce. There's an Ass, an Original of another kind; one that thinks that all Mirth consists in noise, tumult, and violent laughter: At once, the merriest and the dullest Rogue alive——One that affects a great many nonsensical by-words, which he takes to be Wit, and uses upon all occasions.

Longv. But the best part of his Character is behind; he is the most amorous Coxcomb, the most designing and adventurous Knight alive; a great Masquerader, and has forty several disguises to make love in; and has been the most unlucky Fellow breathing, in that and all other adventures. He has never made Love where he was not refus'd, nor wag'd War where he was not beaten. Here he is.

Enter Sir Samuel.

Sir *Sam. Tom. Bruce.* Good morrow to thee. Dear *Jack Longvil*, how dost do? 'Faith I wish'd you with me last night; we were a knot of merry Rogues of thirteen or fourteen of us got together, sung and tore, and roar'd and ranted 'igad all weathers, and drunk and laugh'd Dagger out o'sheath, I vow to gad: We were upon the high Ropes, i'faith. Hey poop——troll——come a loft Boys——ha-ha-ha. Ah Rogues, that you had been with us, 'ifaith. Ha-ha-ha.

Bruce. Faith and wou'd we had.

Sir *Sam.* 'Igad Boys: we'd have paid you off. We swing'd it away 'faith: We were so merry, o' my Conscience, you might have heard us half a mile.

Longv. What a Divine hearing was that?

Sir *Sam.* 'Faith I was pure company, I was never on a better pin in my life. There was one of the Company wou'd needs pretend to be a Wit forsooth; but 'ifaith Boys I run him down so, the Devil take me, he had not a word to throw at a Dog about business. When ever he was impertinent, I took him up with my old *repartée*; Peace, said I, *Tace* is Latine for a Candle; and when e'er he began again, *Tace* is Latine for a Candle again, said I. Thus I run him down with a Hey poop! Whoo! ha-ha-ha! he had not a word, not one word, I vow to gad. Ha-ha-ha!

Longv. (*to Bruce*) As this Fellow thinks all mirth consists in noise, so he

thinks all Wit is in running a Man down, as he calls it; not considering that impudence does that better.

Sir *Sam.* 'Faith I was very frolick; and there came a fellow abruptly into our company. I whip'd him up too. Hey! slap, dash! gave him a kick in the arse to drink, and made Pilgarlike go ten times faster down stairs than he came up, i'faith, Boys.

Bruce. But this may cost you a Challenge, Sir *Samuel.*

Sir *Sam.* Challenge! igad if he does challenge me, I'll run him through the Lungs about that busness. He shall not only blow out a Candle with his wound, but the Sun shall shine through him. Pox! he's a raw fellow, he does not know what 'tis to have a Towel drawn through his Body.

Longv. This Fellow's brains, like some bottle-beer, fly all into froth.

Bruce. So brisk and dull a Rogue I never saw.

Sir *Sam.* Come, 'faith we are choice Lads, and should make much of one another. I have indeed to night an *Intrigo* with a Lady, and I am to venture in a disguise. I give a Masquerade you know, and, I hope will be there. But to morrow night, 'faith I'll be very drunk about business. Ha Boys! ha! ha!

Enter Bruce's *Foot-men.*

Foot. Sir, one Sir *Formal Trifle* bids me tell you, he's come to pay his *Devoir* to you; he charged me to use that expression, I know not what he means by it.

Bruce. 'Twas very quaintly exprest; desire him to come up.

Sir *Sam.* Oh I have often seen him at Sir *Nicholas Gimcrack*'s house, the *Virtuoso;* 'faith of a grave fellow, he's a very ingenious Rogue, and 'igad he has a fine way with him——

Longv. I never knew any man that had a way with him (as they call it) that was not a Coxcomb.

Sir *Sam.* He has a notable Vein of Oratory, a brave Delivery; and when he's in the humor, 'igad he'll speak finely, finely, very finely——

Enter Sir Formal Trifle.

Sir *Form.* Gentlemen, I humbly kiss all your hands in general, but, Sir, yours in a more particular manner. [*To* Bruce.

Bruce. Sir *Formal,* your most humble Servant; you do me a great deal of honour in this visit.

Sir *Form.* Sir, I never could admit a thought within the slender Sphere of my imagination, that could once suggest to me the not meeting with a good reception, from a person that is so strictly oblig'd by, and so nicely practis'd in the severer rules, and stricter methods of honour, as you are.

Bruce. Sir, you oblige me with your fair Character.

Sir *Form.* Upon my sincerity, I wholly eschew all Oratory and Compliments, with persons of your worth and generosity. And though I must confess, upon due occasions, I am extreamly delighted with those pretty, spruce expressions, wherewith Wit and Eloquence use to trick up humane thoughts; and with the gaudy dress, that smoother pens so finely cloth them in, yet I never us'd the least tincture of Rhetorick with my Friend, which I hope you'll do me the Honor to let me call you—— I think I am florid——

Sir *Sam.* I told you i'faith he'd speak notably; he has a Silver Tongue.

Long. O yes, a Golden one! What would such Coxcombs do, if there were not greater to admire them? This Sir *Formal* is call'd a well spoken Man, with a Pox to him——

Bruce. Sir, I shall think my self honoured with the Title of your Servant.

Sir *Form.* It is so much to my Advantage, that I do assure you, Sir *Formal Trifle* shall never give Mr. *Bruce* any occasion to believe, that he shall omit any opportunity of avowing himself to all the World, to be the most humble and obedient of his Servants. Sweet Mr. *Longvil*, having already this Morning paid my devoir to you, I shall at present onely tell you that, which I hope is no news to you, to wit, that I am your most humble Servant.——There I think I was concise and florid. [*Aside.*

Long. You do me too much honor.

Bruce. Is there so great a Rascal upon earth as an Orator, that would slur, and top upon our Understandings, and impose his false conceits for true reasoning, and his florid words for good sense?

Long. Your Bully, with his false Dice and Box, is an honester man.

Sir *Form.* [*to Sir Sam.*] Truly, Sir, I am afflicted at the late falling out between Sir *Nicholas* and your noble self, which has deprived me of so frequently enjoying the honour of kissing your fair hands there.

Sir *Sam.* O Lord, Sir, your Servant, your Servant: 'faith I am very sorry for it too; but I shall be glad to wait upon you, and drink his health in a glass of *Burgundy*, and be very merry about bus'ness: he's a fine person 'ifaith, though he does not care much for Wit.

Sir *Form.* And now, Mr. *Bruce*, after these little digressions, which my particular esteem of every person in this presence has engaged me to, I am to inform you, that my noble Friend, Sir *Nicholas Gimcrack*, does by me invite you with your Friend, being Philosophers, and consequently his Admirers, to come to his house this fore-noon, to see the dissection of a little Animal, commonly called a *Chichester Cock-Lobster;* and afterwards to take a dish of meat, and discourse of the noble Operation, and to sport an Authour over a Glass of Wine.

Sir *Sam.* Ha! this will prove for my design.

Long. Give me your Orator for dispatch. What a flourish the Rogue has made to invite us to dinner.

Bruce. Sir, I will not do my self the injure to fail two such Ingenious and Learned Men as Sir *Nicholas* and your self.

Sir *Form.* Alas, Sir, I! I am but his shadow, his humble Admirer; but I will undertake for him: Fame has not promis'd more of him to your Expectation, than he will perform to your Understanding. Trust me, he is the finest speculative Gentleman in the whole World, and in his Cogitations the most serene Animal alive: Not a Creature so little, but affords him great Curiosities: He is the most admirable person in the *Meletetiques*, *viz.* in Reflections and Meditations in the whole World. Not a Creature so inanimate, to which he does not give a Tongue; he makes the whole World Vocal; he makes Flowers, nay, Weeds, speak eloquently, and by a noble kind of *Prosopopeia*, instruct Mankind. And, Sir, though I ignore not what the envy of Detractors have express'd of him, yet, in short, I opine him to be the most curious and inquisitive Philosopher breathing; and I will let him know you intend to wait on him; within two hours he will show. 'Tis his time of Operation.

Bruce. We will not fail. What an Employment has this Fool under him? He is the *Chorus* to his Puppet-show.

Longv. I would rather be Trumpeter to a Monster, and call in the Rabble to see a Calf with six Legs, than shew such a Block-head.

Sir *Sam.* 'Pray, Sir, commend me heartily to Sir *Nicholas*, and tell him, Faith and Troth I am sorry my Wit should offend him; and I shall henceforth endeavour to be as dull as I can to merit his esteem. I confess I was a little too aiery and brisk about that bus'ness: but 'faith I am his most humble Servant, and have a Sword and Arm at his service, and 'gad will draw it against any man breathing, in defence of his Person and Philosophy; and so let him know from Sir *Samuel.*

Sir *Form.* I shall perform your commands, and doubt not but to do you service in it. Gentlemen agen, I kiss your hands. [*Exit.*

Longv. Sir *Samuel*, how came your Wit to offend the Virtuoso?

Sir *Sam.* 'Faith I was very well there; but you know I am an aiery brisk merry Fellow and facetious: and his grave Philosophical humor, did not agree with mine. Besides, he does not value Wit at all, he won't be pleas'd with you, I assure you.

Bruce. Why so?

Sir *Sam.* Why, he did not like me at all; he's an enemy to Wit, as all *Vertuoso*'s are.

Bruce. Sure if he had lik'd Wit, he would have lik'd you.

Sir *Sam.* That I think without vanity, but you must know, I pretended to *Miranda.*

Longv. Pox on him, what says he?

Sir *Sam.* And not to boast, I found my love would have had a good reception; but her malicious Sister, *Clarinda*, discover'd my Intriguo, and Sir *Nicholas* forbad me his house upon that bus'ness.

Bruce. What exception had he against you?

Sir *Sam.* Why, faith, he would not dispose of his Niece to a Wit, he said.

Longv. A Wit! 'faith he might as well have call'd thee a *Dromedary.*

Sir *Sam.* Peace, I say; *Tace* is Latine for a Candle, Ha-ha-ha. You know I can run you down. In short, he said, I was a Wit, a flashy Wit. But if you have any kindness in the world for me, you might help me in this Intriguo.

Bruce. How so?

Sir *Sam.* Now you are invited, let me wait on you in a Livery for one of your Footmen. I have forty several Periwigs for these Intriguo's and bus'nesses: 'gad if you will, whip, slap-dash——I'll bring this bus'ness about as round as a Hoop.

Bruce. Prethee, *Longvil*, let him go, that we may make sport with him, and abuse the Rogue damnably.

Longv. 'Sdeath! what, bring him to my Mistriss!

Bruce. Canst thou be jealous of so silly a Rascal?

Longv. 'Tis ill trusting the fantastick appetites of Women; they are subject to the Green-sickness of the mind, as well as that of the body: One makes them love Fools and Block-heads, as the other does Dirt and Char-coal.

Bruce. She's a Woman of Wit; besides, let him wear your Livery, and by your prerogative you may kick your Rival all this day, if he should be sawcy, which he will certainly be.

Longv. That consideration prevails with me.

Sir *Sam.* What say you, Boys? is it not an admirable Intriguo?——Hah!——

Longv. Sir *Samuel*, there is some difficulty: but, to serve you, we can refuse nothing. You shall do me the honour to wear a Livery of mine; I have new ones come home this morning, my man will give you one.

Sir *Sam.* If I do not my bus'ness, *Jack*, I am the Son of a Tinder-box.

Longv. Well! Pray Mr. Tinder-box, go about it quickly.

Sir *Sam.* Gad I'll do't instantly, in the twinkling of a Bed-staff. Ha-ha-ha.

Bruce. In the twinkling of what?

Sir *Sam.* Hey! pull away, Rogues; in the twinkling of a Bed-staff! a witty way I have of expressing my self. I'll away. [*Exit.*

Longv. Was there ever so sensless a Fop? words are no more to him than breaking wind, they only give him vent; they serve not with him to express thoughts, for he does not think.

Bruce. A Wit! a flashy Wit! a flashy Wit! What a dull Villain is this *Virtuoso;* But prethee take all occasions to kick this flashy Wit much; he'll give thee enough.

Longv. Pox on him, he has read *Seneca:* he cares not for kicking; he never scap'd kicking in any disguise he ever put on.

Bruce. Nor in any of his own habits neither. But I'll in and dress me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Miranda *and* Clarinda *in the Garden.*

Mirand. Were ever Women so confin'd in *England* by a foolish Uncle? worse than an *Italian.* But that I should be loath to speak ill of the dead, I should think my Father was not *compos mentis* when he made his Will, to bequeath us to the government of a *Virtuoso* only, because his first Wife was our Aunt.

Clarin. A Sot, that has spent 2000 *l.* in Microscopes, to find out the Nature of Eels in Vinegar, Mites in Cheese, and the Blue of Plums, which he has subtilly found out to be living Creatures.

Miran. One who has broken his brains about the nature of Maggots; who has studi'd these twenty years to find out the several sorts of Spiders, and never cares for understanding Mankind.

Clarin. Shall we never get free from his jealousie and the malice of his impertinent Wife?

Miran. Though he be jealous of us, yet he's as tame a civil *London* Husband to his Wife, as she can wish——who certainly Cuckolds him abundantly.

Clar. She hates us in her heart, because she thinks we see too much. To be confin'd, and to such impertinence too, puts me beyond all patience.

Mir. 'Twill make Dogs curst to be ty'd up, and sure 'twill provoke free-born Women more?

Clar. We should have as good Company in a Gaol; for none but Quacks and Fools come hither; and one of the worst of 'em is my foolish florid Coxcomb, Sir *Formal.*

Mir. He has banish'd my Coxcomb, Sir *Samuel;* a brisk airy Fool, that there is some diversion in. He had as many tricks as a well educated Spaniel, would fetch and carry, and come over a stick for the King: He had some tricks of a Man too, and may pass Muster among the young gay Fellows of this Town; and could sing all the new Tunes and Songs at the Play-houses.

Clar. And we are troubled with an old Fellow here in the House, his Uncle *Snarl,* a great Declaimer against the Vices of the Age, a clownish blunt Satyrical Fellow; a hater of all young People, and new Fashions.

Mir. But he is such a froward testy old fellow, he should be Wormed like a mad Dog.

Clar. We try his patience sometimes; but I am pleas'd to hear him abuse the *Virtuoso* his Nephew, who bears all in hope of his Estate. *Snarle* is a Fellow spares no body, always speaks what he thinks, and does what he pleases. But yet, *Miranda*, there's a worse misfortune than all this, that we two should, in a Church, when we should ha' been thinking of something else, fall in love with two Men of Wit and Pleasure, who are too much Men of the Town to think of Marriage, we being too little Women of the Town to think of any other Love.

Mir. We have Fortunes good enough to lure them to Matrimony, if that were all; but the worst part of the story is, he whom I love is in love with you, and your Man makes addresses to me, as their Letters tell us: And even these Men we cannot see, but at Church, or at a Play-house, when we are guarded by our malicious watchful Aunt.

Clar. If we could but see these Men privately, there yet might be some hopes; we might each of us use our Lover scurvily, and him we love we might charm with kindness; for they are Men that have known the pomps and vanities of this wicked World, too much to love a face onely.

Mir. If we could bring this about, I would stand out at nothing that might procure our freedome; the mischief is, if we rebel, *Virtuoso* will allow us nothing out of our Fortunes till we come of age.

Clar. Then we must e'en live upon the credit of a Reversion, as some young Fellows do that wish their Fathers hang'd: I warrant thee we'll find credit.

Mir. And lose our Reputations: we have much ado to keep 'em as we are.

Clar. Let what will come on't, I am resolved to break out: he shall sooner stop a Tide than my Inclinations.

Mir. Oh if your Knight Errants and we agree upon the point, they'll soon deliver us distressed Damsels from our Enchanted Castle.

Enter Snarl *and his Man.*

Snarl. 'Tis a fine Morning: fetch me a Pipe of Tobacco and a Match into the Garden. [*Exit Man.*

Clar. Here's old *Snarl*, he has call'd for his Tobacco too: he smoaks all day like a Kitchen-Chimney.

Mir. Prethee let's teaze him a little, 'tis the greatest pleasure we have. Morrow Uncle——

Snarl. How now you Baggages! what do you abroad thus early? you us'd to be stewing a bed till eleven a Clock, like paltry lazy Cockatrices, that are good for nothing, by the Mass: You'll make excellent Wives, Cuckold your Husbands immoderately: You mind nothing but prinking your selves up. A wholesome good Housewifely Countrey Wench is worth a thousand of you, in sadness.

Mir. You have a course ſtomach, and to such a one a Surloin of Beef were better than a Dish of Wheat ears.

Snarl. A man muſt have a luſty ſtomach that has a mind to any of the Town-Ladies; they have so many tricks to disguise themselves, washing, painting, patching and their damn'd ugly new-fashioned Dresses, that a Man knows not what to make on 'em, by the Mass: Besides, I have not heard, that their Reputations are famous all over the World.

Clar. You are an old fashion'd Fellow, Uncle, and think no Dress handsome, but that which Ladies wore at the Coronation of the laſt King.

Mir. And think no Ladies honeſt, but your old formal Creatures, that were in fashion in the year 1640. and censure all Ladies that have freedom in their carriage.

Snarl. Freedom with a Pox! ay, 'tis freedom indeed: But the laſt Age was an Age of innocence, you young Sluts you; now a company of Jillflirts, flanting vain Cockatrices, take more pains to lose Reputation, than those did to preserve it. I am afraid the next Age will have very few that are lawfully begotten in't, by the Mass. Besides, the young Fellows are like all to be effeminate Coxcombs, and the young Women Strumpets, in sadness, all Strumpets by the Mass.

Clar. You are a fine old Satyr indeed; 'twere well if you decri'd Vices for any other reason but that you are paſt them.

Snarl. You pert Baggages, you think you are very handsome now, I warrant you. What a Devil's this pound of hair upon your paltry frowses for? what a Pox are those Patches for? what are your faces fore? I'd not kiss a Lady of this Age, by the Mass, I'd rather kiss my horse.

Mir. Heav'n, for the general good of our Sex, keep you ſtill in that mind.

Snarl. Some Ladies with scabs and pimples on their faces invented patches, and those that have none muſt follow: Juſt as our young Fellows imitate the French; their Summer Fashion of going open-breaſted came to us at *Michaelmas*, and we wore it all Winter; and their Winter-fashion of buttoning close their ſtrait-long-waſted Coats, that made them look like Monkies, came not to us till *March*, and our Coxcombes wore it all Summer. Nay, I'll say that for your comfort, the young fashionable Fellows of the Town have as little Wit as you have.

Clar. You had a better opinion of our Sex sure in your Youth, were you never in Love?

Mir. O yes, with himself alway.

Snarl. Never with any such as you, I thank Heaven, I was never such an Ass; I'd not be such a Puppy for the World, in sadness.

Clar. Pish: you are an old insignificant Fellow, Nuncle, such as you should be deſtroyed, like Drones that have loſt their Stings, and afford no Honey.

Snarl. Marry come up, you young Slut, are you so liquorish after the Honey of Man? in sadness this is fine.

Mir. You have no pleasure but drinking, and smoaking, and riding with your Gambadoes on your little pacing Tit, to take a Pipe, and drink a Cup of Ale at *Hamstead* or *Highgate.*

Snarl. Prethee, you prating Slut, do not trouble me with your impertinence. What pleasure can a Man have in this coxcombly scandalous Age; in sadness, I am almost asham'd to live in't, by the Mass.

Clar. Then die in it, as soon as you can, if you do not like it.

Mir. Methinks, though all pleasures have left you, you may go to see Plays.

Snarl. I am not such a Coxcomb, I thank God: I have seen 'em at *Black-Fryers;* pox, they act like Poppets now in sadness, I, that have seen *Joseph Taylor,* and *Lowen,* and *Swanstead:* Oh a brave roaring Fellow! would make the house shake again. Besides, I can never endure to see Plays since Women came on the Stage, Boys are better by half.

Enter Snarl*'s Man.*

Clar. But here are a great many new Plays.

Snarl. New ones! yes, either damn'd insipid dull Farces, confounded toothless Satyrs, or plaguy Rhiming Plays, with scurvy Hero's worse than the Knight of the Sun, or *Amadis de Gaul;* by the Mass. Pish, why should I talk with such foolish Girls. Here, Sirrah, give me my Pipe of Tobacco, with the Match. So—— [*He smoaks.*

Go now, and fetch me a lusty Tankerd of Ale, with Nutmeg and Sugar in't——

Mir. Prethee do thee fling away his Cane, and I'll break his Pipe, which will almost break his heart——

Clar. Agreed. Fie Nuncle, is this your breeding, to take nasty Tobacco, and stink much before Ladies?

Mir. A way with it.

Clarinda *flings away his Cane,* Miranda *breaks his Pipe.*

Snarl. 'Sdeath! you sawcy Jades, what's this? I'll thrum you; 'twas well you flung away my Cane, you young Sluts; in sadness I'd ha' made Bamboo fly about your Jackets else, by the Mass. Ha! 'tis not broken all to pieces.

[*He is stooping for his Pipe, one flings away his Hat and Periwig, the other thrusts him down.*

'Ounds! you young Jades, I'll maul you, you Strumpets, you damn'd Cockatrices: I'll disinherit my Nephew, if he does not turn you out of Doors, you Crocadills.

Clar. That's it we'd have, we'l weary you both of your lives till you bring it about.

Snarl. You young Jades, you Strumpets.

[*Exit* Snarl, *looking for his Hat and Periwig.*

Mir. Let's away, he'll beat us.

Enter Sir Formal.

Sir Form. Ladies, whither so gay, and in such haſt? Is Sir *Nicholas* here?

Mir. No, no: *Clarinda*, come away. [*He lays hold on* Clar.

Sir Form. Let me firſt violently ravish a kiss from your fair hands; I had this Morning, ere I went out, tender'd you my service of this day, had I not opin'd, I should too early have diſturbed your Beauty: but, Madam, you ignore not, that those venturous Blossoms, whose over-haſty obedience to the early Spring does anticipate the proper Season, do often suffer from the injuries of severer weather, unless protected by the happy patronage of some more benign shelter.

Clar. Farewel, I am in haſt—— [*Exit* Clarin.

Sir Form. Her departure savours somewhat of abruptness——

Enter Snarl.

Snarl. Strumpets, Jades!

Sir Form. Sweet Mr. *Snarl*, had my eyes sooner encounter'd you, I had more early paid you the Tribute of my reſpect, which I opine to be so much your due, that though I ignore not that you are happy in having many Admirers, yet——

Snarl. 'Ounds, if I be not reveng'd on those Cockatrices.

Sir Form. Yet I say, none of 'em is endu'd with a more zealous heart to do you service, than your moſt humble Servant Sir *Formal Trifle*.

Snarl. Pox! What do you trouble me with your foolish Rhetorick?

Sir Form. What is it so disorders the Operative Faculties of your noble Soul? But I beseech you argue you me not of Oratory; though I confess it to be a great virtue to be florid: nor is there in the whole World so generous and Prince-like a Quality as Oratory——

Snarl. Prince-like, Pimp-like in sadness! I never knew an Orator that was not a Rascal, by the Mass: Orators are foolish flashy Coxcombs, of no sense or judgment, turn'd with every wind; they are never of the same opinion half an hour together, nor ever speak of the opinion they are of. Pox o' your Tropes and Flowers.

Sir Form. Sir, upon my honour you miſtake me ſtill. I assure you I am a person——

Snarl. Whom I hope to see hang'd——

Sir Form. O Sir, you are in a merry humor: but, in good earneſt, there is not a person in the whole World, that is a greater admirer of your politer parts than my self.

Snarl. Pshaw! pox of admirers; pish! what care I whether you be or no. Prethee, pish! you are very troublesome, in sadness.

Sir Form. Well Sir, you will have your pretty humors, you are dispos'd to be merry.

Snarl. Merry! Oh you Jack-pudding! merry quoth a! 'ounds you lie——

Sir Form. Sir, I have often intreated you to avoid passion, it drowns your parts, and obstructs the faculties of your mind, while a serene Soul, like that which I wear about me, operates clearly, notwithstanding the oppression of Clay, and the clog of my sordid humane Body.

Snarl. In sadness! would you were hang'd, that your serene Soul might be free from your sordid humane Body; 'tis a very sordid one, by the Mass.

Sir Form. O Sir, I will retire, and take away all occasions of your uttering things that *re vera*, are more injurious to your self, than reflecting on me. I take my leave, Sir. [*Exit.*

Snarl. You do well in so doing, by the Mass. It's a fine life I live here: I am tormented with a couple of young ramping Sluts: and then there's my Nephew's Wife, the most impertinent foolish Creature breathing. Then my Nephew is such a Coxcomb, he has studi'd these twenty years about the nature of Lice, Spiders, and Insects; and has been as long compiling a Book of Geography for the World in the Moon. Did he not give me my Board for nothing, in hopes of my Estate, I'd not stay here——But above all Villains, and tedious insipid Blockheads, this Sir *Formal* is the greatest; he is the most intollerable plague I have: I could——

With any Fools but Orators dispense,
Who love words so, they never care for sense,

ACT II.

Enter Longvil, Bruce, *and Sir* Samuel; (*Sir* Samuel *in the habit of* Longvil's *Footman*).

Bruce. WE are here to our wishes; and neither the Virtuoso, nor his Master of his Ceremonies within: If we could but meet with the Ladies now——

Sir Sam. Ay, if the Ladies were but here——you should see how I wou'd shew my parts. Whip-slap-dash. I'd come up roundly with *Miranda*, faith Boys——ha——

Longv. A Pox o' this Fellow, he'll be intollerable: I see there's no tampering with that Edge tool call'd a Fool——

Sir Sam. I am disguis'd *Cap a pe* to all intents and purposes, and if any Man manages an Intriguo better than I, I will never hope for a Masquerade more, or expect to Dance my self again into any Lady's affection, and about that business. Come aloft, Sir *Samuel*, I say——

Bruce. But sweet Sir *Samuel*, if you discover your self, you will be turn'd out of the house, and we for company.

Sir Sam. Let me alone; pox, if I should be discover'd, I'll bring you off as round as a Hoop, in the twinkling of an Oyster-shell. But gad I cannot conceal my self from my Mistriss; my Love and Wit will break out now and then a little about the edges, or I shall burst, faith and troth.

Longv. Yonder come the Ladies——Good *Sam.* keep your Distance.

Sir Sam. My distance! why the Ladies are by themselves; I'll present you to 'em, I'll introduce you. Come along, pull away, Boys. Now, my choice Lads. Hey poop, come aloft, Boy——-hah——

Longv. Do you hear, Sir *Samuel*, act the Footman a little better, or by Heav'n I'll turn you out of my Livery.

Sir *Sam.* What a Pox, you are upon the High-Ropes now. Prethee *Longvil*, hold thy peace, with a whip-stitch, your nose in my breech, I know what I have to do mun——Do you think to make a Fool of Pil-garlick?

Longv. By Heav'n, Pil-garlick, I'll cut your Throat, if you advance beyond your Post——Stand Centry there.

Bruce. If you do not, *Sam.* you'll find your Master very cholerick, honest *Sam.*

Sir *Sam.* Cholerick! what a pox care I; how shall I shew my parts about this business, if I should stand here? Pshaw, prithee hold thy peace——

Enter Clarinda *and* Miranda.

Long. Sirra, stand there, and mind your waiting——Damme, stand still——

Sir *Sam.* What a pox does he mean now? o'my Conscience and Soul he has been adrinking hard this Morning, and is half-Seas over already.

Long. Ladies your humble Servant.

Bruce. How long have we pray'd to Heav'n for this opportunity of kissing your hands!

Clar. I see then, you can be devout upon some occasions.

Long. We shew'd our devotion sufficiently, the first time we saw you; 'twas in a Church, Ladies.——

Mir. Lord! that it should be our Fortune to see you in a place so little us'd by you.

Clar. I warrant they came hither as they do to a Play-house, bolting out of some eating-house, having nothing else to do, in an idle afternoon.

Mir. 'Tis a wonder they do not come, as the Sparks do to a Play-howse too, full of Champagn, venting very much noise, and very little wit——

Long. Whatever your intentions are, I am sure it is a very wicked thing for you to go to Church.

Mir. How so, Sir?

Bruce. Why, to seduce zealous young men; as we might have been, but for you.

Clar. Your zeal will never do you hurt, I warrant you.

Long. You, for your part, committed Sacriledge, and rob'd Heav'n of all my thoughts.

Mir. That's strange, for I assure you, none of mine e'r strayed towards you.

Long. I am glad to find you can be so very zealous: They that can be so very violent in that higher sort of zeal, will often be so in a lower ——I am glad to see my Mistress violent in any passion; 'tis ten to one Love will have its turn then.

Bruce. You could not but observe my great zeal to you, Madam; had I soar'd ne'r so high, you would have lured me down again.

Clar. Alas, Sir, you never soar so high, but any lure will bring you down with a swoop, I warrant you.

Mir. You are he that have pester'd me with your *Billets Doux*, your fine, little fashionable Notes, ti'd with silk.

Long. Yes, I have presented several Bills of Love upon you, and you would never make good payment of any of 'em.

Mir. Would you have one answer a Bill of Love, at sight; that's only for substantial Traders: young Beginners dare not venture, they ought to be cautious.

Long. Not when they know him to be a responsible Merchant they have to deal with.

Mir. Such, who keep a correspondence with too many Factories, venture too much, and are in danger of breaking.

Clar. My Sister's in the right: 'Tis more danger trusting Love with such, than Money with Goldsmiths; especially considering most Men are apt to break in Womens debts. I have received several honourable Summons from you, if I would have accepted the Challenges.

Bruce. I onely provok'd you fairly into the open Field; and, 'Gad, I wonder you had not honour enough to answer me.

Clar. You would have drawn me into some wicked ambush or other, Matrimony or worse, I warrant you.

Sir *Sam.* What a pox do these Fellows mean! I shall ſtand here till one of 'em has whipt away my Miſtress about Business, with a *Hixius Doxius*, with the force of *Repartee*, and this, and that, and every thing in the World. [*Offers to go to* Clar.

Long. Why Sirra, Rascal?

Sir *Sam.* Ay, 'tis no matter for that, Madam——[*Pulls* Mir. *by the sleeve.*

Long. You impudent Dog. [Long. *kicks him.*

Sir *Sam.* Psha, psha! I care not a farthing for this. This is nothing, I am harden'd; I have been kill'd and beaten to all intents and purposes an hundred times, about intrigues and businesses. Madam, Madam, don't you know me?

Mir. What impudent sawcy footman's this?

Bruce. Poor silly Rogue, he muſt be beaten into good manners.

Sir *Sam.* Ha, ha, ha, that's good i'faith! poor silly Rogue! that's well, Ha, ha, ha. But all these kicks, and these businesses, and all that, we Men of Intrigue muſt bear. Prethee, *Longvil*, do not play the Fool, but let me discover my self——

Long. Sirra, be gone, or I'll beat you moſt infinitely.——Madam, let us not trifle away those few happy minutes Fortune lends us Lovers. We know your ſtreights, and how few opportunities we are like to have; and therefore let me tell you, in short, I am moſt desperately in love with you.

Sir *Sam.* O Traitor? what says he? I muſt discover my self quickly about this business, or whip-slap——I shall be bobb'd of my Miſtriss, in the twinkling of a Bed-ſtaff.

Mir.' Tis true, our opportunities are like to be rare, but I'll improve this so well we shall need no more.——Good Sir, let it not transport you too much: for I do assure you, I am extremely and desperately out of love with you, and shall be so long as I live.

Long. Say you so, Madam? and are you absolutely and violently resolv'd upon this?

Mir. I am.

Long. 'Faith, Madam, I am glad to hear on't. I never knew a Woman absolutely resolve upon any thing, but she did the contrary.

Bruce. I hope you'll not take Example by your hard-hearted Siſter, to nip so hopeful a Love in the Bud; but nourish it, and in time 'twill bring forth Fruit worth the gathering.

Clar. It shall produce none for me: it's a dangerous surfeiting Fruit, and I'll ha' none on't.

Sir *Sam.* I'll sing a Song that I us'd to entertain 'em with, and that will discover me. I shall be even with these impudent Fellows.

Sings. *She tript like a Baron Do*, &c.

Long. 'Sdeath! what does this Rascal mean?

Bruce. Pox on him: he sings worse than an old Woman a spinning.

Clar. How's this? I have heard that charming Voice: 'tis very like a Coxcomb's that us'd to come hither, one Sir *Samuel Hearty.*

Sir *Sam.* Peace Envy, Peace, Coxcomb! she never was so much in the wrong in her life: she was always malicious against me, because I could not love her, poor Fool——Coxcomb! whip-stitch, your Nose in my Breech.——Pish.

Bruce. Hang him, let him discover himself.

Mir. 'Tis he sure——What Project's this? he was ever a great Designer.

Sir *Sam.* I can hold no longer. Madam, you have lost your Senses?

Long. 'Sdeath! this Rascal puts me beyond all patience. Impudent Villain—— [*Kick him.*

Sir *Sam.* Ay, ay, it's no matter for that; it's no matter for that: I can bear any thing for my Mistriss. Don't you know me yet?

Clar. 'Tis he: I'll make as if I did not know him, and we'll have excellent sport with him.

Mir. Hold Sir; by your favor, I am resolv'd to speak with him, and know the meaning of this.

Long. Sirra.

Sir *Sam.* Psha! prethee hold thy tongue, *Tace* is Latine for a Candle, I say again. I knew I shou'd screw her up to the tune of Love—Now do you know your faithful Servant, Sir *Samuel?*

Mir I do; but have a care, if my Sister discovers you, you are undone.

Sir *Sam.* I warrant you, I'll be as secret as a Cockle.

Mir. I am sorry you have been so exceedingly beaten and kick'd, Sir——

Sir *Sam.* Psha! psha! it's nothing, nothing. Come, come—— 'tis well it's no worse——Come, if any man in *England* out-does me in passive Valour, about Intrigues, I am the Son of a Tinder-box——

Mir. Have a care, she suspects something——

Sir *Sam.* Ay, let me alone——

Clar. What sawcy impudent Footman's this? correct his insolence, and send him hence, I like not his Face——

Mir. The truth is, the Rascal is sawcy; but he'll learn better manners.

Sir *Sam.* Good! how the Rogue's Love makes her dissemble! Ah cunning Toad!

Long. 'Sdeath, you Dog! I'll learn you better manners; get you gone. [*kicks him.*

Sir *Sam.* Pox on you; you over-act a Master, and kick too hard about business.

Long. Do you hear, you nonsensical Owl? be gone out of the Garden, or, by Heav'n, I'll run my Sword in your guts——

Bruce. Hold, *Longvil;* don't kill him, 'twill be something uncivil——

Sir *Sam.* Uncivil! what a pox do you talk? Uncivil! why 'twill be Murder mun. Uncivil, quoth a——Well, I must be gone with a cup of Content, to the tune of a damn'd Beating, or so——This is a fine nimble piece of business, that a Man cannot make love to his own Mistriss. But I'll come upon him with a *Quare impedit*, and a good lusty cup of Revenge to boot—— [*Ex. Sir* Sam.

Clar. We have discover'd your Fool. Do you want a Fool, that you must bring such a one as Sir *Samuel* along with you?

Mir. Perhaps they thought themselves not able to divert us, and brought him to assist them——

Long. 'Faith, Ladies, if you make trial of us, if we be not able to divert you, you shall find us very willing.

Bruce. I am sure, if we do not divert you from your cruel resolutions, we are the most undone men that ever sigh'd and look'd pale for Ladies, yet——

Clar. I do not doubt but some Ladies, such as they are, may have made you look pale and wan.

Mir. But a civil Woman could never yet come near your hearts, or alter your faces.

Longv. The greatest Generals do not scape always unwounded; you have done my business, Madam.

Bruce. I have held out a long time against the Artillery of Ladies eyes; but a randome shot has maul'd me at last.

Clar. That cannot be; you were the greatest Mutineers against civil Women that could be.

Mir. Always shewing your parts against Matrimony, and defending the tawdry ill-bred fluttering Wenches o' the Town.

Longv. That may be, Madam; but we are taken off.

Bruce. Ay, Madam; we are taken off.

Clar. There's no trusting you; for though you seem to be taken off, as you call it, yet you'll stick fast to your good Old Cause.

Mir. A Man often parts with his honesty, but never with his opinion for a Bribe——

Enter L. Gimcrack *and Sir* Samuel.

L. Gim. Mr. *Bruce.* and Mr. *Longvil* in the Garden with my Nieces, say you! young Sluts! do they snap at all the Game that comes hither? what are they discoursing of?

Sir *Sam.* Why, to the Tune of Love, Madam; what should young Gentlemen and Ladies talk of else?

L. *Gim.* O impudent Gill-flirts! cannot one young Gentleman scape 'em? Are they making Love to my Nieces, say you?

Sir *Sam.* Yes, that they are, Madam, with a helter-skelter, whip-dash, as round as a hoop, what shou'd they do else? I'll retire—— [*Exit.*

L. *Gim.* That's Mr. *Bruce*, a fine strait well-bred Gentleman, of a pleasing form, with a charming air in his Face. The other, Mr. *Longvil*, who has a pleasing sweetness in his countenance, an agreeable straitness, and a grateful composure and strength in his Limbs. I am distracted in my choice on whom to fix my affection. Let me see, which shall I like best? Mr. *Bruce* is a fine person really, and so is Mr. *Longvil*, and so is Mr. *Bruce* I vow, and so is Mr. *Longvil*, I swear. In short, I like 'em both best, and these fluttering Sluts shall have none of 'em.

Clar. Prethee, Sister, let's change our Men, and then we shall be troubled with no love from 'em——

Mir. Agreed. But if we be, it is shifting of our torment, and that's some ease. But hold, we are undone; here's my Aunt.

L. Gim. Gentlemen, your Servant. So, Nieces, you are soon acquainted with young Gentlemen, I see; It will in modesty befit you to retire.

Longv. We heard Sir *Nicholas* was at home, and took the liberty of a turn in the Garden.

Bruce. Where by accident we found these Ladies, who have done us the honor to entertain some discourse with us——

L. *Gim.* They are always ready to shew their little or no breeding; you must pardon them, they are raw Girls——

Clar. Thank Heav'n; we have not had the age and experience of your Ladyship.

Mir. We will leave your Reverend Ladiship, to shew you great Wisdom and breeding. [*Exeunt* Clar. *and* Mir.

L. *Gim.* How now, you pert Sluts——

Gentlemen, you are not to take notice what these idle Girls say concerning my age; for I protest, Gentlemen, I exceed not twenty two, upon my Honour I do not.

Longv. That's well; I remember her a Woman Twenty years ago.

Bruce. 'Tis true. [*Aside.*

'Tis impossible your Ladiship should be more.

Longv. You are in the very blossom of your age.

L. *Gim.* O Lord, Sirs! now, I swear, you do me too much honour. Yet had I not had some cares in the World, and the truth on't is, been marri'd somewhat against my will, I might have look'd much better. But 'tis no matter for that, I'm dispos'd of——

Bruce. This is to let us know she does not care for her Husband.

Longv. She means to trust one or both of us.

L. *Gim.* Yet I confess, Sir *Nicholas* is a fine solitary Philosophical person. But my nature more affects the vigorous gaity and jollity of Youth, than the fruitless speculations of Age.

Longv. Those fitter for your youth and blood. But may we not have the honour we were promised of seeing Sir *Nicholas?*

L. *Gim.* The truth on't is, he is within, but upon some private business: but nothing shall be reserved from such accomplish'd persons as you are. The truth on't is, he's learning to swim.

Longv. Is there any Water hereabouts, Madam?

L. *Gim.* He does not learn to swim in the Water, Sir.

Bruce. Not in the Water, Madam! how then?

L. *Gim.* In his Laboratory, a spacious Room, where all his Instruments and fine Knacks are.

Longv. How is this possible?

L. *Gim.* Why, he has a Swiming-Master come to him.

Bruce. A Swiming-Master! this is beyond all president——He is the most curious Coxcomb breathing—— [*Aside.*

L. *Gim.* He has a Frog in a Bowl of Water, ty'd with a pack-thred by the loins; which pack-thred Sir *Nicholas* holds in his teeth, lying upon his belly on a Table; and as the Frog strikes, he strikes; and his Swiming-Master stands by, to tell him when he does well or ill.

Longv. This is the rarest Fop that ever was heard of.

Bruce. Few *Virtuoso*'s can arrive to this pitch, Madam. This is the most curious invention I ever heard of.

L. *Gim.* Alas! he has many such; He is a rare Mechanick Philosopher. The Colledge indeed refus'd him, they envy'd him.

Longv. Were it not possible to have the favour of seeing this Experiment?

L. *Gim.* I cannot deny any thing to such persons. I'll introduce you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *opens, and discovers Sir* Nicholas *learning to Swim upon a Table, Sir* Formal *and the Swiming-Master standing by.*

Sir *Form.* In earnest, this is very fine: I doubt not, Sir, but in a short space of time, you will arrive at that curiosity in this watery Science, that not a Frog breathing will exceed you, Though I confess it is the most curious of all amphibious Animals (in the Art, shall I say, or rather nature of Swiming.)

Swim. Mast. Ah! well struck, Sir *Nicholas;* that was admirable, that was as well swom as any Man in *England* can. Observe the Frog, Draw up your Arms a little nearer, and then thrust 'em out strongly——Gather up your Legs a little more——So, very well——Incomparable——

Enter Bruce, Longvil, *and* L. Gimcrack.

Bruce. Let's not interrupt them, Madam, yet, but observe a little this great Curiosity.

Longv. 'Tis a noble Invention.

L. *Gim.* 'Tis a thing the Colledge never thought on.

Sir *Nich.* Let me rest a little to respire. So it is wonderful, my noble Friend, to observe the agility of this pretty Animal, which, notwithstanding I impede its motion, by the detention of this *Filum* or Thred within my teeth, which makes a ligature about its loins, and though by many sudden stops, I cause the Animal sometimes to sink or immerge, yet with indefatigable activity it rises, and keeps almost its whole body upon the superficies or surface of this humid Element——

Sir *Form.* True, Noble Sir; nor do I doubt but your Genius will make Art equal, if not exceed Nature; nor will this or any other Frog upon the face of the Earth out-swim you——

Sir *Nich.* Nay, I doubt not, Sir, in a very little time to become amphibious; a man, by Art, may appropriate any Element to himself. You know a great many *Virtuoso*'s that can fly; but I am so much advanc'd in the Art of Flying, that I can already out-fly that pond'rous Animal call'd a *Bustard;* nor should any Greyhound in *England* catch me in the calmest day, before I get upon wing: Nay, I doubt not, but in a little time to improve the Art so far, 'twill be as common to buy a pair of Wings to fly to the World in the Moon, as to buy a pair of Wax Boots to ride into *Sussex* with.

Sir *Form.* Nay doubtless, Sir, if you proceed in those swift gradations you have hitherto prosper'd in, there will be no difficulty in the noble Enterprize, which is devoutly to be effligated by all ingenious Persons since the intelligence with that Lunary World wou'd be of infinite advantage to us, in the improvment of our Politicks.

Sir *Nich.* Right; for the Moon being *Domina humidiorum*, to wit, the Governess of moist Bodies, has no doubt, the superior Government of all Islands; and its influence, is the cause so many of us are Dilirious and Lunatick in this. But having sufficiently refrigerated my lungs by way of respiration, I will return to my swiming.

Swim. Mast. Admirably well struck! rarely swum! he shall swim with any man in *Europe.*

Sir *Form.* Hold, Sir *Nicholas;* here are those Noble Gentlemen and Philosophers, whom I invited to kiss your hands; and I am not a little proud of the honour of being the grateful and happy Instrument of the necessitude and familiar communication which is like to intervene between such excellent *Virtuoso*'s.

Bruce. We are, Sir *Nicholas*'s and your most humble Servants.

Longv. We shall think our selves much honored with the knowledge of so celebrated a *Virtuoso.*

Sir *Nich.* You are right welcome into my poor Laboratory; and if in ought I can serve you in the way of Science my nature is diffusive, and I shall be glad of communicating with such eminent *Virtuoso*'s as I am let to know you are.

Long. We pretend to nothing more than to be your humble admirers.

Sir *For.* All the ingenious World are proud of Sir *Nicholas*, for his Physico-mechanical Excellencies.

Sir *Nich.* I confess I have some felicity that way; but were I as precelling in Physico-Mechanical Investigations, as you in Tropical Rhetorical Flourishes, I wou'd yield to none.

Longv. How the Asses claw one another?

Bruce. We are both your admirers. But of all quaint Inventions, none ever came near this of Swiming.

Sir *Form.* Truly I opine it to be a most compendious method, that in a Fortnights prosecution has advanced him to be the best Swimer of *Europe.* Nay, if it were possible to swim with any Fish of his Inches.

Longv. Have you ever tri'd in the Water, Sir?

Sir *Nic.* No, Sir; but I swim most exquisitely on Land.

Bruce. Do you intend to practise in the Water, Sir?

Sir *Nic.* Never, Sir; I hate the Water, I never come upon the Water, Sir.

Long. Then there will be no use of Swiming.

Sir *Nic.* I content my self with the speculative part of Swiming, I care not for the Practick. I seldom bring any thing to use, 'tis not my way, Knowledge is my ultimate end.

Bruce. You have reason, Sir; Knowledge is like Vertue, its own reward.

Sir *Form.* To study for use is base and mercenary, below the serene and quiet temper of a sedate Philosopher.

Sir *Nic.* You hit it right, Sir. I never studi'd any thing for use but Physick, which I administer to poor people: you shall see my method.

Longv. Sir, I beseech you, what new curiosities have you found out in Physick?

Sir *Nic.* Why, I have found out the use of Respiration, or Breathing, which is a motion of the Thorax and the Lungs, whereby the Air is impell'd by the Nose, Mouth and Wind-pipe, into the Lungs, and thence expell'd farther to elaborate the Blood, by refrigerating it, and separating its fuliginous steams.

Bruce. What a secret the Rogue has found out?

Sir *Nic.* I have found too, that an Animal may be preserv'd without respiration, when the Wind-pipe's cut in two, by follicular impulsion of Air; to wit, by blowing wind with a pair of bellows into the Lungs.

Long. I have heard of a Creature preserv'd by blowing wind in the Breech, Sir.

Sir *Nic.* That's frequent. Besides, tho' I confess, I did not invent it, I have performed admirable effects by transfusion of Blood; to wit, by putting the Blood of one Animal into another.

Sir *Form.* Upon my integrity he has advanc'd transfusion to the Achme of perfection, and has the Ascendent over all the *Virtuosi* in point of that Operation. I saw him do the most admirable effects in the World upon two Animals; the one a Domestick Animal, commonly call'd a *Mangy Spaniel;* and a less Famellick Creature, commonly call'd a *Sound Bull-Dog.* Be pleas'd, Sir, to impart it.

Sir *Nic.* Why, I made, Sir, both the Animals to be emittent and recipient at the same time, after I had made Ligatures as hard as I could, for fear of strangling the Animals, to render the jugular Veins turgid, I open'd the Carotid Arteries, and Jugular Veins of both at one time, and so caus'd them to change Blood one with another.

Sir *Form.* Indeed that which ensu'd upon the Operation was miraculous; for the *mangy Spaniel* became sound, and the *sound Bull-Dog,* mangy.

Sir *Nich.* Not only so, Gentlemen, but the *Spaniel* became a *Bull-Dog,* and the *Bull-Dog* a *Spaniel.*

Sir *Form.* Which considering the civil and ingenuous temper and education of the *Spaniel,* with the rough and untaught savageness and ill-breeding of the *Bull-Dog,* may not undeservedly challenge the name of a Wonder.

Bruce.' Tis an Experiment you'll deserve a Statue for.

Enter Clarinda, Miranda, *and Sir* Samuel.

Clar. Sir, I must beg your pardon for my intrusion: but I have found out such a practice upon my Sister, as will nearly concern you to prevent it.

Sir *Sam.* What does she mean now?

Sir *Nich.* Against *Miranda,* say you?

Clar. This Foot-man has brought a Letter, and has been tempting her from that vile Man, Sir *Samuel Hearty.* There 'tis.

Mir. 'Tis no matter for her persecution. Be confident of me, you can endure any thing——

Sir *Sam.* Ay, any thing, the most substantial beating under the Sun. I have had a pretty parcel o' kicks already about this business: but as long as I find love, I care not for kicking.

Longv. A pox o' this Rascal, he'll undo us——

Sir *Nich.* This is a Villain, indeed to tempt my Niece from that Knight; why, he is a Spark, a Gallant, a Wit o'th'Town; the greatest debaucher of Youth, and corrupter of Ladies in *England.*

Sir *Sam.* The Rogue has hit me to a Cows-thumb, he's as cunning a Fellow as any within forty shillings of his head. [*Aside.*

Sir *Form.* The Man indeed has spruce, polite, Mercurial, and pretty concise parts; but he's a little too volatile and slashy; he would make a fine person if he were but solid.

Sir *Sam.* Good! solid! wou'd he so? That's as dull a Fellow as a man wou'd wish to lay his leg over.

Longv. I confess he is my Foot-man, but shall be no longer so; let him be soundly pump'd and toss'd in a Blanket.

Sir *Nich.* Truly it is an injury beyond all sufferance, and with your leave, I'll have him so exercis'd. Call in my people.

Sir *Sam.* Hold, hold, Sir! what do you mean? Sir *Samuel* desired me to deliver this Note; and he's a person I am much beholding to, that's all I know o'th' matter, only that he is a fine Gentleman, and a witty facetious person as any wears a head.

Long. Here! where are my Servants!

Enter Servant.

Sirra! strip that Rascal's Coat over his ears.

Sir *Sam.* Hold, hold, *Longvil!* what, are you mad? I shall catch cold in the twinkling of a Bedstaff, man.

Sir *Nich.* Do you hear, let him be taken, and first pumpt soundly, and then toss'd in a blanket.

Longv. Impudent Rascal! away with him.

Mir. Pump him soundly impudent Fellow.

Sir *Sam.* Ah, my pretty little dissembling Rogue. [*Aside.*

Sir *Nich.* See it done to purpose, and then turn him out a-doors.

Sir *Sam.* What a Devil shall I do? but she loves me still. Come—— 'tis well it's no worse——my intrigue goes on rarely——

[*They hale him out.*

Clar. Let's see the execution.

Mir. Come on, let's see how generously he suffers. [*Exit* Clar. *and* Mir.

Sir *Nich.* But now to return to my transfusion.

Longv. That was a rare Experiment of transfusing the blood of a Sheep into a Mad-man.

Sir *Nich.* Short of many of mine. I assure you I have transfus'd into a humane Vein 64 ounces, *Haver du pois* weight, from one Sheep. The emittent Sheep dy'd under the Operation, but the recipient Mad-man is still alive; he suffer'd some disorder at first. The Sheep's blood being Heterogeneous, but in a short time it became Homogeneous with his own.

Sir *Form.* Ha! Gentlemen, was not this incomparable? but you shall hear more.

Enter Snarl.

Sir *Nich.* The Patient from being Maniacle, or raging mad, became wholly Ovine or Sheepish; he bleated perpetually, and chew'd the Cud: he had Wool growing on him in great quantities, and a *Northamptonshire* Sheeps Tail did soon emerge or arise from his Anus or humane Fundament.

Snarl. In sadness Nephew, I am asham'd of you, you will never leave Lying and Quacking with your Transfusions and Fools-tricks. I believe if the blood of an Ass were transfused into a *Virtuoso*, you would not know the emittent Ass from the recipient Philosopher, by the Mass.

Sir *Nich.* O Uncle! you'll have your way; he's a merry Gentleman.

Snarl. Pox! merry! prethee leave prating and lying, I am not merry, I am angry with such Coxcombs as you are.

Sir *Form.* Well, Sir, you are very pleasant, and will have your facetious pretty humours.

Snarl. You are the *Zany* to this Mountebank.

Sir *Nich.* Pray, Uncle, interrupt us not. To convince you Gentlemen, of the truth of what I say, here is a Letter from the Patient, who calls himself the meanest of my Flock, and sent me some of his own Wool. I shall shortly have a Flock of 'em; I'll make all my Clothes of 'em, 'tis finer than Beaver. Here was one to thank me for the Cure by Sheep's blood just now——

Snarl. O yes! he did not speak, but bleated his thanks to you. In sadness you deserve to be hang'd. You kill'd four or five that I know with your transfusion——

Sir *Nich.* Sir, alas! those men suffer'd not under the Operation, but they were Cacochymious, and had deprav'd *Viscera*, that is to say, their Bowels were gangren'd.

Snarl. Pish! I do not know what you mean by your damn'd Cacochymious cantings; but they dy'd in sadness. Prethee make haste with your canting and lying, and let's go to dinner, or you shall quack by your self——

Longv. A pleasant blunt old Fellow——

Bruce. He's in the wrong in abusing Transfusion: for excellent Experiments may be made in changing one Creature into the nature of another.

Longv. Nay, it may be improved to that height, to alter the flesh of Creatures that we eat, as much as grafting and inoculating does Fruits——

Sir *Nich.* 'Tis very true, I do it, I use it to that end.

Snarl. Pox! let me see you invent any thing so useful as a Mouse-trap, and I'll believe some of your Lies. Prethee! did not a fellow cheat thee with Eggs, which he pretended were laid with hairs in them,

and you gave him ten shillings apiece for the Eggs; till I discover'd they were put in at a hole, made by a very fine Needle.

Sir *Form.* Well Mr. *Snarl*, you have the prettiest way of drolling. Gentlemen, pray let me recommend him to you, he's a fine facetious witty person indeed.

Snarl. You recommend me! Prethee, damn'd Orator, hold thy tongue. In sadness you are a foolish flashy Fellow——

Bruce. We shall be glad of the honour to know you.

Snarl. I desire no acquaintance with any young Man of this Age, not I.

Longv. Why so, Sir?

Snarl. Why they are vitious, illiterate, foolish Fellows, good for nothing but to roar and make a noise in a Play-house. To be very brisk with pert Whores in Vizards, who, though never so ill-bred, are most commonly too hard for them at their own weapon, *Repartee*—— And when Whores are not there, they play Monkey-tricks with one another, while all sober men laugh at them.

Bruce. They are even with them, for they laugh at all sober men again.

Longv. No Man's happy but by comparison. 'Tis the great comfort of all the World to despise and laugh at one another.

Snarl. But these are such unthinking Animals, and so weary of themselves, they can never be alone; always complaining of short life, yet never know what to do with the time they have.

Bruce. This snarling Fellow's sometimes in the right.

Snarl. The top of their Education, is to smatter French: for in *France* they have been to learn French Vices to spend English Estates with; with an insipid gaity, which is to be slight and bright, very pert and very dull.

Sir *Nich.* Sir, I beseech you to be civiller to my Friends.

Snarl. I am transported with passion against the young Fellows of the Age.

Longv. Old Fools always envy young Fools.

Snarl. They are all forward and positive in things they understand not; they laugh at any Gentleman that has Art or Science, and make it the property of a well-bred Gentleman, to be good for nothing, but to make a Figure in the Drawing-room, set his Periwig in the Glass, smile, whisper, and make legs and foolish faces for an hour or two, without one word of sense, in sadness.

Bruce. The snarling Rogue's very tart upon the Youngsters.

Longv. When the pleasures of Wine and Women, the joys of Youth leave us, Envy and Malice the lusts of Age, succeed 'em———

Snarl. Besides, they are all such Whoring Fellows, in sadness, I am asham'd of 'em. The last Age was the Age of Modesty———

Bruce. I believe there was the same Wenching then: only they dissembled it. They added Hypocrasie to Fornication, and so made two Sins of what we make but one.

Longv. After all his virtue, this old Fellow keeps a Whore. I'll tell you more on't.

Sir *Nich.* I hope you will pardon the rough nature of my Uncle, who spares no body. Now if you please, Gentlemen, we'll retire. I am sorry I cannot perform the dissection of the Lobster, which I promis'd. My Fish-monger that serves me for that Operation, has fail'd me: but I'll assure you it is the most curious of all Testaceous or Crustaceous Animals whatsoever.

Sir *Form.* But we will read an Author, and sport about a little *Greek* and *Latine* before Dinner. The one is a noble refection of the Mind, as the other is of the Body.

Longv. We wait on you.

Sir *Nich.* After Dinner we will have a Lecture concerning the Nature of Insects, and will survey my *Microscopes*, *Telescopes*, *Thermometers*, *Barometers*, *Pneumatick Engines*, *Stentrophonical Tubes*, and the like——

Bruce. We are infinitely oblig'd to you, Sir. But all this does not edifie our Mistresses, *Longvil.*

Longv. We must find a way to get rid of these insipid Fools. I have a way to get rid of the Lady.

Sir *Form.* Gentlemen, we most humbly attend your motions.

Bruce. We wait on you. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT III.

Enter Longvil *and* Miranda.

Longv. DEar Madam! tender the life and welfare of a poor humble Lover.

Mir. What, a fashionable Gentleman of this Age, and a Lover! it is impossible! They are all Keepers, and transplant tawdry things from the *Exchange* or the *Play-house*, and make the poor Creatures run mad with the extremity of the alteration; as a young Heir, being kept short, does at the death of his Father.

Longv. I was never one of those Madam: nothing but age and impotence can reduce me to that condition. I had rather kill my own Game, than send to a Poulterers. Besides, I never eat tame things, when wild

of the same kind are in season. I hate your coopt cramb'd Lady; I love 'em as they go about, as I do your Barn-door Fowl.

Mir. 'Tis more natural indeed.

Longv. But had I been ne'r so wicked, you have made such an absolute whining Convert of me, that forgetting all shame and reproach from the Wits and Debauchees of the Town, I can be a Martyr for Matrimony.

Mir. Lord! that you should not take warning! have not several of your married Friends, like those upon the Ladder, bidden all good people take warning by them.

Longv. For all that, neither Lovers nor Malefactors can take it; one will make experiment of Marriage, and th'other of Hanging at their own sad costs. Neither of the Executions will e'er be left off.

Mir. They are both so terrible to Women, 'tis hard to know which to chuse.

Longv. If you Ladies were willing, we Men are apt to be civil upon easier terms.

Mir. No; those terms are harder than the other.

Longv. You are so nimble, a Man knows not which way to catch you.

Mir. Once for all I assure you, I will never be catch'd any way by you.

Longv. Do not provoke Love thus, lest he should revenge his cause, and make you doat upon some nauseous Coxcomb, whom all the Town scorns.

Mir. Let Love do what it will, I neither dare nor will talk on't any longer.

Longv. You are afraid of talking of Love, as some are of reading in a Conjuring-book, for fear it should raise the Devil.

Mir. What ever you can say, will as soon raise one as the other in me. But I must take leave of you and your Similies. My Uncle will want you.

Longv. Will you not in charity afford me one interview more this afternoon?

Mir. Provided I hear not one word of Love, and my Uncle and Aunt be secure; I shall be in the Walk on the East-side of the Garden an hour hence. But, by your leave, I shall meet another there——[*Aside.*

[*Exit* Mir.

Longv. A thousand thanks for the honour. Yonder come *Bruce* and *Clarinda;* I'll retire—— [*Exit* Longv.

Enter Bruce *and* Clarinda.

Bruce. I have taken more pains to single you out, than ever Wood-man did for a Deer.

Clar. If the Wood-man were not better a Marks-man, the Deer would

be safe for all his singling. Besides, I am not so tame to ſtand a shot yet, I thank you——

Bruce. Lovers are quick Aimers, and can shoot flying.

Clar. Not, if they fly so faſt as I shall from you.

Bruce. Come, I see this way will not do: I'll try another with you. Ah, Madam! change your cruel intentions, or I shall become the moſt desolate Lover, that ever yet, with arms across, sigh'd to a murmuring Grove, or to a purling Stream complain'd. Savage! I'll wander up and down the Woods, and carve my passion on the Barks of Trees, and vent my grief to winds, that as they fly shall sigh and pity me.

Clar. How now! what foolish Fuſtian's this? you talk like an Heroick Poet.

Bruce. Since the common down-right way of speaking sense wou'd not please you, I had a mind to try what the Romantick way of wining Love cou'd do.

Clar. No more of this, I had rather hear the tatling of Gossips at an Upsitting, or Chriſtning; nay, a Phanatick Sermon; or, which is worse than all, a dull Rhiming Play, with nothing in't but lewd Heroe's huffing againſt the Gods.

Bruce. Why, I'll try any sort of Love to please you, Madam; I'll shew you that of a gay Coxcombe; with his full plumes, ſtrutting and ruſtling about his Miſtress, like a Turky-cock, baiting her with brisk aiery motion, and fashionable nonsence, thinking to carry her by dint of Periwig and Garniture, or by chanting some pretty foolish sonnet of *Phyllis* or *Cælia;* or at beſt, treating her with nothing but ends of Plays, or second-hand Jeſts, which he runs on tick with witty men for, and is never able to pay them again.

Clar. No, there are too many of these fine Sparks you talk of, who perhaps may be very clinquant, slight and bright, and make a very pretty show at firſt; but the Tincel Gentleman do so tarnish in the wearing, there's no enduring them.

Bruce. But I am of good metal, Madam, and so true, that I shall abide any Touch-ſtone, even that of Marriage.

Clar. But it's an ill-bargain, where I muſt buy my Metal firſt, and touch it afterwards.

Bruce. You shall touch it first, Madam, and if you do not like it, I'll take it again and no harm done.

Clar. No: I'll take care there shall be no harm done. Pray divert this unseasonable Discourse of Love, for I will never hear on't more. Farewel, I see my Lady *Gimcrack* in the Garden.

Bruce. Let me but beg to have one Treaty more with you this afternoon: if I convince you not of the error of your hard heart, I muſt submit and be miserable.

Clar. If you love to hear the same thing again, I will declare it to you an hour hence in the green Walk on the other side the Wilderness—— Farewel——But, by you leave, you shall find another in my place—— [*Exit* Clar.

Enter Lady Gimcrack *at another door.*

Bruce. Your Ladyship's humble Servant.
I have been taking the fresh air in the Garden, Madam.

L. *Gim.* I am come with the same intention, and am happy in the company of a person, who is so much a Gentleman.

Bruce. Your Ladiship does me too much honour.

L. *Gim.* By no means, Sir, your accomplishments command respect from all Ladies. I doubt not but you have been happy in many Ladies affections——

Bruce. What will this come to?—— [*Aside.*

L. *Gim.* But Women will be frail, while there are such persons in the world, that's most certain.

Bruce. Your Ladiship's in a merry humor, to rally a poor young Gentleman thus.

L. *Gim.* Far be it from me, I swear; you perfections are so prevalent, that were I not in honour engag'd unto Sir *Nicholas* (and Honour has the greatest Ascendent in the World upon me) I assure you I would not venture my self alone with such a person: But honour's a great matter, a great thing, I'll vow and swear.

Bruce. You Ladies will abuse your humble Servants; we are born to suffer.

L. *Gim.* Lord, Sir, that you shou'd take me to be in jest! I swear I am in earnest, and were I not sure of my Honor, that never fail'd me in a doubtful occasion, I would not give you this opportunity of tempting my frailty; not but that my virtuous inclinations are equal with any Ladies: but there is a prodigious Witchcraft in opportunity. But honor does much, yet opportunity is a great thing, I swear a great thing.

Bruce. Ay, Madam, if we use it when it offers it self.

L. *Gim.* How Sir! ne'r hope for't! ne'r think on't! I wou'd not for all the World I protest. Let not such thoughts of me enter into your head. My honour will protect me. I make use of an opportunity ——I am none of those I assure you.

Bruce. 'Sdeath! how apprehensive she is? I shall forget the Speculative part of Love with *Clarinda*, and fall to the practick with her. But I shall ne'r hold out that long journey, without this or some other bait by the way.

L. *Gim.* Yet, as I was saying opportunity's a bewitching thing. Let

all Ladies beware of opportunity, I say, for alas, if we were not innocent and vertuous now, what use might we make of this opportunity now?

Bruce. She's so damnably affected, and silly, 'twou'd pall any one's appetite but mine. Folly and affection are as nauseous as deformity. [*Aside.*

L. *Gim.* Should we now retire into that cool Grotto for refreshment, the censorious world might think it strange; but honour will preserve me. Honour's a rare thing, I swear, I defie temptation.

Bruce. You'll not give a man leave to trouble you with much. I have not observ'd that Grotto; shall I wait on you to survey it.

L. *Gim.* Ay, Sir, with all my heart to survey that; but if you have any wicked intentions, I'll swear you'll move me prodigiously. If your intentions be dishonourable, you'll provoke me strangely.

Bruce. Try me, Madam.

L. *Gim.* Hold! hold! have a care what you do. I will not try if you be not sure of your Honor. I'll not venture, I protest.

Bruce. What ever you are of mine, you are sure of your own.

L. *Gim.* Right, that will defend me. Now tempt what you will though we go in, nay, though we shut the door too: I fear nothing; it's all one to me as long as I have my Honour about me. Come.

Bruce. Yonder comes *Longvil*, Madam.

L. *Gim.* For Heaven's sake remove from me, or he'll suspect my Honour.

Bruce. So, this accident has preserv'd me honest. I am as constant a Lover as any man in *England*, when I have no opportunity to be otherwise—— [*Exit* Bruce.

Enter Longvil.

L. *Gim.* Fa-la-la-la! O me, Sir! I swear you frighted me! I protest my heart was at my mouth. Alas! I shall not recover the disorder a good while.

Longv. What's the matter, Madam?

L. *Gim.* You brought a Gentleman that's dead so fresh into my mind, one that was the first Object of my Vows and Affections, not expecting to see you here I vow I thought it had been his Ghost, upon my word.

Longv. I am happy in resembling any one you could love, Madam.

L. *Gim.* I have long forgotten my passion for him; but the sight of you did stir in me a strange *Je ne scai quoi* towards you; and but that I am another's now——otherwise——But I say too much.

Long. [*Aside.*] I have been too much acquainted with her character to doubt her meaning.——Madam, you honour me so much, I cannot acknowledge it enough by my words, my hearty actions shall speak my thanks.

L. *Gim.* Actions! Oh Heav'n! what Actions? I hope you mean honourably. I swear you brought all the blood in my body into my face. Actions, said you! I hope you are a person of honour; my Honour's dearer to me than the whole World. I would not violate my Reputation for the whole Earth.

Long. Let us retire, Madam. If I do not shew my self a Man of Honour, may your Ladiship renounce me.

L. *Gim.* Retire! Heav'n forbid! Are we not private enough? Well, you put me more and more in mind of my first Love, I swear you do.

Long. By your leave, *Miranda*, I can hold no longer. Though I am as true as steel, any handsome Woman will strike fire on me. Let us repose a while in the Grotto, Madam.

L. *Gim.* O heav'n! Sir, do not tempt me. What, give my self an opportunity! Consider my Honour, Sir, I am another's.

Long. And shall be so still, Madam; whatsoever use I shall make of your Ladiship, I shall return you again, and ne'r alter the Property. Dear Madam, retire.

L. *Gim.* O Lord Sir! what do you mean? you fright me so, I protest my heart is at my mouth. I am no such person. Dear Sir, mistake me not, misconstrue not my freedome; I wou'd not for the World—— Well, I swear you are to blame now, never stir you are——But 'tis your first fault, I can forgive you.

Long. I am sorry I have offended. But let us retire into the Grotto, and I'll make as many acknowledgments as I can.

L. *Gim.* Well Sir, since you are a little more civil, I am content for discourse sake, for I love discourse mightily——

Long. Well, I am a Rogue. Dear *Miranda*, forgive me this once. Come, dear Madam.

L. *Gim.* I'll follow. But d'ye hear, Sir, if you be the least uncivil, upon my Honour I'll cry out. Remember, Sir, I give you warning. Do not think on't, I swear and vow I will; do not, I say, do not.

Long. No, no, I warrant you; I'll trust you for that.——How fearful she is I should not think on't. [*Aside.*

Enter Sir Formal.

Sir *Form.* Sweet Mr. *Longvil*, Sir *Nicholas Gimcrack* desires your noble presence: he being now ready to impart those secrets about Insects, which, I dare be bold to say, no *Virtuoso*, Domestick or Foreign, has explor'd but himself.

Long. I wait on you.

Sir *Form.* I humbly kiss your Ladiship's fair hands. [*Ex.* Long *and Sir* Form.

L. *Gim.* Shame on this unlucky Fellow: I have discover'd the cross

love between my Nieces and these Gentlemen, and will make work with it.

Enter Maid to Lady Gimcrack.

Maid. Madam, here's a letter for your Ladiship; the Messenger would deliver it to none but me.

L. *Gim.* Ha! it is from my dear *Hazard.*

Reads. *Madam, I am extreemly impatient to see your Ladiship at the old place of assignation, as well for a great deal of Love, as for a little Business.*

Well, I will go, though it cost me Money. I know that's his little business. I know not why we Ladies should not keep as well as Men sometimes. But I shall neglect my important affair with these two fine sweet persons. But that's uncertain, this is sure. [*Exit.*

Enter Snarl *and Mrs.* Figgup.

Snarl. How happy am I in thy Love! here I can find retreat, when tir'd with all the Rogues and Fools in Town.

Fig. Ay, Dearest! come to thine own Miss; she loves thee, Buddy, poor Buddy! Coachee, coachee.

Snarl. O my poor Rogue. But when didst thou see thy Friend Mrs. *Flirt*, my Nephew *Gimcrack*'s Mistress?

Fig. O shame on her! out upon her! O name her not.

Snarl. Why, what's the matter, Bird?

Fig. O filthy Creature! I can't abide her; she's naught, she's naught.

Snarl. Why, what's the matter, *Figg?* what has she done to thee?

Fig. Done! I'll never forgive her while I ha' breath. Do not speak of her, she's a base Creature; name her not, I ha' done with her.

Snarl. Has she affronted thee, poor Rogue? I'll have her maul'd. Filthy Creature.

Fig. Ay, birds-nyes, she's a Quean. But do not thee trouble thy self with her; 'tis no matter.

Snarl. I will know what she has done to thee: In sadness, if you do not tell me, I wont love thee, Pigs-nie.

Fig. Well, I will, but won't you laugh at me then?

Snarl. No, by the Mass, not I.

Fig. Nay, but thou wilt, Bird.

Snarl. In sadness, I wont.

Fig. Why, would you think it? I wish I might ne'r stir out of this place, if the lewd Carrion had not the impudence to tell me, that Sir *Nicholas Gimcrack* was a handsomer Man than thou art. No, I'll ne'r forgive her while I ha' breath.

Snarl. Poor Rogue! thou art a dear Creature, in sadness.

Fig. Impudent Flirts! But I swear our Sex grows so vicious and infamous, I am asham'd of 'em, they have no modesty in 'em.

Snarl. In sadness, it's a very wicked Age; men make no conscience of their ways, by the Mass. In the last age we were modest and vertuous, we spent our time in making visits, and playing at Cards with the Ladies, so civil, so virtuous, and well-bred.

Fig. For my part, I blush at the impudent Creatures of the Town, that's the truth on't.

Snarl. So do I, in sadness. To see Villains wrong their sweet Wives, and, while they keep them short, let little dowdy Strumpets spend their Estates for 'em, by the Mass my heart bleeds to see so great a decay of conjugal affection in the Nation.

Fig. Out upon 'em, filthy Wenches; I wonder they dare shew their hardned faces. They are so bold, 'tis a burning shame they should be suffered, I vow.

Snarl. Nay, the young Coxcombs are worse; nothing but swearing, drinking, whoring, tearing, ranting and roaring. In sadness, I should be weary of the world for the vices of it, but that thou comfort'st me sometimes, Buddy.

Fig. Prethree, dear Numps, talk no more of 'em; I spit at 'em; but I love n'own Buddy Mun. Predee kiss me.

Snarl. Ah poor Budd, poor Rogue! we are civil now, what harm's in this?

Fig. None, none. Poor Dear, kiss again, Mun.

Snarl. Ah poor thing. In sadness thou shalt have this Purse; nay, by the Mass thou shalt.

Fig. Nay pish! I cannot abide the money, not I; I love thee, thou art a civil, discreet, sober person of the last Age.

Snarl. Ah poor little Rogue! in sadness I'll bite thee by the lip, 'ifaith I will. Thou hast incen'st me strangly, thou hast fir'd my blood, I can bear it no longer, i'faith I cannot. Where are the Instruments of our pleasure? Nay, prethee do not frown, by the Mass thou shalt do't now.

Fig. I wonder that should please you so much, that pleases me so little?

Snarl. I was so us'd to't at *Westminster*-School, I cou'd never leave it off since.

Fig. Well: look under the Carpet then if I must.

Snarl. Very well, my dear Rogue. But dost hear, thou art too gentle. Do not spare thy pains. I love Castigation mightily——So, here's good provision. [*Pulls the Carpet, three or four great Rods fall down.*

Within. Ho, there within! open the door. 'Sdeath I'll break it open. What Rascal have you got with you? I'll maul him.

Fig. O Heav'n! this Rascal will undo me. What shall I do? 'Tis my Brother.

Snarl. In sadness I shall be ruin'd.

Fig. Run, run, if you love me, into the Wood-hole quickly. I'll get rid of him. For Heaven's sake, take the Birch along with you.

Snarl. Ah, Hectoring Rascal! we have none o'this in the last Age. Rogues! Dogs! A man cannot be in private with a Sister, but he must be disturb'd by th'impertinent Brother, in sadness.

Fig. In! in! I'll out to him—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Nicholas, *Sir* Formal, Bruce, Longvil.

Sir *Form.* I do assure you, Gentlemen, no man upon the face of the earth is so well seen in the Nature of Ants, Flies, Humble-Bees, Ear-wigs, Millepedes, Hogs-Lice, Maggots, Mites in a Cheese, Todpoles, Worms, Neufts, Spiders, and all the noble products of the Sun, by equivocal Generation.

Sir *Nich.* Indeed, I ha' found more curious Phænomina in these minute Animals, than those of vaster magnitude.

Longv. I take the Ant to be a most curious Animal.

Sir *Nich.* More curious than all Oviparous or Egg-laying Creatures in the whole World. There are three sorts, Black, Dark-brown, and Fillamot.

Longv. Right, Sir.

Sir *Nich.* The Black will pinch the Dark-brown with his forceps, till it kills it upon the place; the like will the Dark-brown do by the Fillamot ——I have dissected their Eggs upon the object plate of a Microscope, and find that each has within it an included Ant, which has adhering to its Anus or Fundament, a small black speck, which becomes a Vermicle, like a Mite, which I have watched whole days and nights; and Sir *Formal* has watch'd 'em thirty hours together.

Longv. A very pretty employment.

Sir *Form.* And a long time we cou'd find no motion, but that of Flexion and Extension: but at last it becomes an Ant, Gentlemen.

Bruce. What does it concern a Man to know the nature of an Ant?

Longv. O it concerns a *Virtuoso* mightily: so it be Knowledge, 'tis no matter of what.

Bruce. Sir, I take 'em to be the most politick of all Insects.

Sir *Form.* You have hit it, Gentlemen, they have the best Government in the World: What do you opine it to be?

Longv. O! a Common-wealth most certainly.

Sir *Nich.* Worthy Sir, I see you are a great Observer; it is a Republick resembling that of the States-General.

Bruce. Undoubtedly! and the *Dutch* are just such industrious and busie Animals.

Sir *Form.* Right. But now I beseech you be pleas'd to communicate some of your quainter Observations to these Philosophers, about those subtil and insidious Animals call'd *Spiders.*

Sir *Nich.* I think I have found out more Phænomena's or Appearances of Nature in Spiders, than any Man breathing: Wou'd you think it? there are in *England* six and thirty several sorts of Spiders; there's your Hound, Grey-hound, Lurcher, Spaniel-Spider.

Longv. But, above all, your Tumbler-Spider is most admirable.

Sir *Nich.* O Sir, I am no Stranger to't: it catches Flies as Tumblers do Conies.

Bruce. Good! how these Fools will meet a lie half-way.

Longv. Great Lyars are always civil in that point; as there is no lie too great for their telling, so there's none too great for their believing.

Sir *Nich.* The Fabrick or Structure of this Insect, with its Texture, is most admirable.

Sir *Form.* Nor is its Sagacity, or Address, less to be wonder'd at, as I have had the honour to observe under my noble Friend; as soon as it has spi'd its Prey, as suppose upon a Table, it will crawl underneath till it arrive to the Antipodes of the Fly, which it discovers by sometimes peeping up; and if the capricious Fly happens not to remove it self by crural motion, or the vibration of its wings, it makes a fatal leap upon the heedless prey, of which, when it has satisfied its appetite, it carries the remainder to its Cell, or Hermitage.

Sir *Nich.* It will teach its young ones to hunt, and discipline 'em severely when they commit faults; and when an old one misses its Prey, it will retire, and keep its Chamber for grief, shame and anguish, ten hours together.

Sir *Form.* Upon my integrity it is true, for I have several times, by Sir *Nicholas*'s command watched the Animal, upon this or the like miscarriages.

Sir *Nich.* But, Sir, there is not in the World a more docible Creature, I have kept several of 'em tame.

Bruce. That's curious indeed. I never heard of a tame Spider before.

Sir *Nich.* One above all the rest, I had call'd him *Nick*, and he knew his name so well, he wou'd follow me all over the house; I fed him indeed with fair Flesh-flies. He was the best natur'd, best condition'd Spider, that ever I met with. You knew *Nick* very well, Sir *Formal*, he was of the Spaniel breed, Sir——

Sir *Form.* Knew him! I knew *Nick* intimately well.

Longv. These Fools are beyond all that Art or Nature e'r produc'd.

Bruce. These are the admirable Secrets they find out——

Longv. Have you observed that delicate Spider call'd *Tarantula?*

Sir *Nich.* Now you have hit me, now you come home to me; why I travell'd all over *Italy*, and had no other affair in the world, but to study the secrets of that harmonious Insect.

Bruce. Did you not observe the Wisdom, Policies, and Customs of that ingenious people?

Sir *Nich.* Oh, by no means! 'Tis below a *Virtuoso*, to trouble himself with Men and Manners. I study Insects; and I have observ'd the *Tarantula*, does infinitely delight in Musick, which is the reason of its poison being drawn out by it. Ther's your Phænomenon of Sympathy!

Longv. Does a *Tarantula* delight so in Musick?

Sir *Nich.* Oh extravagantly. There are three sorts, Black, Grey, and Red, that delight in three several sorts and modes of Musick.

Bruce. That was a curious Inquisition; how did you make it?

Sir *Nich.* Why, I put them upon three several Chips in water, then caused a Musician to play, first a grave Pavin, or Almain, at which the black *Tarantula* onely mov'd; it danc'd to it with a kind of grave motion, much like the Benchers at the Revels.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Gentleman that's going for *Lapland*, *Russia*, and those parts, is come for your Letters and Queries which you are to send thither.

Sir *Nich.* I'll wait on him. I keep a constant correspondence with all the *Virtuoso*'s in the North and North-East parts. There are rare Phænomena's in those Countrys. I am beholding to *Finland*, *Lapland*, and *Russia*, for a great part of my Philosophy. I send my Queries thither. Come, Sir *Formal*, will you help to dispatch him?

Sir *Form.* I am proud to serve you.

Sir *Nich.* Be pleas'd to take a turn in the Garden. When we have dispatch'd, we will impart more of our Microscopical investigations.

Bruce. Your humble Servant——This is a happy deliverance.

[*Exeunt Sir* Form. *and Sir Nich.*

Longv. I have remov'd the Lady by writing to *Hazard*, to send for her, and keep her an hour or two.

Bruce. And I have sent my man to find out Sir *Nicholas* his Strumpet, as soon as he has found her, she'll send for him.

Longv. For all his Vertue and Philosophy, this grave Fool will be in the fashion too. Now if we can get rid of this wordy Fool Sir *Formal*, we have the Ladies to our selves. In the mean time let's to our several and respective assignations. *Exeunt.*

Enter Miranda *in the Garden.*

Mir. What shall I say to this *Bruce?* Oh, unjust Custom! that has made Women but passive in Love, as if Nature had intended us for Cyphers only, to make up the number of the Creation.

Enter Bruce.

Bruce. Yonder's my *Clarinda:* Now love inspire me, I am infinitely transported with this honour you do me.

Mir. If I have done you any honour, pray make your best on't.

Bruce. Is it you, Madam? this honour was unexpected.

Mir. Why, whom did you expect? O, I see you are not so much transported as you thought you were.

Bruce. The honour of your Ladiship's company I did not expect.

Mir. Nor much care for, I see.

Bruce. 'Twere Blasphemy if I should say so. 'Twas your Sister I expected.

Mir. My Sister! so, I am not fit for your company it seems.

Bruce. If I wou'd tell you how I prize the honour, I shou'd invade the interest of my Friend.

Mir. Your Friend! if you had no more interest in him, than I am resolv'd he shall ever have in me: he'd be the worst Friend you have.

Bruce. He's a Man of Honour, and of Wealth: and if any man cou'd deserve you, he might.

Mir. The World is not so barren but I have found a fitter man: but, Sir, 'twas not my Sister, 'twas my Lady *Gimcrack* you hop'd to meet here. You are a Man of Honour. The Grotto is a fine Scene of Love, The Lady not very unwilling: 'twas well you were interrupted, Sir.

Bruce. 'Sdeath! how came she to know that? but I must bear it out—— [*Aside.*
I cannot guess your meaning: but I see you love your Sister well, to be jealous of her.

Mir. No, I assure you, I have no reason to be jealous for her: for, to my knowledge, she has irrecoverably disposed of her heart in another place.

Bruce. What's that? what says she? She's certainly jealous for her self then. There must be something in this. [*Aside.*

Mir. In what Confusion am I? This can never end well——[*Aside.*] What! I see you are troubled that I have told you a Secret of my Sister's, and discover'd one of yours. Come, walk and consider on't.

Bruce. I am surpriz'd so, I know not what to do in this exigence—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Longvil *and* Clarinda.

Clar. You stare about like a Hare-finder: what's the matter?

Long. Faith, Madam, I expected to have met your Sister here.

Clar. Say you so? the truth on 'tis, she desired me to take the trouble off her hands.

Long. I am sorry, Madam, she thinks it so.

Clar. You see, Sir, I am content to suffer for her sake.

Long. You have a mind to try me, for your Sister, Madam.

Clar. No: I assure you, Sir, she's resolv'd never to make trial of you her self, nor by another.

Long. What can the meaning of this be!

Clar. Come Sir, I will be a little plainer with you; she has dispos'd of her heart to another, without power of revocation.

Long. Why would she not meet me to tell me so her self?

Clar. She thought me fitter for't: besides, perhaps this has given her an opportunity to see one she likes better.

Long. I see, Madam, she has not the same kindness for you, to send you to one she likes so ill.

Clar. You don't know, but she may have taken as great a trouble off my hands, and kept me from one I like as ill as she does you.

Long. There's nothing but riddle in Woman, they deceive as much with the Vizards of their mind, as they do with those of their faces——

Clar. I discover Sir *Formal.* We must be private no longer.

As they are going out, Enter Bruce *and* Miranda.

Long. So *Bruce*, you are a happy man, I see.

Bruce. You are a pleasant one, I see: you and I must come to a clearing of this business.

Long. Ladies, we have something to impart to you, but shall be hindered by this Coxcomb, Sir *Formal.*

Clar. We must have some Consultations too with you. Sister, we'll catch him in a Trap——

Mir. Here's a Trap-door of a Vault, where my Uncle keeps his Bottles of Air, which he weighs, of which you'll hear more anon; we'll snap him in that, and then we shall have the place to our selves.

Enter Sir Formal.

Clar. Let me alone, I'll catch him.

Sir *Form.* Gentlemen and Ladies, some affairs have engag'd my noble Friend, Sir *Nicholas*, to borrow himself of you a while; and he has commanded me to pawn my person till he shall redeem it with his own——

Mir. Very quaintly express'd. We were just desiring your company.

Clar. And we were admiring this Talent of yours, your excellent manner of speaking; and I have engaged to give you a Subject to shew your parts upon, to these Gentlemen.

Sir *Form.* Whatever is within the Sphere of my activity, you must command. I must confess, I have some felicity in speaking.

Mir. Dear Sister, give him a subject; you shall hear what Oracles hang on his lips. 'Tis all one what subject he speaks upon, great or little.

Sir *Form.* That it is, Madam; we Orators speak alike upon all subjects——My speeches are all so subtilly design'd, that whatever I speak in praise of any thing, with very little alteration, will serve in praise of the contrary.

Clar. Let it be upon seeing a Mouse inclosed in a Trap.

Sir *Form.* 'Tis all one to me, I am ready to speak upon all occasions.

Clar. Stand there, Sir, while we place our selves on each side.

Sir *Form.* I kiss your hand, Madam. Now I am inspired with Eloquence. Hem! hem! Being one day, most noble Auditors, musing in my Study upon the too fleeting condition of poor humane-kind; I observ'd, not far from the scene of my Meditation, an excellent Machine, call'd a Mouse-trap (which my Man had plac'd there) which had included in it a solitary Mouse; which pensive Prisoner, in vain bewayling its own misfortunes, and the precipitation of its too unadvised attempt, still strugling for liberty against the too stubborn opposition of solid Wood, and more obdurate Wyer: at last, the pretty Malefactor having tir'd, alas, its too feeble Limbs, till they became languid in fruitless endeavours for its excarceration. The pretty Felon, since it could not break Prison, and its offence being beyond the benefit of the Clergy, could hope for no Bail, at last sate still, pensivly lamenting the severity of its Fate, and the narrowness of its, alas, too withering durance: after I had contemplated a while upon the no little curiosity of the Engine, and the subtility of its Inventor; I began to reflect upon the Enticement which so fatally betray'd the uncautious Animal to its sudden ruine, and found it to be the too, alas, specious Bait of *Cheshire*-Cheese; which seems to be a great delicate to the pallat of this Animal, who, in seeking to preserve its life, O misfortune! took the certain means to death; and searching for its livelihood, had sadly encounter'd its own destruction. Even so——

Clar. Now let the Trap go——

Sir *Form.* Even so, I say——

Clar. Even so, I say, I have catch'd the Orator—— [*He sinks.*

Sir *Form.* Help! help! murder! [*Below.*

Long. Let the florid Fool lie there.

Mir. I warrant him.

Bruce. He uses as many Tropes and Flourishes about a Mouse-trap, as he would in praise of *Alexander.*

Enter Sir Samuel, *in Woman's Habit.*

Sir *Sam.* This is the subt'lest disguise to make love in that e'r was invented; this has serv'd me upon many Intrigues. Well, she shall see, for all the sufferings of this day, to the Tune of Kicking, Beating, Pumping, and Tossing in a Blanket, and all that, nothing shall hinder me in my Love. Shall Sir *Samuel* be frighted from an Intrigue? No.

Long. Whom have we here?

Sir *Sam.* Ladies, I was commanded by my Lady *Pleasant* to wait on you with choice of good things, which she told me, you wou'd buy.

Mir. What's the meaning of this?

Clar. Since she came from my Lady, we must see what she would sell.

Sir *Sam.* I have choice of good Gloves, Amber, Orangery, Genoa, Romane, Frangipand, Neroly, Tuberose, Jessimine, and Marshal; all manner of Tires for the Head, Locks, Tours, Frowzes, and so forth; all manner of Washes, Almond-water, and Mercury-water for the Complexion; the best *Peter* and *Spanish* Paper that ever came over; the best Pomatums of *Europe*, but one rare one, made of a Lamb's Caul and May Dew——Also all manner of Confections of Mercury and Hogs-bones, to preserve present, and to restore lost Beauty. If any out-does me in these businesses, or have better Goods than I, I am the Son of a Tinder-box. O Devil! what did I say? I shall betray my self——

Mir. How's this, the Son of a Tinder-box?

Sir *Sam.* Pish! I mean the Daughter of a Tinder-box.

Bruce. This is the Rascal Sir *Samuel*, in disguise.

Sir *Sam.* In the first place try a pair of Gloves, Madam; don't you know me?

Mir. How shou'd I know you?

Sir *Sam.* Let me tell you, Sir *Samuel*'s as true a Lover, as e'r wore a head.

Clar. What's the meaning of this private discourse?

Sir *Sam.* Pox on her envy; she's always for a Cup of Mischief. I'll put this Note into a Glove, and that will do my business, slap-dash—as flat as a Flounder. I have no private business—Be pleased to try on this Glove, Madam. Do not you know me yet?——I am Sir *Samuel.*

Mir. What's this? a Note within it.

Sir *Sam.* Keep it to your self.

Clar. What Note's that? from Sir *Samuel Hearty?* Oh Heaven! this is a Bawd.

Longv. A down-right Bawd, and Bawd to that Rascal.

Bruce. 'Sdeath! pull the Bawd in pieces.

Mir. Lay hold on the Bawd, we'll have her Carted. Seize her till Sir *Nicholas* comes in; we'll have her sent to *Bridewel*, and soundly whipt there, and then Carted.

Sir *Sam.* So! this is a fine merry way of proceeding. I'have made nimble work on't. Let me go, I am an honest Woman, and labour in my vocation. Let me go, or as I am an honest man I'll sue you about this busines.

Longv. How's this? a Man! nay then, I'll try a good kicking, upon you.

Sir *Sam.* Hold! hold! What do you mean to beat a Woman? will you make me miscarry? I am with child, and for ought I know, you have kill'd that within me.

Bruce. You said, as you were an honest man.

Sir *Sam.* O Dunce, that I am! that's a way I have of expressing my self. But I'll make you know I am a Woman.

Mir. It is my Fool Sir *Samuel;* prethee *Clarinda*, let's put him to Sir *Formal*, and secure him till my Uncle comes; it will make excellent sport.

Clar. Do you set him upon the Trap, it will do rarely.

Mir. One word with you. Come this way, Sir *Samuel.* I cannot tell you how much I am afflicted for your sufferings.

Sir Sam. Sha! it's no matter. Come, it's well its no worse.

Mir. Now *Clarinda*—— [*Sir* Sam *sinks.*

Sir *Sam.* O murder, murder! Who's here? the Devil?

Clar. So, now we have the Garden to our selves. Let's walk, and consult about our Affairs—— [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Sir Formal *and Sir* Samuel *in the Vault.*

Sir *Form.* I Can no longer contain my self. This Lady, joyn'd with darkness and opportunity, the Midwife of Vice, as we may so say, has so inflam'd me, that I must farther attempt her chastity: I am confident she must be handsome, and no mean person, by her silken Garments. Madam, as I was saying, since we are unwittingly inclos'd in darkness, which yet cannot be so, since enlighten'd by the Rays of your Beauty.

Sir *Sam.* For all your Oratory about this business, I cannot see my hand, it is so dark.

Sir *Form.* Ah, Madam! the bright enlightner of the day, by which all Creatures see, is yet it self depriv'd of vision.

Sir *Sam.* Pox o' this damn'd Rhetorick! what will become of me! I must either discover my self, which I wou'd not for the World, or be sent to *Bridewel*, and be whipt with a *Certiorari;* and yet methinks I have no need on't, for I have been very plentifully kick't and beaten about this business to day already——

Sir *Form.* Let me be reveng'd on this fair Enemy, the prettiest, softest, and dissolving hand I ever had the honour to imprint my kisses on; she has inflam'd me mightily: I'll try her this way. Do me the honour to accept of this Purse, and the contents thereof.

Sir *Sam.* I'll take the Rogues Purse, what e'er come on't.

Sir *Form.* Sweet Lady, let's make our condition as happy as in us lies.

Sir *Sam.* Nay, good Sir! O Lord, Sir, what d'e mean? fie, Sir.

Sir *Form.* Let me approach the honour of your lip, far sweeter than the Phœnix Nest, and all the spicy Treasures of *Arabia.*

Sir *Sam.* 'Tis your goodness, Sir, but pray forbear——

Sir *Form.* Nay, strive not, upon my sincerity I will.

Sir *Sam.* Nay, good Sir, be not uncivil, I am no such person. Nay, pish! I never saw the like; you are the strangest man. Well, take it then. I vow you make me blush. If I were not in apparent danger of being whipt damnably, and missing my masquerade, I cou'd be merry with this Fool.

Sir *Form.* The sweets of *Hybla* dwell upon thy lips! Not all the fragrant bosome of the Spring affords such ravishing perfumes.

Sir *Sam.* O Lord, Sir! you are pleas'd to complement! Ah, lying Rogue, my breath smells of Tobacco.

Sir *Form.* Our time may be but short, pardon the unbecoming roughness which my passion prompts me to. Come, my dear *Cloris.*

Sir *Sam.* Lord, what a pretty name is that! I was ne'r call'd *Cloris* before.

Sir *Form.* Come, my dear nimph, let us be more familiar: the solitary darkness of the place invites us to Love's silent pleasures. Now, dearest *Cloris*, let us taste those sweets——

Sir *Sam.* Nay, pish! fie! Lord! what do you mean? what wou'd you be at? Keep off. I protest I'll call out. Nay, pish! never stir I will.

Sir *Form.* Thou hast provok'd my gentle spirit so, it is become furious, and it is decreed I must enjoy thy lovely body——

Sir *Sam.* Out upon you! my body, I defie you; I am an honest woman, I scorn your words. I will call out for some body to protect my honour.

Sir *Form.* Your Honour cannot suffer; none can see us, and who will declare it?

Sir *Sam.* Out upon you! get you gone, you Swine. I will not suffer in my honor, I am virtuous. Help! help! a Rape! a Rape! help! help.

Sir *Form.* Be not obstreperous, none can hear you. You have provok'd me contrary to my gentle temper, even to a Rape. Come, I will, I must, i'faith I must.

Sir *Sam.* 'Sdeath! the Rogue begins to pry into the difference of Sexes, and will discover mine——I must try my strength with him. Out lustful *Tarquin!* you libidinous Goat, have at you.

Sir Sam *beats Sir* Form., *kicks him and flings him down.*

Sir *Form.* Help! help! murder! murder!

Sir *Sam.* Be not obstreperous, none can hear you.

Sir *Form.* Upon my verity I think this be an *Amazon!* Well, I can bear this; but——

Sir *Sam.* Do you again attempt my Honour? I'll maul you, you lascivious Villain.

Sir *Form.* Hold! hold! I beseech you; I humbly rest contented, I acquiesce.

Sir *Sam.* Get you from me, lustful Swine——Be gone——

Sir *Form.* I go, Madam: But I know not whether this Vault doth terminate here, or whether it doth issue farther. [*They retire.*

SCENE, a Bed-Chamber.

Enter Snarl, *and Mrs.* Figgup.

Snarl. Come, now we are safe in this hold, none will interrupt us in our great design. Ah, pox o'these wicked Hectors, vicious impudent Rogues! a Man cannot retire with a Lady for his private satisfaction, but these ranting Rogues must roar and interrupt us; 'tis a very impudent vicious Age in sadness.

Fig. But my Dear, if any body else should have a Key to this Room (as I know they have) though I dare not tell him, it is a common Scene of Love-matters.

Snarl. Fear not, the Land-lady tells me, no body has a Key but my self. I have agreed to give her a Guinney a week for these private occasions. In sadness, 'tis a fine place: Here a man may bring a Lady, and even none of the house observe it. There is not such a convenience in all the *Pall-Mall* for these occasions, though some there are, much given to such diversions. How glad am I to have thee here, poor Pigsnie——

Fig. Ah, Lord! there's somebody at the door——

Snarl. In sadness there is. There's one with a Key too. In into the Wood-hole quickly, or we shall be discover'd——quick, quick——

Enter Hazard *and Lady* Gimcrack.

Haz. Come, my Dear Lady, now we are safe from interruption; how happy am I in your favours?

L. *Gim.* Ah! so you say; but if ever I hear of your inconstancy, you shall be no longer happy, as you call it: I cannot suffer a Rival.

Haz. Nothing shall e'er divert me from the happiness I enjoy in you; nor am I less impatient of a Rival than you are. I am so covetous of you, that the thought of your Husband keeps me still inquiet.

L. *Gim.* Fear not a Husband. Husbands are such phlegmatick indifferent Rivals, they ne'r can hurt the Gallants; they poor easie Souls, do every thing as if they did it not.

Haz. *They do but court and keep a pother,*
To make one Gamesome for another.

L. *Gim.* You are in the right.

Haz. Nay, I think a Husband is a very insipid foolish Animal, and is growing out of fashion.

L. *Gim.* We shall begin to lay 'em by. Husbands will be left off as Gentlemen Ushers are: indeed they are more unnecessary Instruments, than those formal spindle-shankt finical Fools, with Nose-gays and white Gloves were.

Haz. Those, though they cou'd do no service themselves, wou'd make way for them that cou'd; but a Husband is a Clog, a Dog in a Manger, a Miser, that hords up Gold from others, and will not make use on't himself——

L. *G.* Nay, a thousand times worse; a Miser wou'd keep to himself what he loves, and a Husband what he does not care for. Out on him. A Husband's an Insect, a Drone, a Dormouse——

Haz. A foolish Matrimonial Lump——

L. *Gim.* A Cuckoo in Winter——

Haz. An Opiat for Love——

L. *Gim.* A Body without a Soul——

Haz. A Chip in Porredge——

L. *Gim.* A White of an Egg——

Haz. All Flegm, and no Choller——

L. *Gim.* A Drudge——

Haz. An Excuse——

L. *Gim.* A necessary thing——

Haz. A Cloak at a pinch——

L. *Gim.* A pitiful Utensil——

Haz. Good for nothing, but to cover shame, pay Debts, and own Children for his Wife.

L. *Gim.* In short, a Husband is a Husband, and there's an end of him; but a Lover is——

Haz. Not to be express'd but in action. I'll shew you what a Lover is with a vengeance, Madam. Come on. 'Sdeath! there's a key in the door.

L. *Gim.* What shall we do?

Haz. Run into the Wood-hole quickly; I'll bear the brunt, and I may perhaps make a discovery into the bargain—— [*She goes in.*

Enter Sir Nicholas *and Mrs.* Flirt.

Sir *Nich.* Come, Dearest, the Land-lady is not at home, or we wou'd have a Collation here.

Flirt. O Heav'n! who's this, *Hazard?*

Haz. 'Sdeath, Sir! How dare you invade my room?

L. *Gim.* Oh! who's here? the Devil, the Devil——

Enter Lady Gimcrack.

Oh Heav'n! who's this? my Husband with a Whore!

Sir *Nich.* Death and Hell! my Wife with a Hectorly Fellow here! Oh my disgrace.

L. *Gim.* Oh, vile false Man! thy falshood I have long suspected; now this happy opportunity has discover'd all.

Sir *Nich.* What means her impudence?

L. *Gim.* Was I not sufficient for thee, vile Man, but thou must thus betray me? I cannot look on thee with patience. I shall faint! I shall faint! Oh! Oh!

Haz. Help, help the Lady.

Sir *Nich.* Hang the Lady. Oh, Woman-kind! what artifice is this? I was inform'd by this Lady, I shou'd find you here; I wonder not at your disorder upon this unexpected surprise. O vile treacherous Woman!

L. *Gim.* Take him from my sight, I shall die else. Have I been always your obedient, vertuous Wife, and am I thus requited? Heav'n sent this honourable Gentleman to assist me in the discovery, who on purpose got a Key to this Room, it seems the filthy Scene of all thy lust and baseness. Be gone——thou infamous Wretch, I am not able to support the sight of thee——

Sir *Nich.* Lewd Woman! thou abstract of impudence and falshood! tremble at my revenge. Have I at length found out your base lascivious haunt.

L. *Gim.* O insufferable! do you add to all your barbarous injuries this of aspersing my innocence?

Flirt. (*to Haz.*) False man! did I for this give my affection to thee? and can'ſt thou think I'll bear this unreveng'd?

Haz. (*aside*). 'Sdeath! this Wench will undo me with my Lady.

L. *Gim.* What do I hear? is he false too? then my misfortunes are compleat. Base, vile, ungrateful Fellow; is this your conſtancy and gratitude to me? [*To Haz.*

Haz. Madam, this is a Lady of a great Eſtate, whom I shou'd have marri'd; and this accident, I fear, has ruin'd all my Fortune.

Sir *Nich.* (*to Flirt.*) Has my kindness deserv'd this? is this your Gallant too? Oh, this Villain has made me doubly a Cuckold.

Flirt. (*to Sir Nic.*) Do not miſtake me; this Fellow took me for a great Fortune, and shou'd have marri'd me.
Are you consulting for my ruine? [*To them.*

L. *Gim.* (*to Haz.*) This is a flam, I'll not believe it. This Strumpet has doubly betray'd me. Lewd Creature, firſt I'll take revenge on thee.

Flirt. (*to L. Gim.*) I thought I should at laſt find out the cause of my misfortune.

(*To Haz.*) You are like to make a good Husband, that can make so ill a Lover.

Haz. After I have heard all your accusation, which is false, let me tell you, I have been informed of your frequent coming hither with Sir *Nicholas*, and was resolv'd at once to be reveng'd of him and you, by bringing my Lady hither to discover both.

Flirt. O insolence! I never saw the place before.

Sir *Nich.* I am too well satisfied of her falshood, and though it be something below a Philosopher to draw a Sword, yet to punish her I will.

Haz. Hold, Sir, firſt you muſt try with me.

Sir *Nich.* What are you, her Stallion, and her Bravo too?

L. *Gim.* Was ever Woman yet so miserable, to be betray'd, by one whom she has lov'd so much better than her life? she wou'd have laid it down to have done him any kindness: and yet to perfect all his cruelty, he blots my reputation. And since the only treasure of my life is gone, pray take that too. Do not resiſt him; let him pierce this Breaſt, that ne'r bore any Image but his own. Come on then, cruel man.

Sir *Nich.* What can this mean?

Flirt. (*to Sir Nich.*) For Heav'ns sake, do not betray me to him; if I be not clear'd in this, I am undone.

Haz. Now hear me, Sir: This Lady, on my honour, Sir, is free from all blemish, I believe even in thought. But I being inform'd you use to come with that Lady to this House of ill reputation, in anger to you both, betray'd you to my Lady: I dogg'd her Messenger from her Lodging

to you, and immediately gave notice to my Lady; and in all haſt we came——

Sir *Nich.* Indeed I have been acquainted with this Lady, being a *Virtuosa*, upon Philosophical matters, but never saw her here, till we now came for this discovery. She inform'd me, she saw you two come hither, and my Wife being gone out before me, and alone gave me more suspicion.

Flirt. I having seen you privately talking with my Lady in the Mall, suspected you; and to revenge my self on her and you, I sent for him, and we have dogg'd you hither.

Sir *Nich.* But why was she hidden to avoid my sight, if she came for a discovery?

Haz. She thought to have discover'd more by being unseen, and over-hearing your discourse.

L. *Gim.* Now see, injurious Man, how you have wrong'd me.

Sir *Nich.* (*to himself*) Though I hope I have deceived her with a lie, yet what she says looks like truth. (to *her*) It must be so. Come, no more; I will believe you true, and so am I.

Flirt. Though this sham passes upon him, I know, too well, you are guilty, good Mr. *Hazard*, and I hate you for't.

Haz. Prethee hold thy peace, I am kept by her, as I know you are by him——I am kept, I——

Sir *Nich.* Heav'n knows I am true.

L. *Gim.* And Heav'n can witness for my Innocence.

Haz. I am glad that all things are thus happily clear'd.

Sir *Nich.* But what was it frighted you within, my Dear?

L. *Gim.* There is some body in the Wood-hole.

Haz. Now all's over, I'll see who it is. Come out here. What's here? a Woman——. [*Pulls out* Fig.

L. *Gim.* A shame on her; how sneakingly she looks? This is some Strumpet, I warrant you. Oh, Foh! how I hate such Cattle!—— Heaven grant she did not hear me and *Hazard.* [*Aside.*

Haz. Here's a Man too. Come out of your hole. Mr. *Snarl*, is it you? [*Pulls him out by the heels.*

Sir *Nich.* Is this the fruit of your virtue, and declaiming againſt the vices of the Age?

L. *Gim.* Heav'n! if he over-heard me, I am ruin'd eternally: I'll try him. We met all here upon a miſtake, which is now happily rectified. But 'tis too apparent, Uncle, you came for wickedness and abomination.

Fig. I scorn your words, Madam, I am civil and vertuous.

Snarl. Ay in sadness are we; our Intentions were honourable. I met this Lady upon a vertuous account, by the Mass. I love and honour

her in a civil way, and scorn your filthy lascivious Beasts of this Age.

Sir *Nich.* Remember, Sir, I have you on the hip; no more will I endure your frumps and taunts about my Philosophy, and the noble exercise of my parts.

Snarl. Nephew, let me tell you, you are an Ass, in sadness; and I will make you know this Lady is virtuous, yes, as virtuous as your Ladiship; and I will defend her honour with my Sword, by the Mass; and he that dares be so presumptuous to contradict it, let him draw.

[*He draws.*

Sir *Nich.* Gad forgive me, what means he?

Haz. No, none are so much concern'd at it——But what are these Rods which I drew out with you? what do they mean?

Snarl. O Devil——I shall be betray'd. Ha! Rods! what a pox know I what they are? I believe the Mistriss of the house is a School-Mistriss.

Haz. Yes, she keeps a very virtuous School, for the disciplining of hopeful towardly old Gentlemen.

Fig. Now my Honour's clear, let's go, Sir. Besides, here's that base Creature *Flirt;* I cannot abide the sight of her, since she discommended thee, my dear.

Snarl. Come, Madam——In sadness this is very fine. Two civil Persons cannot meet privately in an affectionate way, but such as you must censure them. But I will make you know this Lady is honourable; I will, in sadness, and so fare you well. [*Ex.* Snarl *and* Figgup.

Sir *Nich.* Come, my Dear, now let's go home: don't grieve at my unhappy Jealousie, since my belief of thy dear Truth is more confirm'd by it——Come, my dear—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Longvil, Bruce, Miranda, *and* Clarinda.

Mir. Come, to divert this insipid talk of Love, a Theme so thredbare, no man can speak new sense upon it: My Maid shall sing you a new Song she learnt the other day.

Clar. You must not expect much wit in it: for Poets are grown such good husbands, they'll lay out none upon a Song.

Mir. All we must look for is smooth Verse, and a good Tune.

Clar. And how a good Tune and tinckling Rhime attones for Nonsense, the Songsters and Heroicks of the time may sufficiently convince you.

Mir. They make nonsense go down as glib without tasting, as a seditious Lie is swallowed in a City Coffee-house, or Common-wealth Clubb, without examination.

Clar. But now let's hear it——

SONG.

HOW wretched is the Slave to Love,
Who can no real pleasures prove;
For ſtill they're mixt with pain:
When not obtain'd, reſtless is the desire,
Enjoyment puts out all the fire,
And shows the Love was vain.

It wanders to another ſoon,
Wanes and increases like the Moon,
And like her never reſts:
Brings Tides of Pleasures now, and then of Tears;
Makes Ebbs and Flows of Joys and Cares,
In Lovers wavering breaſts.

But ſpight of Love I will be free,
And triumph in the liberty.
I without him enjoy.
I'th worſt of Priſons I'll my Body bind,
Rather than chain my free-born mind,
For ſuch a Foolish Toy.

Long. 'Tis very well, Madam.

Bruce. But to us there is no Musick like Love, or Harmony like the consent of Lovers hearts.

Mir. But as Musick is improv'd by practice, Love decays by it, and therefore I scarce dare talk on't.

Clar. Let what harmony soever be between Lovers at firſt, in a short time it turns to scurvy jangling: and therefore can you blame us if we divert so dangerous a thing any way——

Long. I confess it may come to discord; but' tis as in Musick, if it be made good, it makes the following concord better.

Bruce. If they play upon one another 'till they are out of Tune, they muſt needs jangle.

Long. In that case they muſt lay by and tune again, and then ſtrike up afresh.

Mir. That Simile will never hold: for when Love grows once out of Tune, they may scew and keep a coil, but it will never ſtand in Tune again.

Clar. 'Tis moſt certain, when Love comes once to bend, it breaks presently.

Bruce. But perhaps it may be set again, like a broken Limb, and be the ſtronger for't.

Mir. No: when Love breaks 'tis into so many splinters,' tis never to be set again.

Enter Maid to Miranda.

Maid. Shift for your selves; Sir *Nicholas* and my Lady are both return'd home again.

Clar. O mischievous ill Fortune!

Mir. Unlucky accident!

Clar. I must look after Sir *Formal.* [*Exeunt Ladies.*

Long. Their carriage, since their cross appointment in the Garden, has too evidently declar'd their Intentions. We have mistaken, I see; if we design to succeed, we must change Mistresses.

Bruce. 'Tis too evident we have plac'd our Loves wrong: They are both handsome, rich, and honest, three qualities that seldom meet in Women.

Long. 'Tis true: and since 'twill be necessary, after all our Rambles, to fix our unsettled lives, to be grave, formal, very wise, and serve our Countrey, and propagate our species. Let us think on't here.

Bruce. Let us walk and consult about this weighty Affair.

Exeunt Bruce *and* Longv.

Enter Sir Nicholas, *Lady* Gimcrack, Clarinda, Miranda.

Sir *Nich.* A Woman with a Letter, a Tire-woman too! are they all Bawds? Their very Art of washing and adorning Women is implicite Bawding; but this is down-right explicite Bawdery.

Mir. Good Sir, let her be made an Example to all vile Women.

Clar. We have secur'd her in the Vault here.

Sir *Nich.* You have done well; she shall be brought to condign punishment.

Mir. But we can tell you yet a stranger thing: Sir *Formal* is privately shut up with this lewd Woman, and has been this hour.

Clar. 'Tis very true. What his intentions are, I know not; but 'tis a very scandalous thing.

Sir *Nich. O Monstrum horrendum!* Is my Friend, that seeming vertuous man, faln into the snare?

L. *Gim.* O Virtue! whither art thou fled? my House is dishonoured, abus'd! I am ready to faint when I hear of Lewdness. My Dear, do not endure it; I shall never endure my House again: let it with all speed and let's remove.

Sir *Nich.* Prethee Dear, be pacifi'd.

L. *Gim.* Oh I cannot be pacifi'd: my Blood rises when I hear of lewd whoring Fellows; I wou'd have 'em all hang'd.

Mir. Excellent Hypocrite!

Sir *Nich.* Well, Heav'n be prais'd, I am the happiest Man in a Wife. I will rebuke him; but for the Bawd, I'll have a Warrant from the next Justice; I will have her Whipt and Carted. Come, bring 'em out here.

[*Servants bring in Sir* Formal *and Sir* Samuel.

Truly, Sir *Formal*, I am much asham'd to find a Virtuoso in such a posture with a lewd Woman.

Sir *Form.* Why, Sir, upon my sincerity——

L. *Gim.* Out upon you, have you the face to speak in your own defence, or in defence of this odious Vice? Out on't! you think to bring all off with your Eloquence; but I'll not hear it: You have defil'd my house, and committed lewdness within the walls.

Sir *Form.* Why Ladies, you know——

Mir. What, you are angry we have discover'd you.

Clar. Would you have had us keep your pernicious counsel? had that been becoming our virtue?

Sir *Form.* Why, Sir *Nicholas*, I profess——

L. *Gim.* I cannot suffer it. 'Tis fit such Hypocrites should be punish'd. Is this your Virtue? your sereneness of mind? and are all your Flowers of Rhetorick to this?

Sir *Nich.* I know not what to say in your excuse, to retire with such a lewd Creature. I did not think you could have faln into so shameful a scandal. I am sorry, since 'twill be a reproach to all Virtuoso's.

Sir *Form.* By my Integrity——

L. *Gim.* You are a man of integrity, to meet privately with a filthy Creature, a Bawd, an ugly Bawd too!

Sir *Sam.* I scorn your words; neither a Bawd nor ugly; neither by your leave——Ugly and Bawd, quoth she?

Sir *Form.* Can I not be heard? shall Oratory have no place?

L. *Gim.* You think to bewitch us with your Oratory; but 'tis too apparent, you have dishonoured my house.

Sir *Form.* Here are some Phænomena's of scandal; but I will dissolve all in a *punctum* of time.

Both speak together.

L. *Gim.* I will never endure you, you shall solve none of your Phænomena's here more.

Sir *Form.* 'Tis true, I confess I was found here privately with this Woman; but no less true——

Sir *Nich.* Pray let me hear him speak.

Sir *Form.* My Oratory was never slighted before: when did I open my mouth in vain before? I confess——

Mir. Why look you, Sir; he confesses it; what wou'd you have?

Clar. Will you not believe us, he has been privately with her this hour?

Sir *Nich.* I say, Peace; I will hear him.

Sir *Form.* I confess to you all——

Mir. D'you see again? he confesses to us all.

Enter Snarl.

Sir *Form.* Now my shame comes upon me.

Snarl. What! is my florid Fool catch'd with a Whore? an ugly Whore? does your noble Soul operate clearly, without the clogg of your sordid humane Body now! you are a fine formal Hypocrite, in sadness; by the Mass it's a fine World we live in.

Sir *Nich.* I am confident my Friend is innocent.

Sir *Sam.* He innocent? hang him, he wou'd have ravish'd me, if I had not been stronger than he, and beaten him soundly: my Honour had suffer'd upon that Business——

Sir *Form.* *O Tempora! O Mores!* but I doubt not but I shall shine clearer after this Eclipse; I will bear these wrongs with a serene temper of mind.

Snarl. Hang you! never trust your Orator, in sadness they will all lie like dogs, by the Mass I would go fifty miles to see an Orator hang'd. Orators are Rogues, the very grievances of the Nation; always putting in an Oar, and prating and disturbing the business of the Nation with their foolish Tropes, and care not which way matters go, so they shew their parts.

Sir *Nich.* I do believe you, Sir *Formal.* You young Sluts; will you never leave?

Mir. Will you not take the Woman's word?

Sir *Nich.* What, a Bawd's word! she suffer in her honour; one that brought a Letter to you——

Sir *Sam.* A Bawd! I scorn your words; I brought a Letter from a Gentleman that makes honorable Love, and would marry her.

Snarl. A Match-maker! that's worst of all.

Sir *Nich.* Your Marriage-Bawd, your Canonical-Bawd is worst of all; they betray people for their lives-time. Here carry her, and lock her up in the green-room; I'll maul your Bawdship.

Sir *Sam.* Oh Heav'n! I shall be whipt; nay, which is ten times worse, I shall disappoint the Town, and have no Masquerade to night. But I'll bayl my self with Money, if it be possible——

Mir. Courage: my Sister brought this upon you, but I'll redeem all.

Sir *Sam.* Nay, if I succeed in my Love, I care not if I be beaten, and kickt, and whipt as if Heav'n and Earth would come together.

L. *Gim.* Come, I'll see her lockt up safe myself; filthy Creature.

[*Exit.* L. Gim.

Clar. [*to Sir* Form.] Not a word more o' this business. I could not forbear the trick; but you will find me more favourable.

Sir *Form.* I shall be content to suffer any thing for your sweet sake——
[*Ex.* Clar. *and* Mir.

Enter Longvil *and* Bruce.

Snarl. If you had come sooner, you might ha' taken this Orator, this flashy Fellow with a Whore, in sadness, a foul deform'd Strumpet——

Sir *Form.* Upon my honour, Gentlemen, I am wrong'd; but he was taken with a Lady, and Rods too, in *German-street*, about an hour since.

Long. What this vertuous Gentleman of the last Age?

Bruce. One that so justly reproaches the Vices of this? It cannot be.

Snarl. Oh Dog, Rogue! Nephew, I'll be reveng'd. No, it cannot be, it is not. The Orator's a Son of a Whore, and my Nephew a foolish rascally Philosopher; one good for nothing but an empty noise of florid words without sense, in sadness. And the other good for nothing but useless experiments upon Flies, Maggots, Eels in Vinegar, and the Blue upon Plumbs, which he finds to be living Creatures; but all the world will find him an Ass, and so I leave him and all of yee, with a pox t'yee. But in sadness, Orator, I will beat thee mightily. I with a Whore! I scorn your words by the Mass. *Exit* Snarl.

Sir *Nich.* I know he is in a rage, but 'tis true; *Sir Formal*, we will no more endure his taunts. But now he talks of Eels, I'll shew you millions in a Sawcer of Vinegar; they resemble other Eels, save in their motion, which in others is side-ways, but in them upwards and downwards, thus, and very slow.

Long. We have heard of these, Sir, often.

Sir *Nich.* Another difference is, these have sharp stings in their Tails. By the way, the sharpest Vinegar is most full of them.

Bruce. Then certainly the sharpness, or biting of Vinegar, proceeds from those stings, striking upon the Tongue.

Sir *Nich.* I see you are a most admirable Observer: it must needs be so. So, this is a rare Phænomenon solv'd by the by. [*aside.*] I have often concluded that before——The whole Air is full of living Creatures, a thousand times less visible than those living Creatures, mistaken for Motes in the Sun; I know most of 'em distinctly, by my Glasses.

Sir *Form.* Talk of use? These are the Mysteries of Nature's Closet.

Bruce. This foolish *Virtuoso* does not consider, that one Brick-layer is worth forty Philosophers.

Sir *Nich.* Then for the Blue upon Plumbs, it is nothing but many living Creatures. I have observ'd upon a Wall-Plumb (with my most exquisite Glasses, which cost me several thousands of pounds) at first beginning to turn blue, it comes first to Fluidity, then to Orbiculation, then Fixation, so to Angulization, then Christallization, from thence to

Germination or Ebullition, then Vegetation, then Plantanimation, perfect Animation, Sensation, Local Motion, and the like——

Enter Servant to Sir Nicholas.

Serv. Sir, there are a great number of sick men waiting in the Hall for your Worship, and desire to be dispatch'd. [*Exit.*

Sir *Nich.* Now, Gentlemen, you shall see my method of practice. Sir *Formal*, will you go and rank 'em?

Sir *Form.* I obey in my wonted Office. Gentlemen, I humbly kiss your hands. [*Exit Sir* Formal.

Sir *Nich.* He ranks the diseas'd People in their several Classes, Forms, or Orders of Diseases, to save trouble; you shall see all.

Servant Returns.

Serv. Sir, the Constable is come with a Warrant to carry the Bawd away.

Sir *Nich.* Come, we will deliver the Bawd into their Clutches, and when I have administer'd to my sick, we'll take the air. By the way, Gentlemen, what Countrey air do you like best?

Bruce. Why, we cannot travel far for't this evening.

Sir *Nich.* Travel! I thought I should have you. Why I never travel, I take it in a close chamber.

Long. Why you can take but one kind of nasty smoaky air in a Chamber.

Sir *Nich.* There's your mistake. Chuse your Air, you shall have it in my Chamber; *Newmarket*, *Banstead-down*, *Wiltshire*, *Bury*-air, *Norwich*-air; what you will.

Bruce. Would a man think it possible for a Virtuoso to arrive at this extravagance?

Long. Yes: I assure you, it is beyond the wit of man to invent such extravagant things for them as their folly finds out for themselves——Is it possible to take all these several Countrey Airs in your Chamber?

Sir *Nich.* I knew you were to seek. I employ Men all over *England*, Factors for Air, who bottle up Air, and weigh it in all places, sealing the Bottles Hermetically: they send me Loads from all places. That Vault is full of Countrey Air.

Bruce. To weigh Air and send it to you!

Sir *Nich.* O yes; I have sent one to weigh Air at the Picque of *Teneriff*, that's the lightest Air; I shall have a considerable Cargo of that Air. *Sheerness* and the Isle of *Dogs* Air is the heaviest. Now, if I have a mind to take Countrey Air, I send for, may be, forty Gallons of *Bury* Air, shut all my Windows and doors close, and let it fly in my Chamber.

Bruce. This is a most admirable invention.

Long. But to what purpose do you weigh Air?

Sir *Nich.* That I shall tell you as we are taking it. Now let's see this Bawd dispos'd of: every thing in its order. [*Exeunt.*

Sir Samuel *in the Chamber alone.*

Sir *Sam.* How long shall I expect my fate? Well! there never was such a Martyr in Love, to be kickt, beaten, pump'd, toss'd in a blanket about business, and now in danger of being whipt with a slap-dash. But she loves me; come, 'tis well 'tis no worse: but to miss my Masquerade, that's the sum of all: but I'll bribe my Justice and escape. 'Tis a trade, some of the Justices are liker Malefactors than Magistrates; but 'twill cost me a plaguy deal, for this damn'd Vertuoso will prosecute furiously. Ha! what's here, a Rope? I am deliver'd, as *Rabby Busie* was, by Miracle. I'll slide down from the window into the garden. The back-door's open, so I save my money *ipso facto*, and go to my Ball; and, *Whip Stich, your Nose in my Breech*, Sir *Nicholas*. I'll leave my Cloaths behind me: though I am Bawd above, I am Sir *Samuel* underneath. So, Tyre-woman, lie thou there, and away Knight. 'Tis well 'tis no worse—— [*Exit Sir* Sam.

Enter Sir Nicholas, Longv. Bruce. *L.* Gim. Clar. Mir. *Servants, Constable, Officers.*

Sir *Nich.* Come! where is this Bawd? Now we shall make her an example. Here! where are you? Ha! here's no body.

L. *Gim.* I am sure I saw her lockt in.

Serv. The door was lockt when we came in: here are her Cloaths too.

Longv. The Rogue has stript himself, and has escap'd naked.

L. *Gim.* O Heav'n! this must be the Devil: the House is haunted.

Enter Sir Formal.

Sir *Form.* I have set all the sick men in order, and they wait for your Prescription.

Mir. O Sir *Formal*, your Mistriss is flown, and has left her case behind her.

L. *Gim.* The doors are fast, and she is flown out of the Chimney: have a care, Sir *Formal*, if you were naught with her, you will be torn in pieces.

Sir *Form.* Not I upon my sincerity.

Sir *Nich.* It was undoubtedly a Spirit. I could have told you that before, but I was afraid I shou'd fright you all.

Bruce. How, Sir! was it a Spirit say you?

Sir *Nich.* You must know, Sir, I am much skill'd in *Rosa-crucian*

Learning. I am one of the *Vere adepti*, as simple as I stand here. I discover'd it by my sight, having familiar Conversation with Spirits.

Clar. O the subtilty of this *Vertuoso*. This notable Spirit, Sir *Samuel*, makes a ball to night; we will steal out one way or other.

Bruce. You'll remember the Masquerade, Ladies.

Mir. Yes, yes! we will see the Spirit.

L. *Gim.* I see your cross Love, and will plague ye, ye young Sluts, for it.

Sir *Nich.* You converse with a great many people which you take to be men and women; but we *Rosa-crucians* know 'em to be spirits. Now let us go to my sick people, and administer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, is the Court-yard full of several Lame and sick people.

Enter Sir Nicholas, *Sir* Formal, Longvil, *and* Bruce.

Sick Peop. Heav'n bless your Worship.

Sir *Nich.* Come, Gentlemen, you must know I have studi'd all manner of Cases, and have Bills ready written for all Diseases; that's my way, I give 'em advice for nothing.

Sir *Form.* Not more resorted to the Temple of *Æsculapius;* I am sure not so many found relief, as from my Noble Friend: You have reason, good languishing people to be Trumpeters to his Illustrious Fame, whose indefatigable care, for the good of feeble and distress'd Mankind, with his transcendent skill, each day cures even incurable diseases.

Longv. Your Orators are very subject to that Figure in Speech call'd a *Bull.*

Sir *Nich.* I still administer'd to the incurable in *Italy*, and never fail'd of success. Here are my Bills. Where is the Roll? Call it over.

Sir *Form.* Gout.

2 *Gout.* Here—— [*halting*

Sir *Nich.* There's a Bill for you two, take it betwixt you.

Sir *Form.* Stone.

2 *Stone.* Here, Sir.

Sir *Nich.* There's one for you two.

Sir *Form.* Scurvy.

4 *Scurv.* Here, Sir.

Sir *Nich.* There's a Bill for you four.

Serv. Go, pass by as you are serv'd.

Sir *Form.* Consumption.

2 *Consump.* Here.

Sir *Nich.* Take your Bill.

Sir *Form.* Dropsie.

2 *Drop.* Here, Sir.

Sir *Nich.* There's for you two.
Sir *Form.* There is a Mad-man I have set by for transfusion of blood.
Sir *Nich.* That's well. The truth on't is, we shall never get any but Madmen, for that Operation. But proceed.
Sir *Form.* These are the last, but not the least——Pox.

Enter a great number of Men and Women.

All. Here, here, here——
Sir *Nich.* There are three or four Bills for you, you are so many.
All. Heav'n bless your Worship—— [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT V.

Enter Sir Formal *and* Clarinda.

Sir *Form.* HOW long shall I languish in expectation of your noble favour, for the enjoyment of which, my desires are as great, as my deserts are little?

Clar. Truly, Sir *Formal*, I am so sensible of your service, and so troubled with my confinement under my Uncle, that at length I have determin'd by you, to free my self from him.

Sir *Form.* Hold, Madam, I am too suddenly blest, I am all Rapture, all Extasie, my Soul, methinks, is fled from its corporeal clog, and I am all unbodi'd, Divinest Lady. Let me kneel and adore that hand, that snowy hand, to which the Snow it self is tann'd and Sun-burnt.

Clar. Not too much of this: but in short, conduct my Sisters and me out of these doors to the Masquerade; for we cannot get out without your authority with the Porter, and after you have return'd to my Uncle sometime; procure the habit of *Scaramoucha*, that I may know you, and come to us, and you shall absolutely dispose of me.

Sir *Form.* Madam, I'll flie; nay, out-fly Sir *Nicholas* himself, to do you service, or any *Vertuoso* in *England.* But how shall I know you? you'll be disguis'd.

Clar. I'll find you out; besides, you know this Ring and Bracelet. We must have our Maids with us, for we'll not return. Let's find my Sister, and about it instantly.

Sir *Form.* I am all obedience. I should not envy now an Universal Monarch—I hear my Ladies voice—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Nicholas, Longvil, *and Servant to Sir* Nicholas.

Serv. Mr. *Bruce* is coming to wait on you.

Enter Bruce.

Sir *Nich.* Sir, your Servant. Now open the Bottles, and let the Air fly; Gentlemen, be ready to snuff it up. O this *Bury*-Air is delicate, 'tis delicious; O very refreshing.

Bruce. O admirable——who would go to *Bury* to take it?

Sir *Nich.* Not I, 'tis much the better here; it takes so much the fresher for being bottled, as other Liquors do. For let me tell you, Gentlemen, Air is but a thinner sort of Liquor, and drinks much the better for being bottled.

Longv. Most certainly the world is very foolish, not to snuff up bottled Air, as they drink bottled Drink.

Bruce. The foolish World is never to be mended. For all this, your Glass-Coach will to *Hide-park* for Air. The Suburb-fools trudge to *Lambs-Conduit* or *Totnam;* your sprucer sort of Citizens gallop to *Epsom;* your Mechanick gross Fellows, shewing much conjugal affection, strut before their Wives, each with a Child in his Arms, to *Islington*, or *Hogsdon.*

Sir *Nich.* Ay poor dull Fools!

Longv. But to what end do you weigh this Air, Sir?

Sir *Nich.* To what end shou'd I? to know what it weighs. O knowledge is a fine thing; why, I can tell to a Grain what a gallon of any Air in *England* weighs.

Bruce. Is that all the use you make of these Pneumatick Engines?

Sir *Nich.* No, I eclipse the light of rotten Wood, stinking Whitings and Thornback, and putrid Flesh when it becomes lucid.

Longv. Will stinking Flesh give light like rotten Wood?

Sir *Nich.* O yes; there was a lucid Surloin of Beef in the *Strand*, foolish people thought it burnt, when it only became lucid and chrystalline by the coagulation of the aqueous juice of the Beef, by the corruption that invaded it. 'Tis frequent. I my self have read a *Geneva* Bible by a Leg of Pork?

Bruce. How, a *Geneva* Bible by a Leg of Pork?

Sir *Nich.* O Ay, 'tis the finest Light in the World: but for all that, I could eclipse the Leg of Pork in my Receiver, by pumping out the Air; but immediately upon the appulse of the Air let in again, it becomes lucid as before.

Longv. Is it so curious a Light?

Sir *Nich.* O admirable! I am now studying of Glow-worms, a fine Study; it is a curious Animal: I think I shall preserve 'em light all the year, and then I'll never use any other light in my Study but Glow-worms and Concave-glasses.

Bruce. What do you with the Speaking-Trumpet?

Sir *Nich.* O that Stentrophonical Tube, though not invented by me, yet is improv'd beyond all mens expectations.

Longv. They can hear distinctly a League at Sea by them already.

Sir *Nich.* Pish! that's nothing; I have made one, you may hear eight mile about, and I shall improve it very much more: for there's no stop in Art. But of all Languages, none is heard so far as *Greek;* your *Ionick* Dialect of *Oio* does so roul in the sound. I make Sir *Formal* speak Greek often in it.

Bruce. This Sir *Formal* has a great many pretty Employments under him.

Sir *Nich.* I doubt not but in three Months to improve it so, that from the chief Mountain, Hill, or Eminence in a County, a man may be heard round the County.

Longv. This will be above all wonder.

Sir *Nich.* I have thought of this to do the King service; for when I have perfected it, there needs but one Parson to Preach to a whole County; the King may then take all the Church-Lands into his own hands, and serve all *England* with his Chaplains in Ordinary.

Longv. This is a most admirable project. But what will become of the rest of the Parsons?

Sir *Nich.* It is no matter, let 'em learn to make Wollen Cloth, and advance the Manufacture of the Nation; or learn to make Nets, and improve the Fishing-Trade; it is a fine sedentary life for those idle Fellows in black.

Bruce. These illiterate Virtuoso's hate all that have relation to Learning.

Longv. You cannot blame 'em. But there being no stop in Art, you may advance this Trumpet so far, you may make 'em talk from one Nation to another.

Sir *Nich.* So I may in time.

Bruce. By this Princes may converse, treat, congratulate and condole, without the great charge and trouble of Ambassadors.

Sir *Nich.* I hope to effect it. But I wonder Sir *Formal* is not return'd; I sent him to fix my Tellescopes for surveying the Moon.

Longv. Do you believe the Moon is an Earth, as you told us?

Sir *Nich.* Believe it! I know it; I shall shortly publish a Book of Geography for it. Why, 'tis as big as our Earth; I can see all the Mountainous parts, and Vallies, and Seas, and Lakes in it; nay, the larger sort of Animals, as Elephants and Camels; but publick Buildings and Ships very easily. I have seen several Battels fought there. They have great Guns, and have the use of Gun-powder. At Land they fight with Elephants and Castles. I have seen 'em——

Bruce. No Phanatick that has lost his Wits in Revelation, is so mad as this Fool.

Longv. You are mistaken, this is but a faint Copy to some Originals among the Tribe.

Sir *Nich.* There's now a great Monarch, who has Armies in several Countreys in the Moon, which we find out, because the Colours which we see are all alike. There are a great many States, which we take to be Confederates against him. He is a very ambitious Prince, and aims at Universal Monarchy; but the rest of the Moon will be too hard for him.

Enter Sir Formal.

Sir *Form.* I have fix'd the Tubes in the Garden; and if we be not deceived, the great Monarch is making an Attaque upon a Town, and they are in very hard Service.

Sir *Nich.* 'Tis probable——We'll haste to see it. But first do me the favour to speak two or three Greek Verses in this Trumpet.

Sir *Form.* With all my heart. [*Sir* Formal *speaks some Verses of* Homer.

Enter Sir Nicholas*'s Servant.*

Serv. Sir, Sir! stand upon your Guard; the House is beset by a great Rabble of People, who threaten to pull you out of it, and tear you in pieces.

Sir *Nich.* O Heav'n! what is the matter?

Serv. Sir, they are Ribbon-Weavers; who have been inform'd, that you are he that invented the Engine-Loom, which has provok'd 'em to rise up in Arms, and they are resolv'd to be reveng'd for't: Listen, Sir, you may hear 'em.

Sir *Nich.* O what will become of me! Gentlemen, Gentlemen, for Heaven's sake do something for me; I protest and vow they wrong me, I never invented any thing of use in my life, as gad shall mend me, not I.

Bruce. We shall be beaten for being in such damn'd company, and 'faith we shall deserve it. [*A Noise without.*

Sir *Nich.* Mercy on me! how loud they are! O Gentlemen, What is to be done?

Long. Get your Guns and Pistols charg'd. The Rabble, like Wild-Beasts, are frighted at Fire-arms.

Sir *Nich.* Go, get 'em charg'd quickly.

Sir *Form.* Now is the time for me to shew my parts. I have another Weapon. Let me alone with them.

Sir *Nich.* What Weapon, Sir *Formal?*

Sir *Form.* Eloquence: I warrant ye. Let me alone. I'll go out among 'em.

Sir *Nic.* O 'twill never do; they are very outrageous Rogues. What will become of us?

Sir *Form.* You know not the charmes of Oratory——
'Twas my fortune to be near the *Temple*-stairs, when the Water-men, who had drunk too deep of a Liquor somewhat stronger than that which is the Scene of their Vocation, were stirr'd up into so popular a heat and fervour, that its fury threatned the adjacent Society——The Water-men were themselves (as I may so say) blown into a Tempest, when strait I ventur'd in among the intemperate Crowd; and, by the force of Rhetorick, dispell'd the barbarity of their over-boyling Ale, and too much fermented Choller, and gently recompos'd their minds into a sedate and quiet temper: and I doubt not but to have the same effect upon these.

Sir *Nich.* Quickly then, dispatch. Tell 'em I am innocent; I never invented any thing in my Life. Go go, quickly. [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE, the Street, a great Rabble of People together, and *Snarl, &c.*

Snarl. Whatever they say, this Sir *Nicholas* and one Sir *Formal* that's with him, invented the Engine-loom, to the confusion of Ribbon-weavers ——I shall be sufficiently reveng'd on the Rogues now. [*Aside.*

1. *Weav.* O Villains! we'll maul 'em. Are these the Tricks of a Vertuoso? have they studi'd these fourteen years for this?

Snarl. Yes, for much less. The Truth is, 'tis a burning shame that poor men shou'd be ruin'd by such Fellows, in sadness 'tis——

2. *Weav.* I never thought these Vertuoso's wou'd do any thing but mischief, for my part.

3. *Weav.* Where are the Rogues? Come out of your Den.

All. Come out! where are the Vertoso's here?

1. *Weav.* Break open the house. Open the door, or we'll demolish——

Porter within. What wou'd you have? stand off.

1. *Weav.* What wou'd you have, you Son of a Whore; the Engine, and the Rogues that invented it.

Porter within. Here's no Engine, no Rogues, nor Inventers neither——

Enter Sir Formal.

Sir *Form.* Now will I try my Eloquence. Come, Gentlemen, What is it you wou'd have? What is the fountain of your discontents? now for the power of Oratory! Come, come, come——

1. *Weav.* Here's one of the Rascals, take him amongst you.

Sir *Form.* Why, Gentlemen?

2. *Weav.* Tear him in pieces.

Sir *Form.* I say, Gentlemen——

3. *Weav.* Cut off his ears.

1. *Weav.* Take him and hang him upon the next Sign.

Sir *Form.* I beseech you.

All. Ay, hang him up quickly.

Sir *Form.* Hold! hold! shall I not speak?

2. *Weav.* Yes, if you can after you are hang'd.

Sir *Form.* Why, Gentlemen, I am of your side. If you commit this rash outrage, you will be soundly punish'd upon a *Quare fremuerunt Gentes*——

Some. Let him speak.

Others. No, he shall not speak; hang him——

1. *Weav.* Hold, Neighbours and Friends, let's hear him, he may perhaps discover something of this business.

All. Let him speak——

Sir *Form.* By what occasion or accident this unheard of torrent of tempestuous rage was thus inflam'd, I very much ignore. But let it not be said that Englishmen, good common-wealth's men, and sober, discreet Ribbon-weavers, should be thus hurri'd by the rapid force of the too dangerous Whirlwind, or Hurricane of passion.

1. *Weav.* He speaks notably.

2. *Weav.* He's a well-spoken man truly——

Sir *Form.* Of passion, I say, which with its sudden, and alas! too violent circumgyrations, does too often shipwrack those that are agitated by it, while it turns them into such giddy confusion, that they can no longer trim the Sails of Reason, or steer by the Compass of Judgment.

1 *Weav.* His Tongue's well hung, but I know not what he means by all this stuff.

Sir Form. I say, Gentlemen.

2. *Weav.* Pox on you, you shall say no more. What's this to the invention of the Loom?

3. *Weav.* This is one of the Inventers, hang him. Where's t'other? break open the house.

Enter Sir Nicholas, Bruce, *and* Longvil *above.*

Sir *Form.* Do but hear me?

1 *Weav.* No, Rascal, we will not hear you.

[*They beat him, kick him, and fling Oranges at him.*

Sir *Form.* All this I can bear, if you will but hear me, Gentlemen—— I am a person——

2 *Weav.* A person, a Rogue, a Villain! a damn'd Vertoso! a person!

Sir *Form.* I say, Gentlemen, I am a person——

1. *Weav.* Pox on you——we'll use you like a Dog——Sir——

Sir *Form. Quousque tandem effrenata jactabit audacia.* This is a barbarity which *Scythians* would blush at.

1. *Weav. Scythians!* What a pox does he call us names? take him, and hang him up.

Sir *Nich.* I see Sir *Formal*'s Oratory cannot prevail; What shall I do?

1. *Weav.* O, there he is. Come down, or we'll fetch you down, and your Engine too.

Longv. Nay, then 'tis time to sally out——

Bruce. Give us Pistols, quickly——

Sir *Nich.* Hear me, Gentlemen, I never invented an Engine in my life; as Gad shall sa'me you do me wrong. I never invented so much as an Engine to pair Cream-cheese with. We Virtuoso's never find out any thing of use, 'tis not our way.

1. *Weav.* Hang your way. You are a damn'd lying Vertoso. Break open the door quickly——

Enter Longvil *and* Bruce *below with Pistols. Servants.*

Bruce. Where are these Dogs? [*Discharge their Pistols, all run out.*

Sir *Form.* Murder! murder! [*Falls down.*

Enter Sir Nicholas *creeping out with a Blunderbuss.*

Sir *Nich.* Where are these Rogues?

Longv. Sirra, go and call the Guard, least they should rally again.

Bruce. Sir *Formal* is shot, and all the Rabble is escap'd unhurt.

Sir *Nich.* O my Friend! Sir *Formal!* Sir *Formal!*

Sir *Form.* I am alive, Sir *Nicholas*, but surely I am shot.

Sir *Nich.* Let's search——Here is no hole in your cloaths.

Sir *Form.* Hum——I find no blood. Truly I did opine that I was shot——but I am exceedingly beaten and bruised. Though there be no discretion, I have suffered much confusion.

Sir *Nich.* I see your Oratory could not prevail.

Sir *Form.* No, no, these Barbarians understand not Eloquence. I must go in, and recover this disorder—— [*Exit Sir* Form.

Bruce. Let's take this opportunity to get rid of the Virtuoso, and go to the Masquerade.

Footm. Sir, the Guard was coming to suppress the tumult ere I went; they seiz'd some of the Mutineers, and dispers'd the rest.

Longv. Now we are safe, Sir. We humbly take our leaves till to morrow—— [*Exeunt* Longvil *and* Bruce.

Sir *Nich.* Gentlemen, your humble Servant;
Where are my Wife and Neeces?

Porter. They are gone abroad, Sir.

Sir *Nich.* At this time o' night? Did they go together?

Port. No, Sir, my Lady went alone.

Sir *Nich.* And did you let my Nieces go out, Villain, without your Lady?

Port. Sir *Formal* carried them out.

Sir *Nich.* 'Death! what design is this? they are gone to the Masquerade: My Wife alone too! I like not this. The story in *German-street* was very suspitious. I shall find out these practices. [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE is a large Room, with a great number of Masqueraders, Men and Women, in many different Habits.

Enter Sir Samuel *and* Hazard.

Sir *Sam.* Now, *Hazard*, let's enjoy our selves: I am never in my Element, but when I am adventuring about an Intriguo, or Masquerading about business. Now you shall see me shew my parts.

Haz. Do, Sir *Samuel*, you are excellent at these things.

Sir *Sam.* Nay, if any man out-does me about this business —— Well, no more to be said. Is not mine a very pretty disguise, Ha?

Haz. An admirable one——

Sir *Sam.* I have forty of 'em upon Intriguo's and businesses. But now to work. Do you know me? [*To* Clar.

Clar. No: yet, methinks, you look, through your disguise, like a foolish Fellow I have seen.

Sir *Sam.* A foolish Fellow——Hey poop! you were never so much in the wrong in your life, as gad mend me——

Clar. I don't think so: a Mask might cover deformity, but not folly. You have the very Meen of a Coxcomb; all the motions of your body declare the weakness of your mind.

Sir *Sam.* Pish! what, you are upon the high Ropes now. Whip stitch, your Nose in my breech. Pish! I'll talk no more with her.

Haz. Do you know me? [*To* Mir.

Mir. No: I neither know ye, nor care to know ye.

Haz. They who have so little Curiosity, have less Pleasure.

Mir. I guess your in-side to be no better than your out-side.

Haz. Try 'em both, and you'll be of another opinion.

Mir. The Conviction's not worth the Trial.

L. *Gim.* I wonder which is *Hazard.* But my business is not with him.

Sir *Sam.* These are very angry Ladies, *Hazard.* Just now we met two were very kind to us, Pretty Rogues; they had delicate hands, arms, and necks——and they were Women of Quality, I'm sure, by their Linnen——

Haz. That's no rule——for Whores wear as good Linnen as honest

Women: fine Cloths and good Linnen are the Working-Tools of their Trade.

Sir *Sam.* But I know by their Wit and *Repertees* they were fine Persons. I am confident my Woman knows me, and has a kindness for me.

Haz. Methought they seem'd to be rank Strumpets——

Sir *Sam.* Prethee hold thy Peace, *Tace* is Latine for a Candle. I am us'd to these Intregues and Businesses.

Enter Longvil *and* Bruce *in their own Cloths, Masqued.*

Clar. Longvil and *Bruce!* let's watch them and see where they'll direct themselves.

Mir. Like right-bred men o' th' Town; I warrant upon the next they light on.

Sir *Sam.* 'Ods my Life, I ha' lost my lac'd Handkercher——

Haz. 'Death! I ha' lost mine too. Heart all my money's gone——

Sir *Sam.* Ha! Money! what a pox, mine's all flown too. Whip, slap dash——

Haz. Whip, slap dash! a pox o' your Women of Quality, they are flown too. Whip, slap dash—But you have been us'd to such Intriguo's and Businesses——

Sir *Sam.* I durst ha' sworn I could not be deceived. Though I ha' been often serv'd so by Vizard Masques in the Pit, they are mightily given to't; we men of adventure must bear this. Come, no more to be said. Come, 'tis well it's no worse. Come.

Long. This is a fine civil Assembly truly. The Knight has great Conveniences of Coaches and Retiring-Rooms.

Bruce. It is a very rank Ball: there's like to be very much Fornication committed to night.

Long. A Masquerade's good for nothing else, but to hide blushes, and bring bashful people together, who are asham'd to sin bare-fac'd. There's a Lady hovering about you, and longs to pickeer with you.

[*L.* Gim. *stares on* Bruce.

Bruce. O that it were *Clarinda* in a good mind.

Long. I wish it be not *Miranda* in a bad one; her shape's like hers——

Sir *Sam.* Come, Fidles, be ready——Shall I wait on you in a Dance about business—— [*Takes out* Clar.

The *Boree*—— [*They Dance, Sir* Samuel *leaves her, he takes in another.*

Clar. A *Corant.*

Bruce. May I not have the honour to know who you are?

L. *Gim.* 'Tis sufficient to tell you, I am one you have no ill wishes to, and would not tell you this but in a Masque.

Bruce. She's finely shap'd, and by her Jewels a Woman of some

condition. Come, off with this Cloud to a good face, and Ornament to a bad one.

L. *Gim.* No: but if you will withdraw into another Room, I'll let you know more of my mind, though not of my face.

Bruce. The temptation is too strong to be resisted. Let's steal off. [*They steal out.*

Entry of Scaramouchi *and Clowns.* [*Dance:*

Sir *Sam.* Very fine, I swear very fine——
Where the Devil's this *Miranda?* I cannot find her out for my life——

Clar. Did you not see *Bruce* steal off with a Lady?

Mir. Yes, and cannot bear it. I am so foolish, I wou'd I were not.

Sir *Sam.* But hold. Who held my Sword while I danced? 'Twas a French Sword, cost me fifteen Pistols: a curse on him, he's rubb'd off with it——But Come, 'tis well it's no worse yet——

Longv. This *Bruce* stays somewhat long, I like it not. If I cou'd find out either *Clarinda* or *Miranda* here, I shou'd be out of doubt——Let me see, who are you?

Fig. What authority have you to examine me?—— [*She speaks in a Poppets voice.*

Long. What have we here, a Poppet?

Fig. Such a Poppet as you'l be glad to change for the Player you keep——

Longv. You are mistaken, I love the Stage too well to keep any of their Women to make 'em proud and insolent, and despise that Calling to take up a worse.

Fig. Then you are none of the Fops I took you for.

Enter Bruce *and Lady* Gimcrack.

Bruce. I can never rest till I know who has oblig'd me.

L. *Gim.* Since you are so importunate, I'll give you a Note will discover it, if you'll give me your Honour not to open it till the Masquerade be done.

Bruce. Upon my Honour I will not.

L. *Gim.* Now shew your self a man of Honour.

Bruce. Gad I think I have already——

Enter Sir Formal *in* Scaramoucha's *habit.*

Clar. Yonder's Sir *Formal.* You have your Cue, *Betty.*

Bett. I warrant you, Madam.

(*To Sir* Form.) You see I am as good as my word.

Sir *Form.* 'Tis she by her Bracelet and Pendants. Madam, had not

some disaster intervened, I had sooner kiss'd your hands. But of that, more anon.

Enter L. Gimcrack *in another disguise.*

L. *Gim.* Now for the rest of my Plot. I shall disappoint these young Sluts, or make mischief enough. [*Exeunt* Longv. *and* L. Gim.

Enter Snarl *bare-fac'd.*

Mir. Did not you see *Longvil* steal out with a Woman?

Clar. Too well. Our Lovers are well match'd.

Snarl. In sadness I think *Bedlam*'s broke loose and come hither. What a company of Antick Puppies are here? Pox on 'em all. But where is this *Figgup?* by the Mass I'll not suffer her to go to these Schools of Bawdery; in sadness, she'll be too apt a Scholar I am afraid.

Sir *Sam.* Hey *Snarl!* What, do you come to a Masquerade bare-fac'd?

Snarl. Yes, that I do, nor am I asham'd of my face, as Rogues and Whores are. Whose Fool are you?

Clar. Sir, will you please to dance?

Snarl. No indeed won't I. I thank God I am not such a Coxcomb yet in sadness—What do you find in my face to think me such an Owl?

Mir. What do you come for then?

Snarl. Why, to find one that should be wiser than to be here, by the Mass.

Fig. He means me, I shall be undone.

Clar. Whom do you mean? she that was in the Wood-hole?

Mir. She that was discover'd in *German-street.*

Snarl. Ounds! I shall be a By-word all over the Town, in sadness.

Enter Sir Nicholas.

Sir *Nich.* My Uncle here?

Clar. Is it she you look for?

Snarl. What pert-snivelling, squeaking-Baggages are you? here's a squealing with you, with a pox to you.

Haz. To him, Sir *Samuel.*

Sir *Sam.* Sir, let me ask you one civil question. [*In a squeaking tone.*

Snarl. What civil question would you ask now? [*Mocking him.*

Sir *Sam.* Were not you with a Lady in *Germin street*, pull'd out by the heels to day?

Snarl. Ounds! What Rogue art thou? I could find in my heart to beat thee most exorbitantly.

Haz. Your Land-lady in *Germin-street* is a School-mistriss, is she not, Sir?

Snarl. O my shame comes upon me! In sadness you are all a company

of squealing Coxcombs; wou'd you were all Eunuchs by the Mass, that you might always keep your Treble Voices.

1. *Bull.* What, was this virtuous Gentleman taken with a Whore?

2. *Bull.* Sir, do you very much delight in Birch?

Sir *Sam.* Yes, for mortification-sake. He's a great doer of Penance.

Haz. A fine old Gentleman, with gray hairs, to be over-taken.

Sir *Form.* Truly, I am sorry a person of your gravity shou'd so expose your discretion.

Snarl. What damn'd antick Rascal's this? [*Kicks him.*

Sir *Form.* As gad mend me it was uncivil. But, Madam, we will retire, if you please.

Snarl. What a Devil, shall I be over-set with Rogues and Fools here——

1. *Bull.* Damn Rogues and Fools.

Snarl. So I say, in sadness. The Men are all Rogues and Fools, and the Women all Strumpets, by the Mass, or which are ten times worse, scandalous honest Women. In sadness, it is a shame such Bawdy doings should be suffered in a civil Nation; my heart bleeds for't, by the Mass. It was not so in the last Age. Why, what do I talk with a company of Owls for? I come to find one whom I'll never seek again; if she will not appear now——

Fig. O Buddy, I am here; but I was afraid you'd be an anger'd.

Snarl. In sadness, I wonder you are not asham'd to come to these vicious scandalous bawdy places. Come away for shame——

[*Exeunt* Snarl. *and* Fig.

Enter Longvil *and Lady* Gimcrack.

Longv. I never yet knew one so free of her body, and so nice of her face before. Shall I know no more of you?

L. *Gim.* Since you will have it so——there's a Note will inform you more: But upon your Honour you must not open it till the Masquerade be over.

Longv. I will not.

Sir *Nich.* My Dear, I wonder'd I cou'd not see you before.

L. *Gim.* O *Hazard*, have I found thee? this is good luck, my Dear.

Sir *Nich.* O infamous damn'd Woman!

L. *Gim.* It makes me break my Spleen almost to think, what an Ass we made of Sir *Nicholas* to day.

Sir *Nich.* Ay, so it does mine. Ha-ha-ha——A curse on Womankind!

L. *Gim.* He, poor Fool, believes us all this while to be as innocent. Now shall you have free liberty to come home to me.

Sir *Nich.* Shall he so, Madam? [*L.* Gim. *shreeks out.*

Sir *Sam.* What's here? one offering violence to a Lady!

Haz. Who, this my Lady *Gimcrack?*

L. *Gim.* It is my Husband! for Heav'ns sake keep him here, till I run home. [*Exit Lady* Gim.

Haz. Villain! how dare you abuse a Lady? [*Kicks him.*

Sir *Nich.* It's no matter for that, I shall not discover my self.

Haz. It is Sir *Nicholas;* now you may lock him up, and be reveng'd on him——

Sir *Sam.* No more to be said. Hey! who waits there? Take this Fellow and lock him up, till I talk with him about business.

Sir *Nich.* 'Death! What will become of me?

Longv. I have fix'd upon almost every Woman of the Masquerade, and cannot find which is either *Clarinda* or *Miranda.*

1. *Bull.* Ounds you lie——

2. *Bull.* Take that, Rascal. [*They draw, and all draw. Exeunt all Women shrieking.*

Sir *Sam.* These damn'd Bully Rogues have spoil'd my Intrigue; a pox on 'em all, the Ladies are gone. But I'll find a way to be convey'd into *Miranda's* Chamber to night yet—— *Exit Sir* Sam.

Enter Longvil, Bruce, *and* Porter.

Longv. Is not Sir *Nicholas* within?

Port. No: But my Lady and the two Ladies are come; my Lady is gone up to my Master's Closet, and the young Ladies are in the Garden.

Bruce. We come to tell Sir *Nicholas,* we've wholly quell'd the Mutiny, and seen the Offenders committed.

Port. He will be within presently.—— [*Exit.*

Longv. I do not see the Ladies here: but this was a very strange adventure at the Masquerade.

Bruce. The Circumstances are so like, had I not seen two several habits, I shou'd believe 'twas the same Woman I have a Note to, and receiv'd the same injunction not to open it.

Longv. Let me read your Note, and you shall read mine; the Moonlight will serve for that.

By that means I may discover something. [*Aside.*

Bruce. Agreed. I may perhaps make a discovery. [*Aside.*

Reads. *You see I dare not own my kindness, but when I had something to hide my blushes. I hope you'll use the Conquest like a Gentleman.* Clarinda.

Long. How! this is to the same effect, subscrib'd by *Miranda.* There needs no further argument of your treachery, and such as I did not think a Gentleman could be guilty of.

Bruce. 'Death? Do you accuse me of Treachery, who are your self so great a Traitor? Draw——

Longv. Are you so nimble? Have at you—— [*Fight.*

Enter Clarinda *and* Miranda.

Clar. }
Mir. } Hold! hold! hold! for Heaven's sake hold!

Clar. What means this madness in this place?

Bruce. I suppose you ghess at the meaning.

Longv. If not, *Miranda* can inform you.

Mir. This is absolute distraction, Gentlemen.

Bruce. You let *Longvil* know more of your mind, Madam, in a private Room at the Masquerade to night.

Longv. If she did not, this Lady was kind enough to you there.

Mir. What madness is this! I spoke ne'r a word to either of you there.

Clar. Nor I, Heav'n knows! but we saw each of you steal away with a Lady——

Bruce. Do you know that hand, Madam? [*To* Clar.

Longv. Or you this, Madam? [*To* Mir.

Clar. My name subscrib'd!

Mir. And here is mine.

Clar. This mischief is too evident. This is my Aunts hand.

Mir. And this is her Character too. This malice is beyond example, and your baseness, so soon to entertain such thoughts of us.

Clar. That sensless vanity, that makes them think so well of themselves, made 'em think so ill of us.

Longv. Oh Heaven! what have we done! I beg a thousand pardons for my fault.

Bruce. Hear but my acknowledgment, on my knees I beg forgiveness for my ill thoughts of so excellent a Lady.

Clar. Be gone, unworthy Men, and never see us more.

Mir. I'll ne'r forgive the Man that thus dare injure me.

[*Exeunt* Clar. *and* Mir.

Longv. This damn'd Lady has put her self upon us for two Women. Let's not leave 'em, till we have satisfied them of the occasion of our jealousie.

Bruce. Let's follow at a distance—— [Longvil *and* Bruce *follow 'em.*

Enter Clarinda *and* Miranda, *and go into an Arbour.*

Longv. They are gone into that Arbour: Let's do an ungenerous thing for once, and listen.

Bruce. Agreed; we then perhaps may hear what their resentments are.

Mir. I see we must carry our selves with more reservedness, since Men of Wit and Pleasure are so apt to think ill of our Sex.

Clar. For all this, I love *Longvil* to that height, I cannot be reserved to him, I can forgive him any thing.

Mir. I love *Bruce* too almost to distraction, and could venture any thing but honour for him.

Clar. I'd lose my Life and Love a thousand times before my Virtue. But our cross Love can never meet.

Mir. The breach was great enough before: but this falshood and malice of my Lady has made it wider. But hold, we are over-heard.

Clar. O Heaven! here are *Longvil* and *Bruce*——

[*They run away shrieking.*

Longv. Our case is plain, we have no hopes of succeeding in our intended Loves; or if I had, I wou'd not have the Body without the Mind.

Bruce. A man enjoyes as much by a Rape as that way. But I am so pleas'd to find *Miranda* loves me, that I'd not change for any but *Clarinda.*

Longv. I have the same opinion of *Clarinda*'s love; and could you be contented, I would willingly change. Gratitude to her will move my heart, more than *Miranda*'s charms with her aversion can.

Bruce. Since our affections will not thrive in the soil we have plac'd them in, we must transplant them.

Longv. Love like the Sun-beams, will not warm much, unless reflected back again. It is resolv'd it shall be so.

Bruce. Let's follow them now; and while the Metall's hot, 'twill take a Bent the easier. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA Ultima.

Enter Sir Nicholas, *Lady* Gimcrack.

Sir *Nich.* Infamous, vile Woman, I'll be reveng'd on all your lewdness.

L. *Gim.* I have broke open your Closet, and here are all your Letters from your several Whores: And do you think I'll bear your falshood without revenge?

Sir *Nich.* Be gone out of my doors, I cast you from me; and I have here another Mistress of this House. Come in.

Enter Flirt.

To you I give possession of all here, Madam. Out of my doors.

L. *Gim.* Is this one of the Creatures you converse with about Philosophical matters? Fare you well. I have, thanks to my Friends, a settlement for separate maintenance, and I have provided for my self too. A worthy Gentleman: Come in, Sir; he will defend my Person, and my Honour.

Enter Hazard.

Sir *Nich.* Who e'er shall make such settlements hereafter, may they be plagu'd as I am! Vile Creature——

L. *Gim.* Sir, I shall publish your Letters into bargain, and send 'em to *Gresham-Colledge;* then you'll be more despis'd than now you are there——

Sir *Nich.* O misfortune! that will be worse than all the miseries can happen to me. Hold, Madam, I have thought on't; and to shew how much I can be a Philosopher, I am content it should be a drawn Battle betwixt us: Do you forgive, and you shall find that I can do so too.

Enter Steward.

Stew. O Sir! I bring you the most unfortunate news that e'r you heard.

Sir *Nich.* More crosses still!

Stew. Several Engineers, Glass-makers, and other people you have dealt with for Experiments, have brought Executions, and Extents, and seiz'd on all your Estate in the Country.

L. *Gim.* 'Tis very well; you were all this while Botling of Air, and studying Spiders and Glow-worms, stinking Fish, and rotten Wood.

Sir *Nich.* This last affliction is too great to bear; but I am resolv'd to forgive thee, my Dear, and be a good Husband, and redeem all.

L. *Gim.* No, Sir, I thank you; my Settlement is without incumbrance, and I'll preserve it without you, which you are the greatest a Woman can have.

Enter Sir Formal *and* Betty.

Sir *Form.* Sir, I humbly implore your pardon, for a crime, which Love, which was too strong for my resistance, caused in me.

Sir *Nich.* What do you mean?

Sir *Form.* I have marri'd *Clarinda;* the pretty Creature had an odd fancy to be marri'd in Masquerade. I hope you'l pardon it; Love is not in our power.

Sir *Nich.* O Heav'n! this is to add to all the rest. No, base man, I never will forgive it.

Betty. (*unmasks*). Sir, you may if you please, and he too; consider, Sir, Love is not in our power.

Sir *Form.* I am amaz'd, I am struck dumb, I ne'r shall speak again!

Sir *Nich.* I am sorry for you, Sir *Formal;* but I have greater sorrows of my own: Yet I have my Uncle *Snarl* in reserve, I'll try his bounty—— Oh here he is!

Enter Snarl *and* Figgup.

Snarl. Here! Where is this Coxcomb? Nephew——This Vertuoso. I was with a Whore in *Germin-street,* was I? and your Ladiship reproach'd me too; she is your Aunt in sadness.

Sir *Nich.* How, Sir! What do you mean?

Snarl. Mean! why, what shou'd I mean? she is my Wife, I am marri'd to her——

Fig. Yes, Sir, we are marri'd, I assure you.

Sir *Nich.* Oh this is worst of all, I have lost all hopes of his Estate, for which I've so long suffer'd all his frowardness.

Enter Longvil, Bruce, Clarinda, Miranda.

L. *Gim.* Oh Heav'n! are they so soon come to a right understanding? I am undone. Curse on 'em!

Snarl. O Gentlemen! that foolish Virtuoso, and that wordy Puppy Sir *Formal*, said, I was taken with a Whore in *Germin-street:* This is the Lady, and she's my Wife.

Haz. Be pleas'd to give Sir *Formal* joy; he is married to Mrs. *Betty* too.

Sir *Form.* Upon my sincerity, Madam, it was very uncivilly done, to slur your Maid upon me in your stead: but I must rest contented; no more to be said.

Clar. Betty, I wish thee joy; Sir *Formal*, she is as good a Gentlewoman as you a Gentleman.

Snarl. I thought my foolish flashy Orator wou'd be catch'd at last. Ha-ha-ha! what, marry a Chamber-maid!

Sir *Form.* But, Sir, I have not marri'd a Strumpet, as you have.

Longv. How! is this virtuous Gentleman of the last Age so overtaken?

Bruce. Did Gentlemen and Men of Honour marry Whores in the last Age?

Snarl. In sadness they have much ado to avoid it in this; if I have marri'd one, she is my own; and I had better marry my own, than another mans, by the Mass, as 'tis fifty to one I shou'd, if I had marri'd else-where, in sadness.

Sir *Nich.* I have yet a reserve: Nieces, my Land in the Country is extended, and my Goods are feiz'd on: The money which I have of yours, will redeem all, and I will account with you.

Clar. Sir, I can do nothing, but by my Guardian's consent; and I have chosen Mr. *Longvil* for mine.

Mir. And Mr. *Bruce* has undertaken the Protection of my Fortune.

Sir *Nich.* Death; now all my hopes are cut off; I thought to have made good sum of money of my Nieces. Was this the Philosophy you came for, Gentlemen?

Enter two Porters with Sir Samuel *in a Chest.*

How now? Whom have we here?

Port. Sir, here is a Chest of Goods, directed to Mrs. *Miranda*, and we were commanded to bring it to her.

Mir. For me? Set it down there.

Port. Shall we not carry it into your Chamber, Madam?

Mir. No: there's something for you: be gone. [*Ex. Porters.*

Clar. It stands in the Way: Footmen, set it upon one end.

[*They offer to turn Sir* Samuel *with his head down.*

Sir *Sam.* Hold! hold! murder! murder!

Sir *Nich.* How's this? some Rogue and Thief! pull him out.

Sir *Sam.* Rogue and Thief! I scorn your Words.

Snarl. An Antick Coxcomb; I have seen a Baboon with more common Sense.

Sir *Sam.* I came hither to my Mistriss *Miranda*, and wou'd marry her about this business.

Bruce. You must ask my Leave; she has chosen me for her Guardian, and I will cut your throat if you attempt to make Love to her any more.

Sir *Sam.* And do you own what he says, Madam?

Mir. I must be rul'd by my Guardian.

Sir *Sam.* Why then I have been kick'd, beaten, pumpt, and toss'd in a blanket, *&c.* to no purpose: I am unfortunate in this Intriguo. But no more to be said. Come; 'tis well it's no worse yet.

Sir *Nich.* Sure, Sir *Formal*, you'll not deny me that?

Sir *Form.* Truly I opine it not reasonable, for one, who has marri'd one with nothing, to be security for another.

Sir *Nich.* That I shou'd know Men no better! I wou'd I had studi'd Mankind instead of Spiders and Insects. Sure, my Dear, thou wilt not leave me?

L. *Gim.* I am resolv'd to part this moment.

Sir *Nich.* Well, I have something left yet; and here's one loves me, she has told me so a thousand times.

Flirt. Sir, trust not to that; for Women of my profession love Men but as far as their Money goes.

Sir *Nich.* Am I deserted by all? Well, now 'tis time to study for use: I will presently find out the Philosophers Stone; I had like to have gotten it last year, but that I wanted *May-dew*, it being a dry season.

Long. I hope, Ladies, since you have put your Estates into our hands, you'll let us dispose of your persons.

Mir. You must have time to leave off your old Love, before you put on new.

Clar. Nothing but time can fit it to you.

Bruce. You have given us hope, and we must live on that a while; and sure 'twill not be long that we shall live upon that slender Diet: For,

If Love can once a Lady's Out-works win,
It soon will master all that is within. [*Exeunt.*

Epilogue.

NOW you who think y' are Judges of the Pit,
Who never, but in finding faults, show wit;
Who to your dear dull selves are kind alone,
And ne'r reflect on follies of your own:
Our Poet can from you no mercy find,
Who salvage are to all but your own kind.
Nay, on the Stage if some of those appear,
Though ne'r so like your selves, you hate 'em there,
As the whole Herd falls on a wounded Deer.
But of those Ladies he despairs to day,
Who love a dull Romantick whining Play;
Where poor frail Woman's made a Deity,
With sensless amorous Idolatry;
And sniveling Heroes sigh, and pine, and cry.
Though singly they beat Armies, and huff Kings,
Rant at the Gods, and do impossible things;
Though they can laugh at danger, blood, and wounds;
Yet if the Dame once chides, the milk-sop Hero swoons.
These doughty things, nor Manners have nor Wit;
We ne'r saw Hero fit to drink with yet.
But hold, I hear some say among the rest.
This Play is not well bred, nor yet well dreſt;
Such Plays the Womens Poets can write best:
They differ from the Mens; you muſt allow,
As Womens Taylors Womens Poets too.
But know, good breeding shows its excellence,
Not in small trifling forms, but in good sense.
Yet, Ladies, to Stage-Fools some favour show,
Since off the Stage some Fops you can allow.
Few of the Sexes happy Favourites yet
Have been the moſt remarkable for Wit:
Sure you muſt like Copies of such as these,
If the Original Coxcombs can so please.
But to the Men of Wit our Poet flies,
And makes his Fops to them a Sacrifice:

You know the pangs and many labouring throws,
By which your Brains their perfect births disclose.
You can the faults and excellencies find,
Pass by the one, and be to th'other kind.
By you he is resolv'd to stand or fall;
Whate'r's his doom, he'll not repine at all.
And if this Birth should want its perfect shape,
And cannot by your care its death escape,
Th' abortive Issue came before its day,
And th' Poet has miscarry'd of a Play.

FINIS.

THE HISTORY OF Timon of Athens, THE MAN-HATER.

As it is Acted at the *DUKE'S THEATRE*

Made into a

PLAY.

By *THO. SHADWELL.*

Licensed, *Feb.* 18. 167$\frac{7}{8}$. *Ro. L'Estrange.*

LONDON,

Printed by *J. M.* for *Henry Herringman*, at the *Blue Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*, 1678.

Source

AS far as we know, Shakespeare's tragedy was first printed in the folio of 1623, when it bore the title *The Life of Tymon of Athens*. The position of *Troilus and Cressida*, as originally intended, had been altered, and *Timon* was chosen to fill the blank.

In 1842 Dyce edited for the Shakespeare Society a *Timon*, the date of which has been conjectured to be about 1600, but it is a dull scholastic exercise, and assuredly Shakespeare owes nothing thereto.

Shakespeare's sources appear to have been a passage in North's translation from Amyot of Plutarch's *Life of Antonius;* Paynter's tale " Of the straunge and beastlie nature of Timon of Athens, enemie to mankind, with his death, buriall, and epitaphe " ; and Lucian's dialogue concerning Timon the man-hater. It is said that Lucian's *Dialogues* were not to be read in English in Shakespeare's day, but we cannot actually tell at what date Francis Hickes (born 1566) made his version, or how early it was circulating and copied in manuscript. A folio French translation of Lucian by Philibert Bretin was published at Paris in 1583; Latin and Italian translations were also extant.

Knight, Delius, and the Cambridge editors hold that Shakespeare adapted and elaborated an old play, although this could not have been in any case the *Timon* printed by Dyce. No traces, however, remain of such a drama as Shakespeare might have re-fashioned.

Boiardo's *Timone*, produced before 1494, is founded on Lucian's dialogue. Lucian himself speaks the prologue; allegorical and mythological figures mingle, Wealth, Poverty, Wisdom, Mercury, Jove; whilst the epilogue is moralized by S. Severinus Boethius. In 1637 Thomas Heywood published a versified translation of the dialogue as *Misanthropos, or The Man-hater*.

It is perhaps worth noting that Destouches in *Le Dissipateur*, 1736, seems to owe something to *Timon of Athens*, although he has completely changed both plot and character.

Shadwell has taken a great many particulars in the speeches of Alcibiades from Plutarch's life of that hero, no doubt with a view to local colour and atmosphere.

The scene between Melissa and Chloe which commences Act II. was almost certainly suggested by Fulvia at her toilet and Galla in Ben Jonson's *Catiline*, where the second act also opens with a duologue between a lady and her maid.

Theatrical History

TIMON OF ATHENS appears among the list of "the playes allowed to His Royale Highnesse Actors and none other has right to them Aug. 20th 1668." There is, however, no record of any revival of Shakespeare's tragedy by the Duke's company after the Restoration, until Shadwell's alteration was produced at Dorset Garden, probably early in January, 1677-8, or possibly even in the preceding December. The Duke of Buckingham seems to have directed Shadwell's attention to this neglected drama, wherein truly that "inimitable hand . . . never made more Masterly strokes", but we are not told what His Grace thought of the result of his recommendation.

Downes notes: "*Timon of Athens*, alter'd by Mr. *Shadwell*, was very well acted, and the musick in't well performed; it wonderfully pleas'd the Court and City, being an excellent moral."

It seems probable that part at least—if not the whole—of the original music for Shadwell's drama was composed by Louis Grabu, since a setting by him of the opening song and chorus *Hark how the Songsters* was printed in Playford's *Choice Ayres and Songs* in 1679.

Henry Purcell's *Timon* music is dated by Barclay Squire about 1694. It was long one of the master's most popular works, and was frequently performed apart from the play.

The score has been edited by the Rev. Sir F. Gore Ouseley, and printed with prefaces by the editor and by Mr. Julian Marshall in Vol. II. of the Purcell Society's edition, 1882. Although the editors noticed that the words of the Masque, as set by Purcell, differ from Shadwell's text, they seem to have thought that the Purcell music was written for the first production. But we know that it only dates from a revival. Lord Lansdowne alludes to this in the epilogue to his *The Jew of Venice*, Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1701:

> How was the scene forlorn, and how despised,
> When *Tymon*, without Musick, moraliz'd?
> *Shakespears* sublime in vain entic'd the Throng,
> Without the charm of *Purcells* Syren Song.

The new version of the Masque, which seems to be due to Motteux, as he printed some of the songs in the *Gentleman's Journal*, May, 1693, and says "As for the words I made 'em in haste" was set by J. W. Franck, and they were afterwards utilized by Purcell for his music. One of these songs *The cares of lovers* was printed in 1695 in the Second Book of *Deliciæ Musicæ*. It is there entitled "A Song (in *Timon of Athens*)

Sung by the Boy, and set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*." "The Boy" was Jemmy Bowen.

Of Purcell's music we have an Overture, the Masque, and a Curtain Tune.

With the additional attraction of the new music, *Timon* proved immensely popular, and whatever the faults of Shadwell's rearrangement it is not difficult to see that it is an excellent acting play.

At the Haymarket, 27 June, 1707, *Timon* was given by the Summer Company with Mills in the title-rôle; Verbruggen Apemantus; Booth Alcibiades; Norris the Poet; Bullock Phæax; Johnson Ælius; Mrs. Porter Evandra; and Mrs. Bradshaw Melissa.

10 December, of the same year, Powell was acting Timon at Drury Lane with Pinkethman as the Poet.

1 July, 1708, at the same house, Keen played Apemantus.

10 December, 1709, at Drury Lane, Powell is Timon; Keen Apemantus; Booth Alcibiades; Mrs. Bradshaw Melissa; and Mrs. Knight Evandra.

17 February, 1711, at the Haymarket we find *Timon* is given with practically this same cast.

In *The Spectator*, Wednesday, 20 June, 1711, (xcvi) is advertised: "By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians. At the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane on Friday next being the 22nd of June, will be presented a Play call'd Timon of Athens; or, the Man-hater. The Part of Timon to be performed by Mr. Powell, Alcibiades Mr. Booth, Apemantus Mr. Mills, Ælius Mr. Johnson, Phæax Mr. Bullock, Isander Mr. Leigh, Poet Mr. Norris, Evandra Mrs. Knight, Melissa Mrs. Bradshaw. N.B. The Company will continue acting every Tuesday and Friday during this Summer Season." On Friday the same advertisement appears with an addition: "The Play is sold by Jacob Tonson, at Shakespear's Head over-against Catharine-street in the Strand."

Timon was repeated on Tuesday, 30 October, 1711, with the same cast save that Keen was the Apemantus, Pinkethman the Poet, and Norris Cleon.

Saturday, 17 May, 1712, *Timon* was presented at Drury Lane, "All the Parts dispos'd to the best Advantage." *The Country Wake*, a farce by Dogget, followed.

Timon appears pretty regularly season after season with the necessary changes of cast. 29 January, 1717, at Drury Lane, Booth is Timon to the Evandra of Mrs. Porter.

At the same theatre, 6 December, 1720, Booth is still Timon, with Mills as Apemantus; Walker Alcibiades; Pinkethman the Poet; Johnson, Miller, Norris, Shepherd, and Cross, Senators; Mrs. Thurmond Evandra; Mrs. Horton Melissa.

Booth had made the part of Timon peculiarly his own, and after Pinkethman retired from the stage in 1724, the Poet was usually allotted to Theophilus Cibber.

Booth was seen for the last time on 9 January, 1727, when he played Julio in *The Double Falsehood*, and on 1 May, 1733, *Timon of Athens* at Covent Garden was announced as "Not Acted 16 years." Milward appeared as Timon; Quin Apemantus; Walker Alcibiades; Mrs. Hallam Evandra; Mrs. Buchanan Melissa.

At Drury Lane 23 November, 1733, Bridgewater was Timon, and Mrs. Horton Evandra.

28 March, 1734, Walker played Timon for his benefit at Covent Garden; Quin Apemantus; Ryan Alcibiades; Chapman the Poet.

At Drury Lane 20 March, 1740, Milward played Timon for his benefit; Quin Apemantus; Mills Alcibiades; Woodward the Poet; Johnson Ælius; Mrs. Butler Evandra; Mrs. Pritchard Melissa. *The Mock-Lawyer*, lightest fare by Edward Phillips, with Chapman in the title-rôle followed.

At Covent Garden 20 April, 1745, for Hale's benefit, and incorrectly announced as "Not acted 14 years" (at that house), *Timon* was given with Quin Apemantus; Hippisley Phæax; Theophilus Cibber the Poet; Woodward Isander; Mrs. Pritchard Evandra; and Miss Hippisley Chloe. The rest of the cast is omitted.

Davies in his annotations on the *Roscius Anglicanus*, Waldron's edition 1789, says: "*Timon*, by *Shadwell*, was acted at the Theatres of Drury-Lane, and Lincoln's-Inn Fields, about forty-five years since.

Mills played *Timon* and Mrs. *Thurmond Evandra*, at Drury-Lane; *Walker Timon*, and Quin *Apemantus*, at Lincoln's Inn Fields."

In 1768 Love published an octavo "Timon of Athens As It is Acted At The Theatre-Royal On Richmond-Green Altered From Shakespear and Shadwell." He himself played Apemantus; Aickin Timon; Cautherley Alcibiades; Bransby, who has reappeared, Flavius; Mrs. Stephens Evandra; Mrs. Baker Phrynia; Mrs. Lessingham Timandra. Melissa does not enter although she is mentioned in the scene between Timon and Evandra. At the Banquet a song is introduced from Shadwell. Evandra distributes money to the servants instead of Flavius. In the penultimate scene Timon and Evandra, after a perfervid scene exeunt to die out of sight of the audience. 'Tis an unhappy gallimaufry. Yet Waldron noticing this version says that it "was perform'd about twenty years since at the Theatre-Royal, Richmond; the scenery, dresses, and decorations were very splendid, the play well perform'd, and the receipts to it considerable."

On 4 December, 1771, at Drury Lane, after a long and bickering correspondence between Garrick and the adapter, *Timon of Athens* was revived with alterations by Richard Cumberland, who ingenuously wished he

" could have brought this Play upon the Stage with less Violence to its Author." At any rate he had the grace to put the tag *Post hoc uehemens lupus* (Horace, Epist. II, 11, 28), upon the title-page, 8vo, 1771. Barry was Timon; Crofts Alcibiades; Bannister Apemantus; and Mrs. Barry Evanthe, the only female character. Evanthe is Timon's daughter with whom Alcibiades is in love, Lucius (acted by Palmer) being a rival suitor. The final scene is " *The prospect of a rude wild country, to a considerable extent, with the ruins of a Temple to* Faunus " upon the steps of which Timon supported by Evanthe and the faithful Flavius expires, whilst the victorious Alcibiades comforts his " loveliest, dearest maid."

One may presume that the engraving of Barry of Timon published with Shakespeare's tragedy " As it is Acted at the Theatres-Royal in Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden ", 1780, represents the extraordinary costume he wore in Cumberland's bad transmogrification.

13 May, 1786, at Covent Garden was presented a new alteration of *Timon of Athens* from Shakespeare and Shadwell. It is generally attributed to Hull who played Flavius, and for whose benefit the piece was given. Holman appeared as Timon; Wroughton Apemantus; Farren Alcibiades; Quick Lucullus; Wewitzer Lucius; Mrs. Inchbald Melissa; and a " Young Lady, (her 1st appearance) " Evandra.

Genest says: " Wroughton was a very good Apemantus—Flavius was completely in Hull's line—Quick and Wewitzer played well and did not make their parts too comic."

28 October, 1816, *Timon of Athens*, altered by the Hon. George Lamb " with no other omissions than such as the refinements of manners has rendered necessary " (in the hey-day of Corinthian bucks and their dashing Cyprians), was revived at Drury Lane. Kean played Timon; Bengough Apemantus; T. W. Wallack Alcibiades; Holland Flavius; Harley Lucius; S. Penley Lucullus; Bernard Sempronius. It is a petty piddling piece of work, insipid to a degree. Yet it was performed seven times that season.

In Dublin Shadwell's *Timon* was a prime favourite and Chetwood gives us the following cast *circa* 1715: Timon Thomas Elrington; Alcibiades John Evans; Apemantus Joseph Ashbury, old but surprisingly vigorous; Nicias young Francis Elrington; Phæax Johnny Thurmond (as he was always call'd); Ælius Trefusis the original Trapland of *Love for Love;* Cleon Quin; Isidore Hall; Thrasillus Daugharty, who not long after was foully murdered; Demetrius Leigh; Poet Thomas Griffith a great wit tho' " low in stature "; Painter Oates; Jeweller Bowman junior; Musician Hallam; Evandra Mrs. Thurmond, who was much admir'd; Melissa Mrs. Wilkins; Chloe Mrs. Eliza Haywood, famous for her novels, and scarified by Pope; Thais Miss Wilson; Phrinias pretty Miss Schoolding, who became Madame Moreau.

Phelps produced Shakespeare's *Timon* very splendidly mounted in September, 1851, at Sadler's Wells, and revived it in October, 1856. Contemporary critics praise the performances highly. The tragedy was given entire, with only a few cuts in the longer speeches for the sake of time. In fact it seems to have been one of his most notable productions.

Timon was seen at the Princes in March, 1876, with Charles Calvert. A feeble adaptation given at Stratford-upon-Avon in April, 1892, is hardly worth remark. However, 18 May, 1904, Shakespeare's tragedy was revived at the Court by J. H. Leigh.

I have nothing but praise for the excellent production by Robert Atkins, who appeared in the title-rôle, at the Old Vic. in May, 1922. The whole tragedy was extraordinarily fine, and one realized that it does indeed contain some of Shakespeare's greatest work.

To the Most
ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE
GEORGE
DUKE of *BUCKINGHAM*, &c.

May it please your Grace,

NO thing could ever contribute more to my having a good opinion of my self, than the being favour'd by your Grace: The thought of which has so exalted me, that I can no longer conceal my Pride from the World; but must publish the Joy I receive in having so Noble a Patron, and one so excelling in Wit and Judgment; Qualities, which even your Enemies could never doubt of, or detract from. And which make all good men, and men of sence admire you, and none but Fools and ill men fear you for 'em. I am extremely sensible what honour it is to me that my Writings are approved by your Grace; who in your own have so clearly shown the excellency of Wit and Judgment in your Self, and so justly the defect of 'em in others, that they at once serve for the greatest example, and the sharpest reproof. And no man who has perfectly understood the *Rehearsal*, and some other of your Writings, if he has any *Genius* at all, can write ill after it.

I pretend not of an Epistle to make a Declamation upon these and your other excellent Qualities. For naming the Duke of *Buckingham* is enough: who cannot have greater commendations from me than all who have the honour to know him already give him. Amongst which number I think it my greatest happiness to be one, and can never be prouder of any thing can arrive to me, than of the honour of having been admitted sometimes into your Graces Conversation, the most charming in the World. I am now to present your Grace with this History of *Timon*, which you were pleased to tell me you liked, and it is the more worthy of you, since it has

the inimitable hand of *Shakespear* in it, which never made more Masterly strokes than in this. Yet I can truly say, I have made it into a Play. Which I humbly lay at your feet, begging the continuance of your Favour, which no man can value more than I shall ever do, who am unfeignedly,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

Most Obedient,

humble Servant,

THO. SHADWELL.

Prologue

TO

TIMON.

SInce the bare gleanings of the ſtage are grown
The only portion for briſk Wits o'th' Town,
We mean such as have no crop of their own;
Methinks you should encourage them that sow,
Who are to watch and gather what does grow.
Thus a poor Poet muſt maintain a Muse
As you do Miſtresses for others use:
The wittieſt Play can serve him but one day!
Though for three months it finds you what to say.
Yet you your Creditors of wit will fail,
And never pay, but borrow on and rail.
Poor Echo's can repeat wit, though they've none,
Like Bag-pipes they no sound have of their own,
Till some into their emptiness be blown.
Yet——
To be thought Wits and Judges they're so glad,
And labour for't as if they were Wit-mad.
Some will keep Tables for the Wits o'th' Nation,
And Poets eat them into reputation.
Some Scriblers will Wit their whole bus'ness make,
For labour'd dullness grievous pains will take;
And when with many Throes they've travail'd long,
They now and then bring forth a foolish Song.
One Fop all modern Poets will condemn,
And by this means a parlous Judg will seem,
Wit is a common Idol, and in vain
Fops try a thousand wayes the name to gain.

Pray judge the nauseous Farces of the Age,
And meddle not with sence upon the Stage;
To you our Poet no one line submits,
Who such a Coil will keep to be thought Wits:
'Tis you who truly are so, he would please;
But knows it is not to be done with ease.
In the Art of Judging you as wise are grown,
As in their Choice some Ladies of the Town.
Your neat shap't Barbary *Wits you will deſpise,*
And none but luſty sinewy *Writers prize.*
Old English Shakespear-*ſtomachs you have ſtill,*
And judge as our Fore-fathers writ with Skill
You Coin the Wit, the Witlings of the Town
Retailers are, that ſpread it up and down.
Set but your ſtamp upon't, though it be brass,
With all the Wou'd-be-Wits, 'twill currant pass.
Try it to day and we are sure 'twill hit,
All to your Soveraign Empire muſt submit.

Persons Names.

TIMON *of* Athens,		Mr. *Betterton.*
Alcibiades, *an Athenian Capt.*		Mr. *Smith.*
Apemantus, *a Rigid Philosopher.*		Mr. *Harris.*
Nicias,	*Senators of* Athens.	Mr. *Standford.*
Phæax,		Mr. *Underhill.*
Ælius,		Mr. *Leigh.*
Cleon,		Mr. *Norris.*
Isander,		Mr. *Percival.*
Isidore,		Mr. *Gillo.*
Thrasillus,		
Demetrius, Timon's *Steward.*		Mr. *Medburne.*
Diphilus, *Servant to* Timon.		Mr. *Bowman.*
Old Man.		Mr. *Richards.*
Poet.		Mr. *Jevon.*
Painter.		
Jeweller.		
Musician.		
Merchant.		
Evandra,	*Mistresses to* Alcibiades.	Mrs. *Betterton.*
Melissa,		Mrs. *Shadwell.*
Chloe,		Mrs. *Gibbs.*
Thais,		Mrs. *Seymor.*
Phrinias,		Mrs. *Le-Grand.*
Servants.		
Messengers.		
Several Masqueraders.		
Souldiers		

SCENE *Athens.*

Timon of Athens,

OR, THE

MAN-HATER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Demetrius.

Dem. HOW ſtrange is it to ſee my Riotous Lord
With careleſs Luxury betray himſelf!
To Feaſt and Revel all his hours away;
Without account how faſt his Treaſure ebbs,
How ſlowly flows, and when I warn'd him of
His following dangers, with his rigorous frowns
He nipt my growing honeſty i'th' Bud,
And kill'd it quite; and well for me he did ſo.
It was a barren Stock would yield no Fruit:
But now like Evil Councellours I comply,
And lull him in his ſoft Lethargick life.
And like ſuch curſed Politicians can
Share in the head-long ruine, and will riſe by't:
What vaſt rewards to nauſeous Flatterers,
To Pimps, and Women, what eſtates he gives!
And ſhall I have no ſhare? Be gon all Honeſty,
Thou foolish, ſlender, thredbare, ſtarving thing, be gon!

Enter Poet.

Here's a fellow horſe-leech: How now Poet, how goes the world?

Poet. Why, it wears as it grows: but is Lord *Timon* viſible?

Dem. Hee'll come out ſuddenly, what have you to preſent him?

Poet. A little Off-ſpring of my fruitful Muſe: She's in travail daily for his honour.

Dem. For your own profit, you gross flatterer.
By his damn'd Panegyricks he has written [*Aside*
Himself up to my Lord's Table,
Which he seldom fails: nay, into his Chariot,
Where he in publick does not blush to own
The sordid Scribler.

Poet. The last thing I presented my Noble Lord was Epigram: But this is in Heroick style.

Dem. What d'ye mean by style? that of good sence is all alike; that is to say; with apt and easie words, not one too little or too much: And this I think good style.

Poet. O Sir, you are wide o'th' matter! apt and easie!
Heroicks must be lofty and high sounding;
No easie language in Heroick Verse;
'Tis most unfit: for should I name a Lion,
I must not in Heroicks call him so!

Dem. What then?

Poet. I'de as soon call him an Ass. No thus——
The fierce *Numidian* Monarch of the Beasts.

Dem. That's lofty, is it?

Poet. O yes! but a Lion would sound so baldly, not to be
Endur'd, and a Bull too——but
The mighty Warriour of the horned Race:
Ah!——how that sounds!

Dem. Then I perceive sound's the great matter in this way.

Poet. Ever while you live.

Dem. How would you sound a Fox as you call it?

Poet. A Fox is but a scurvey Beast for Heroick Verse.

Dem. Hum——is it so? how will a Raven do in Heroick?

Poet. Oh very well, Sir.
That black and dreadful fate-denouncing fowl.

Dem. An excellent sound——But let me see your Piece.

Poet. I'le read it——'Tis a good morrow to the Lord *Timon.*

Dem. Do you make good morrow sound loftily?

Poet. Oh very loftily!——

The fringed Vallance of your eyes advance,
Shake off your Canopy'd and downie trance:
Phœbus *already quaffs the morning dew,*
Each does his daily lease of life renew.

Now you shall hear description, 'tis the very life of Poetry.

He darts his beams on the Larks mossie house,
And from his quiet tenement does rouze

The little charming and harmonious Fowl,
Which sings its lump of Body to a Soul:
Swiftly it clambers up in the steep air
With warbling throat and makes each note a stair.

There's rapture for you! hah!———

Dem. Very fine.

Poet. *This the sollicitous Lover straight alarms,*
Who too long slumber'd in his Cœlia's *arms:*
And now the swelling Spunges of the night
With aking heads stagger from their delight:
Slovenly Taylors to their needles hast:
Already now the moving shops are plac'd
By those who crop the treasures of the fields
And all those Gems the ripening Summer yields.

Who d'ye think are now? Why——Nothing but Herb women: there are fine lofty expressions for Herb women: ha!—*Already now, &c.*

Dem. But what's all this to my Lord?

Poet. No, that's true, 'tis description though.

Dem. Yes in twenty lines to describe to him that 'tis about the Fourth hour in the morning——I'le in and let him
Know in three words 'tis the seventh.

[*Exit* Demetrius.

Enter Musician.

Poet. Good morning, Sir, whither this way?

Mus. To present his Honour with a piece of Musick.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. My Lord will soon come out.

Poet. He's the very spirit of Nobility——
And like the Sun when ever he breaks forth,
His Universal bounty falls on all.

Enter Merchant, Jeweller, Painter, *and several others.*

Jewell. Good morrow, Gentlemen.

Paint. Save you all.

Dem. Now they begin to swarm about the house!

Poet. What confluence the worthy *Timon* draws?
Magick of bounty——These familiar Spirits
Are conjur'd up by thee.

Merch. 'Tis a splendid Jewel.

Jewell. 'Tis of an excellent water.

Poet. What have you there, Sir?

Paint. It is a Picture, Sir, a dumb piece of Poetry: but you present a speaking Poem.

Poet. I have a little thing slipt idly from me:
The fire within the flint shews not it self
Till it be struck; our gentle flame provokes
It self.———

Dem. You write so scurvily, the Devil's in any man that provokes You, but your self.

Poet. It is a pretty mocking of the life.

Paint. So, so.

Dem. Now must these Rascals be presented all,
As if they had saved his honour or his life;
And I must have a feeling in the business.

Enter certain Senators going in to Timon.

Poet. How this Lord is follow'd! [*Enter more who pass over.*

Paint. See more, well, he's a noble spirit!

Jewell. A most worthy Lord!

Poet. What a floud of Visitors his bounty draws!

Dem. You see how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and slippery Creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality, present
Their services to Lord *Timon*'s prosp'rous fortune.
He to his good and gracious nature does subdue
All sorts of tempers, from the smooth fac'd flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that Philosophical Churle
Who hates the world, and does almost abhor
Himself———

Paint. He is a most excellent Lord, and makes the finest Picture!

Poet. The joy of all mankind; deserves a *Homer* for his Poet.

Jewell. A most accomplisht person!

Poet. The Glory of the Age!

Paint. Above all parallel!

Dem. And yet these Rogues, were this man poor, would fly him,
As I would them, if I were he. [*Soft Musick.*

Poet. Here's excellent Musick!
In what delights he melts his hours away!

Enter Timon *and Senators*, Timon *addressing himself courteously to all.*

Tim. My Lord you wrong your self, and bate too much
Of your own merits: 'Tis but a trifle.

Ælius. With more than common thanks I must receive it.

Isidore. Your Lordship has the very soul of bounty.
Phæax. You load us with too many Obligations.
Tim. I never can oblige my friends too much.
My Lord, I remember you the other day
Commended a Bay Courser which I rode on.
He's yours, because you lik'd him.
Phæax. I beseech your Lordship pardon me in this.
Tim. My word is past: is there ought else you like?
I know, my Lord, no man can justly praise
But what he does affect; and I must weigh
My Friends affections with my own:
So kindly I receive your visits, Lords:
My heart is not enough to give, me thinks,
I could deal Kingdoms to my Friends and ne're be weary.
Ælius. We all must stand amaz'd at your vast bounty!
Cleon. The spirit of Magnificence reigns in you!
Phæax. Your Bounty's as diffusive as the Sea.
Tim. My Noble Lords, you do me too much honour.
Isand. There lives not such a Noble Lord on Earth.
Thrasil. None but the Sun and He oblige without
A prospect of Return.

Enter a Messenger and whispers Timon.

Tim. Lampridius imprison'd! say you?
Mess. Yes, my good Lord, five Talents is his debt:
His Means are short, his Creditors most strict.
He begs your Letter to those cruel men,
That may preserve him from his utter ruine.
Tim. I am not of that temper to shake off
My Friend when most he needs me: I know him,
A Gentleman that well deserves my help;
Which he shall have: I'le pay the debt and free him.
Mess. Your Lordship ever binds him to your service.
Tim. Commend me to him, I will send his Ransom,
And when he's free, bid him depend on me:
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after——tell him so.
Mess. All happiness to your honour. [*Exit Messenger.*

Enter an Old Athenian.

Old Man. My Lord, pray hear me speak.
Tim. Freely, good Father.
Old Man. You have a Servant nam'd *Diphilus*.

Tim. I have so, that is he.
Old Man. That fellow there by night frequents my house.
I am a man that from my first have been
Inclin'd to thrift, and my Estate deserves
A nobler Heir than one that holds a trencher.
Tim. Go on.
Old Man. I have an only Daughter: no Kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The Maid is fair, o'th youngest for a Bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost.
This man attempts her love; pray my good Lord
Joyn with me to forbid him; I have often
Told him my mind in vain.
Tim. The man is honest.
Old Man. His honesty rewards him in himself;
It must not bear my Daughter.
Tim. Does she love him?
Old Man. She is young and apt.
Tim. Do you love her?
Diphil. Yes, my good Lord, and she accepts of mine.
Old Man. If to her marriage my consent be wanting,
I call the gods to witness, I will make
The Beggars of the street My Heirs e're she
Shall have a drachma.
Tim. This Gentleman of mine has serv'd me long;
There is a duty from a Master too,
To build his Fortune I will strain a little,
What'ere your Daughters Portion weighs, this
Mans shall counterpoise,
Old Man. Say you so, my Noble Lord! upon your honour
This, and she is his.
Tim. Give me thy hand: my Honour on my promise.
Diphil. My Noble Lord, I thank you on my knees:
May I be as miserable as I shall be base
When I forget this most surprizing favour:
No Fortune or Estate shall e're be mine,
Which I'le not humbly lay before your feet.
Tim. Rise. I ne're do good with prospect of return,
That were but merchandizing, a meer trade
Of putting kindness out to Use.
Poet. Vouchsafe to accept my labours, and long live your Lordship.
Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
What have you there, my friend?

Paint. A piece of Limning for your Lordship.
Tim. 'Tis welcome. I like it, and you shall find I do.
Jewell. My Lord, here is the Jewel!
Tim. 'Tis Excellent!

Enter Apemantus.

Jewel. Your Lordship mends the Jewel by the wearing.
Tim. Well mock't.
Poet. No, my good Lord, he speaks what all men think.
Apem. Scum of all flatterers, wilt thou still persist
For filthy gain to gild and varnish o're
This great Man's Vanities!
Tim. Nay, now we must be chidden.
Poet. I can bear with your Lordship.
Apem. Yes and without him too: vain credulous *Timon*,
If thou believ'st this Knave, thou'rt a fool.
Tim. Well, gentle *Apemantus*, good morrow to thee.
Apem. Till I am gentle: stay for thy good morrow
Till thou art *Timon*'s dog, and these Knaves honest.
Tim. Why dost thou call them Knaves?
Apem. They're *Athenians*, and I'le not recant;
Th'are all base Fawners; what a coile is here
With smiling, cringing, jutting out of Bums:
I wonder whether all the legs they make
Are worth the summes they cost you; friendship's full
Of dregs, base filthy dregs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth for cringes.
Ælius. Do you know us, fellow?
Apem. Did I not call you by your names?
Tim. Thou preachest against Vice, and thou thy self art proud *Apemantus*.
Apem. Proud! that I am not *Timon*.
Tim. Why so?
Apem. To give belief to flatt'ring Knaves and Poets,
And to be still my self my greatest flatterer:
What should Great Men be proud of stead of noise
And pomp and show, and holding up their heads,
And cocking up their noses; pleas'd to see
Base smiling Knaves, and cringing fools bow to 'em?
Did they but see their own ridiculous folly,
Their mean and absurd vanities; they'd hide
Their heads within some dark and little corner,
And be afraid that every fool should find 'em.

Tim. Thou hast too much sowrness in thy blood.
Poet. Hang him,—n'er mind him——
Apem. What is this foolish animal man, that we
Should magnifie him so? a little warm,
And walking Earth that will be ashes soon;
We come into the world crying and squalling,
And so much of our time's consum'd in driv'ling infancy,
In ignorance, sleep, disease and trouble, that
The remainder is not worth the being rear'd to.
Phæax. A preaching fool.
Apem. A fool? if thou hadst half my wit thou'd'st find
Thy self an Ass! Is it not truth I speak?
Are not all the arts and subtleties of men,
All their Inventions, all their Sciences,
All their Diversions, all their Sports, little enough
To pass away their happiest hours with,
And make a heavy life be born with patience?
Tim. I with the help of my friends will make mine easier
Than what your melancholy frames.
Apem. How little dost thou look before thee!
Thou, who tak'st such great felicity in Fools and Knaves,
And in thy own enjoyments, wilt e're long
Find 'em such thin, such poor and empty shadows,
That thou wilt wish thou never hadst been born.
Tim. I do not think so.
Phæax. Hang him, send him to the *Areopagus*, and let him
Be whipt!
Apem. Thus innocence, truth and merit often suffer,
Whilst injurers, oppressors and desertless fools
Swell in their brief authority, look big
And strut in Furs; 'tis a foul shame,
But 'tis a loathsome Age,——it has been long
Imposthumating with its villanie;
And now the swelling's broken out
In most contagious ulcers; no place free
From the destructive Pestilence of manners.
Out upon't, 'tis time the world should end!
Tim. Do not rail so——'tis to little purpose.
Apem. I fear it is, I have done my morning lecture,
And I'le be gone———
Tim. Whither?
Apem. To knock out an honest *Athenian's* brains.
Tim. Why? that's a deed thou'lt die for *Apemantus*.

Apem. Yes if doing nothing be death by the Law.
Tim. Will nothing please thee? how dost thou like this Picture?
Apem. Better than the thing 'twas drawn for, 'twill
Neither lie, drink, nor whore,
Flatter a man to his face, and cut his
Throat behind his back;
For since false smiles, and base
Dishonour traffique with man's nature,
He is but mere outside; Pictures are
Even such as they give out: Oh! did you see
The insides of these Fellows minds about you,
You'd loath the base corruptions more than all
The putrid Excrements their bodies hide.
Ælius. Silence the foul mouth'd villain.
Tim. He hurts not us. How lik'st thou this Jewel?
Apem. Not so well as plain dealing, which will not cost a
Man a doit.
Tim. What dost thou think this Jewel worth?
Apem. What fools esteem it, it is not worth my thinking,
Lo, now the mighty use of thy great Riches!
That must set infinite value on a Bawble!
Will't keep thee warm, or satisfie thy thirst,
Or hunger? No it is comparison
That gives it value; then, thou look'st upon
Thy finger, and art very proud to think
A poor man cannot have it: Childish pleasure!
What stretcht inventions must be found to make
Great wealth of Use? Oh! that I were a Lord!
Tim. What would'st thou do?
Apem. I would cudgel two men a day for flattering me,
Till I had beaten the whole Senate.
Phæax. Let the Villain be soundly punish'd for his
Licentious tongue.
Tim. No, the man is honest, 'tis his humour: 'Tis odd,
And methinks pleasant. You must dine with me,
Apemantus.
Apem. I devour no Lords.
Tim. No, if you did, the Ladies wou'd be angry.
Apem. Yet they with all their modest simperings,
And varnish'd looks, can swallow Lords, and get
Great bellies by't, yet keep their virtuous
Vizors on, till a poor little Bastard steals into
The World, and tells a tale.

Enter Nicius.

Tim. My Noble Lord, welcome! most welcom to my arms!
You are the Fountain from which all my happiness
Did spring! your matchless Daughter, fair *Mellissa.*
Nic. You honour us too much, my Lord.
Tim. I cannot, she is the joy of *Athens!* the chief delight
Of Nature, the only life I live by: Oh, that her vows
Were once expir'd; it is, methinks, an Age till that blest day
When we shall joyn our hands and hearts together.
Nic. 'Tis but a week, my Lord.
Tim. 'Tis a thousand years.
Apem. Thou miserable Lord, hast thou to compleat
All thy calamities, that plague of Love,
That most unmanly madness of the mind,
That specious cheat, as false as friendship is?
Did'st thou but see how like a sniveling thing
Thou look'st and talk'st, thou would'st abhor or laugh at
Thy own admir'd Image.
Tim. Peace: I will hear no railing on this subject.
Apem. *Oh vile corrupted time, that men should be*
Deaf to good Counsel, not to Flatterie.
Tim. Come, my dear Friends, let us now visit our Gardens,
And refresh our selves with some cool Wines and Fruit:
I am transported with your Visits!
There is not now a Prince whom I can envy,
Unless it be in that he can more bestow
Upon the men he loves.
Ælius. My Noble Lord, who would not wed your Friendship,
Though without a Dowrie?
Isidor. Most worthy *Timon!* who has a life you may not
call your own?
Phæax. We are all your slaves.
Poet. The joy of all Mankind.
Jewel. Great spirit of Nobleness.
Tim. We must not part this day my Friends.
Apem. So, so, crouching slaves aches contract and make your supple
Joynts to wither; that there should be so little
Love among these Knaves, yet all this courtesie!
They hate and scorn each other, yet they kiss
As if they were of different Sexes: Villains, Villains.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Evandra. *Re-enter* Timon.

Tim. Hail to the fair *Evandra!* methinks your looks are chang'd,
And clouded with some grief that misbecomes 'em.
Evan. My Lord, my ears this morning were saluted with
The most unhappy news, the dismal'st story,
The only one cou'd have afflicted me;
My dream foretold it, and I wak'd affrighted
With a cold sweat o're all my limbs.
Tim. What was it Madam?
Evand. You speak not with the kindness you were wont,
I have been us'd to tenderer words than these:
It is too true, and I am miserable!
Tim. What is't disturbs you so? too well I guess. [*Aside.*
Evan. I hear I am to lose your Love, which was
The only earthly blessing I enjoy'd,
And that on which my life depended.
Tim. No, I must ever love my Excellent *Evandra!*
Evan. *Melissa* will not suffer it: Oh cruel *Timon*,
Thou well may'st blush at thy ingratitude!
Had I so much towards thee, I ne're shou'd show
My face without confusion: Such a guilt,
As if I had destroy'd thy Race, and ruin'd
All thy Estate, and made thee infamous!
Thy Love to me I cou'd prefer before
All cold respects of Kindred, Wealth and Fame.
Tim. You have been kind so far above return,
That 'tis beyond expression.
Evan. Call to mind
Whose Race I sprung from, that of great *Alcides*,
Though not my Fortune, my Beauty and my Youth
And my unspotted Fame yielded to none.
You on your knees a thousand times have sworn,
That they exceeded all, and yet all these,
The only treasures a poor Maid possest,
I sacrific'd to you, and rather chose
To throw my self away, than you shou'd be
Uneasie in your wishes; since which happy
And yet unhappy time, you have been to me,
My Life, my Joy, my Earth, my Heaven, my All,
I never had one single wish beyond you;
Nay, every action, every thought of mine,
How far soe're their large circumference
Stretcht out, yet center'd all in you: You were
My End, the only thing could fill my mind.

Tim. She strikes me to the heart! I would I had
Not seen her. [*Aside.*
Evan. Ah *Timon*, I have lov'd you so, that had
My eyes offended you, I with these fingers
Had pluckt 'em by the roots, and cast them from me:
Or had my heart contain'd one thought that was
Not yours, I with this hand would rip it open:
Shew me a Wife in *Athens* can say this;
And yet I am not one, but you are now to marry.
Tim. That I have lov'd you, you and Heav'n can witness
By many long repeated acts of Love,
And Bounty I have shew'd you——
Evan. Bounty! ah *Timon!*
I am not yet so mean, but I contemn
Your transitory dirt, and all rewards,
But that of Love, your person was the bound
Of all my thoughts and wishes, in return
You *have* lov'd me! Oh miserable sound!
I would you never had, or alwayes would.
Tim. Man is not master of his appetites,
Heav'n swayes our mind to Love.
Evan. But Hell to falsehood:
How many thousand times y' have vow'd and sworn
Eternal Love; Heav'n has not yet absolv'd
You of your Oaths to me; nor can I ever:
My Love's as much too much as yours too little.
Tim. If you love me, you'l love my happiness,
Melissa; Beauty and her Love to me
Has so inflam'd me, I can have none without her.
Evan. If I had lov'd another, when you first,
My dear, false *Timon* swore to me, would you
Have wisht I might have found my happiness
Within anothers arms? No, no, it is
To love a contradiction.
Tim. 'Tis a truth I cannot answer.
Evan. Besides, *Melissa*'s beauty
Is not believ'd to exceed my little stock;
Even modesty may praise it self when 'tis
Aspers'd: But her Love is mercenary,
Most mercenary, base, 'tis Marriage-Love:
She gives her person, but in vile exchange
She does demand your liberty: But I
Could generously give without mean bargaining:

I trusted to your honour, and lost mine,
Lost all my Friends and Kindred: but little thought
I should have lost my Love, and cast it on
A barren and ungrateful soil that would return no fruit.
Tim. This does perplex me, I must break it off. [*Aside.*
Evan. The first storm of your Love did shake me so,
It threw down all my leaves, my hopeful blossoms,
Pull'd down my branches; but this latter tempest of your hate
Strikes at my root, and I must wither now,
Like a desertless, sapless tree: must fall——
Tim. You are secure against all injuries
While I have breath——
Evan. And yet you do the greatest.
Tim. You shall be so much partner of my fortune
As will secure you full respect from all,
And may support your quality in what pomp
You can desire.
Evan. I am not of so course a Mould, or have
So gross a mind, as to partake of ought
That's yours without you———
But, oh thou too dear perjur'd man, I could
With thee prefer a dungeon, a low and loathsome dungeon
Before the stately gilded fretted Roofs,
The Pomp, the noise, the show, the revelling,
And all the glittering splendour of a Palace.
Tim. I by resistless fate am hurry'd on——
Evan. A vulgar, mean excuse for doing ill.
Tim. If that were not, my honour is engag'd——
Evan. It had a pre-engagement.
Tim. All the great men of *Athens* urge me on
To marry and to preserve my Race.
Evan. Suppose your Wife be false; (as 'tis not new
In *Athens*;) and suffer others to graft upon
Your stock; where is your Race? weak vulgar reason!
Tim. Her honour will not suffer her.
Evan. She may do it cunningly and keep her honour.
Tim. Her love will then secure her; which is as fervent.
Evan. As yours was once to me, and may continue
Perhaps as long, and yet you cannot know
She loves you. Since that base *Cecropian* Law
Made Love a merchandize, to traffick hearts
For Marriage, and for Dowry, who's secure?
Now her great sign of Love, is, she's content

To bind you in the ſtrongeſt chains, and to
A ſlavery, nought can manumize you from
But death: And I could be content to be
A ſlave to you, without those vile conditions——
Tim. Why are not our deſires within our power?
Or why ſhould we be puniſht for obeying them?
But we cannot create our own affections;
They're mov'd by ſome invisible active Pow'r,
And we are only paſſive, and whatſoever
Of imperfection follows from th' obedience
To our deſires, we ſuffer, not commit;
And 'tis a cruel and a hard decree,
That we muſt ſuffer firſt, and then be puniſh't for't.
Evan. Your Philoſophy is too ſubtle—but what
Security of Love from her can be like mine?
Is Marriage a bond of Truth, which does conſiſt
Of a few trifling Ceremonies? Or are those
Charms or Philters? 'Tis true, my Lord, I was not
Firſt lifted o're the Threſhold, and then
Led by my Parents to *Minerva*'s Temple:
No young unyok'd Heifers blood was offer'd
To *Diana;* no invocation to *Juno*, or the *Parcæ:*
No Coachman drove me with a lighted torch;
Nor was your houſe adorn'd with Garlands then;
Nor had I Figs thrown on my head, or lighted
By my dear Mothers torches to your bed:
Are theſe ſlight things, the bonds of truth and conſtancy?
I came all Love into your arms, unmixt
With other aims; and you for this will cauſe
My death.
Tim. I'de ſooner ſeek my own, *Evandra.*
Evan. Ah, my Lord, if that be true, then go not to *Meliſſa,*
For I ſhall die to ſee another have
Poſſeſſion of all that e're I wiſht for on earth.
Tim. I would I had not ſeen *Meliſſa:*——
Evan. Ah my dear Lord, there is ſome comfort left;
Cheriſh thoſe noble thoughts, and they'l grow ſtronger,
Your lawful gratitude and Love will riſe,
And quell the other rebel-paſſion in you;
Uſe all the endeavours which you can, and if
They fail in my relief, I'le die to make you happy.
Tim. You have moved me to be womaniſh; pray retire,
I will love you.

Evan. Oh happy word! Heav'n ever bless my Dear;
Farewell: but will you never see *Mellissa* more?
Tim. Sweet Excellence! Retire.
Evan. I will——will you remember your *Evandra?*
Tim. Yes, I will.
How happy were Mankind in Constancy,
'Twould equal us with the Celestial Spirits!
O could we meet with the same tremblings still,
Those panting joyes, those furious desires,
Those happy trances which we found at first!
But, oh!

Unhappy man, whose most transporting joy
Feeds on such luscious food as soon will cloy,
And that which shou'd preserve, does it destroy.

[*Exit* Timon.

ACT II.

Enter Melissa *and* Chloe.

Mel. What think'st thou, *Chloe?* will this dress become me?
Chlo. Oh, most exceedingly! This pretty curle
Does give you such a killing Grace, I swear
That all the Youth at the Lord *Timon*'s Mask
Will die for you.
Mel. No: But dost thou think so, *Chloe?* I love
To make those Fellows die for me, and I
All the while look so scornfully, and then with my
Head on one side, with a languishing eye I do so
Kill 'em again: Prithee, what do they say of me,
Chloe?
Chloe. Say! That you are the Queen of all their hearts,
Their Goddess, their Destiny, and talk of *Cupid*'s flames,
And darts, and Wounds! Oh the rarest language,
'Twould make one die to hear it; and ever now
And then steal some gold into my hand,
And then commend me too.
Mel. Dear Soul, do they, and do they die for me?
Chlo. Oh yes, the finest, properest Gentlemen——
Mel. But there are not many that die for me? humh——

Chlo. Oh yes, *Lamachus*, *Theodorus*, *Thessalus*, *Eumolpides*, *Memnon*, and indeed all that see your Ladyship.

Mel. I'le swear? how is my complexion to day? ha *Chloe?*

Chlo. O most fragrant! 'tis a rare white wash this!

Mel. I think it is the best I ever bought; had I not best Lay on some more red, *Chloe?*

Chlo. A little more would do well; it makes you look So pretty, and so plump, Madam.

Mel. I have been too long this morning in dressing.

Chlo. Oh no, I vow you have been but bare three hours.

Mel. No more! well, if I were sure to be thus pretty but seven Years, I'de be content to die then on that condition.

Chlo. The gods forbid.

Mel. I'le swear I would; but dost thou think, *Timon* will Like me in this dress?

Chlo. Oh he dies for you in any dress, Madam!

Mel. Oh this vile Taylor that brought me not home my new Habit to day; he deserves the Ostracisme! a Villain, To disorder me so; I am afraid it has done harm To my complexion: I have dreamt of it these two nights, And shall not recover it this week——

Chlo. Indeed, Madam, he deserves death from your eyes.

Mel. I think I look pretty well? will not *Timon* Perceive my disorder?—hah——

Chlo. Oh no, but you speak as if you made this killing Preparation for none but *Timon.*

Mel. O yes, *Chloe*, for every one, I love to have all the Young Blades follow, kiss my hand, admire, adore me, And die for me: but I must have but one favour'd Servant; it is the game and not the quarry, I Must look after it in the rest.

Chlo. Oh Lord, I would have as many admirers as I could.

Mel. Ay so would I——but favour one alone. No, I am resolv'd nothing shall corrupt my honesty; Those admirers would make one a whore, *Chloe*, And that undoes us, 'tis our interest to be honest.

Chlo. Would they? No I warrant you, I'de fain see Any of those admirers make me a Whore.

Mel. Timon loves me honestly and is rich——

Chlo. You have forgot your *Alcibiades:* He is the rarest person! (man,

Mel. No, no, I could love him dearly: oh he was the beautiful'st The finest wit in *Athens*, the best companion, fullest of mirth

And pleasure, and the prettiest ways he had to please Ladies,
He would make his enemies rejoyce to see him.
Chlo. Why? he is all this, and can do all this still.
Mel. Ay, but he has been long banish'd for breaking *Mercurie's*
Images, and profaning the mysteries of *Proserpine;*
Besides, the people took his Estate from him,
And I hate a poor Fellow, from my heart, I swear:
I vow methinks I look so pretty to day, I could
Kiss my self, *Chloe.*
Chlo. Oh dear Madam—I could look on you for ever: oh
What a world of murder you'l commit to day!
Mel. Dost thou think so? ha! ha! no, no——

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The Lord *Timon*'s come to wait on you, and begs
Admittance.

Enter Timon.

Mel. Desire his presence.
Tim. There is enchantment in her looks,
Afresh I am wounded every time I see her:
All happiness to beautiful *Melissa.*
Mel. I shall want none in you, my dearest Lord.
Tim. Sweetest of Creatures, in whom all th' excellence
Of heav'nly Woman-kind is seen unmixt;
Nature has wrought thy mettle up without allay.
Mel. I have no value, but my love of you,
And that I am sure has no allay, 'tis of
So strong a temper, neither time nor death,
Nor any change can break it——
Tim. Dear charming sweet, thy value is so great,
No Kingdom upon Earth should buy thee from me:
But I have still an enemy with you,
That guards me from my happiness; a Vow
Against the Law of Nature, against Love,
The best of Nature, and the highest Law.
Mel. It will be but a week in force.
Tim. 'Tis a whole age: in all approaching joys,
The nearer they come to us, still the time
Seems longer to us: But my dear *Melissa*
Why should we bind our selves with vows and oaths?
Alas, by Nature we are too much confin'd,
Our Libertie's so narrow, that we need not

Find fetters for our selves: No, we should seize
On pleasure wheresoever we can find it,
Leſt at another time we miss it there.
Chlo. Madam, break your Vow, it was a rash one.
Mel. Thou foolish Wench, I cannot get my things
In order till that time; doſt think I will
Be marri'd like some vulgar Creature, which
Snatches at the firſt offer, as if she
Were desperate of having any other?
Tim. Is there no hope that you will break your vow?
Mel. If any thing, one word of yours wou'd do't:
But how can you be once secure, I'le keep
A vow to you, that would not to my self?
Tim. Some dreadful accident may come, *Melissa*,
To interrupt our joyes; let us make sure
O' th' present minute, for the reſt, perhaps,
May not be ours.
Mel. It is not fit it shou'd, if I shou'd break a vow;
No, you shall never find a change in me,
All the fixt ſtars shall sooner ſtray
With an irregular motion, than I change:
This may assure you of my love; if not,
Upon my knees I swear——
Were I the Queen of all the Universe,
And *Timon* were reduc'd to rags and misery,
I would not change my love to him.
Tim. And here I vow,
Should all the frame of Nature be dissolv'd,
Should the firm Centre shake, should Earthquakes rage
With such a fury to disorder all
The peaceful and agreeing Elements,
Till they were hudled into their firſt Chaos,
As long as I could be, I'de be the same,
The same adorer of *Melissa!*
Mel. This is so great a blessing, Heav'n cann't add to it.
Tim. Thou art my Heav'n, *Melissa*, the laſt mark
Of all my hopes and wishes, so I prize thee,
That I could die for thee.

Enter a Servant *of* Timon's.

Serv. My Lord, your dinner's ready, and your Lordship's
Gueſts wait your wisht presence: the Lord
Nicias is already there.

Tim. Let's haſt to wait on him, *Melissa.*
Mel. It is my duty to my Father. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Poet, Apemantus, Servants *setting things in order for the Feaſt.*

Poet. His honour will soon be here, I have prepar'd the Maskers; They are all ready.
Apem. How now, *Poet?* what piece of foppery haſt thou to present to *Timon?*
Poet. Thou art a senceless snarling Stoick, and haſt no taſte of Poetry.
Apem. Thy Poetrie's insipid, none can taſte it:
Thou art a wordy foolish Scribler, who
Writ'ſt nothing but high-sounding frothy ſtuff;
Thou spread'ſt, and beat'ſt out thy poor little sence,
'Tis all leaf-gold, it has no weight in it.
Thou lov'ſt impertinent description,
And when thou haſt a rapture, it is not
The sacred rapture of a Poet, but
Incoherent, extravagant, and unnatural,
Like madmens thoughts, and this thou call'ſt Poetical.
Poet. You are judge! shall dull Philosophers judge
Of us the nimble fancies, and quick spirits
Of the Age?
Apem. The Cox-combs of the Age:
Are there such eminent fopperies as in the
Poets of this time? their moſt unreasonable heads
Are whimsical, and fantaſtick as Fidlers,
They are the scorn and laughter of all witty men,
The folly of you makes the Art contemptible,
None of you have the judgement of a Gander.

Enter Ælius, Nicias, Phæax, *and the other Senators.*

Poet. You are a base snarling Critick; write your
Self, do and you dare.
Apem. I confess 'tis a daring piece of valour, for a man
Of sence to write to an Age that likes your spurious ſtuff.
Nici. What time of the day is't, *Apemantus?*
Apem. Time to be honeſt.
Ælius. That time serves always.
Apem. Then what excuse haſt thou, that would'ſt thus long omit it?
Isid. You ſtay to be at the Lord *Timon*'s Feaſt.
Apem. Yes, to see Meat fill Knaves, and Wine heat Fools.

Cleon. Well, fare thee well.
Apem. Thou art an Ass to bid me farewel.
Cleon. Why so?
Apem. Because I have not so little reason or honesty to
Return thee one good wish for it.
Phæax. Go hang thy self.
Apem. I'le do nothing at thy bidding, make thy requests to
Thy friend, if there be such a wretch on earth.
Phæax. Be gon, unpeaceable dog, or I will spurn thee from me.
Apem. Though I am none, I'le fly like a dog the heels of
The Ass.
Nici. He's opposite to all humanity——
Ælius. Now we shall taste of *Timon*'s bounty.
Phæax. He hath a heart brimful of kindness and good will——
Isid. And pours it down on all his friends, as if *Plutus*
The god of Wealth were but his Steward.
Phæax. No Meed but he repayes sev'n-fold above
It self, no gift but breeds the giver such
Return as does exceed his wishes.
Thrasil. He bears the noblest mind that ever govern'd man.
Phæax. Long may he live with prosperous fortunes.
But I fear it——
Ælius. I hear a whisper, as though he fails his Creditors,
Even of their interest.
Phæax. I fear it is too true——well, 'tis pity: but he's a good Lord!

Enter Timon *with* Melissa, Chloe, Nicias, *and a great train with him.*

Here he comes my Noble Lord.
Nici. Most worthy *Timon!*
Ælius. My most honour'd Lord.
Tim. You over-joy me with your presence! is there
On Earth a sight so splendid, as Tables well
Fill'd with good and faithful friends, like you?
Dear *Melissa!* be pleas'd to know my friends:
Oh *Apemantus!* thou'rt welcome.
Apem. No, thou shalt not make me welcome;
I come to tell thee truth, and if thou hear'st me not,
I'le lock thy Heav'n from thee hereafter: think
On the ebb of your Estate, and flow of debts;
How many prodigal bits do slaves and flatterers gorge?
And now 'tis noble *Timon*, worthy *Timon*, royal *Timon*,

And when the means is gone that buyes this praise,
The breath is gone, whereof the praise is made.
Tim. It is not so with my Estate.
Apem. None are so honest to tell thee of thy vanities,
So the gods bless me.
When all your Offices have been oppresst
With riotous feeders, when every Vault has wept
With drunken spilth of wine, when every room
Has blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with Minstrels,
Or roaring singing drunkards ; I have retir'd
To my poor homely Cell, and set my eyes
At flow for thee, because I find something in
Thee that might be worthy———but as thou art I
Hate and scorn thee.
Tim. Come, preach no more, had I no Estate, I
Am rich in Friends, my Noble Friends here,
The dearest loving Friends that ever man
Was blest with.
Nic. Oh might we have an happy opportunity to show how
We love and honour you !
Ælius. That you wou'd once but use our hearts.
Isand. We'd lay 'em out all in your service.
Phæax. Yes, all our selves, if you wou'd put us to a
Tryal, then we were perfect.
Tim. I doubt it not, I know you'd serve me all ;
Shall I distrust my Friends ? I have often wisht
My self poorer that I might use you —— We are
Born to do good one to another : Friends,
Unless we use 'em, are like sweet instruments hung
Up in cases : But oh, what a precious comfort
'Tis to have so many like Brothers, commanding
One anothers fortunes ! Trust me, my joy brings water
To my eyes.
Phæax. Joy had the like conception in my eyes.
Apem. Ho, ho, ho —— I laugh to think that it conceiv'd a Bastard.
Tim. What dost thou laugh for ?
Apem. To hear these smell-feasts lye and fawn so,
Not only flattering thee, but thy Mutton and thy Partridge.
These Flies, who at one cloud of winter-showers
Would drop from off you.
Cleon. Silence the Dog.
Phæax. Let the snarling Cur be kickt out.
Apem. Of what vile earth, of what mean dirt a Lord is kneaded !

Tim. The man I think is honeſt, and his humour hurts us not.
Apem. I would my reason wou'd do thee good, *Timon.*
Mel. This is an odd snarling fellow; I like him.
Apem. If I could without lying, I'de say the same of thee.
Mel. Why? prethee what doſt thou think of me?
Tim. He'll snarl at thee.
Mel. No matter.
Apem. I think thou art a piece of white and red Earth,
The Picture of Vanity drawn to th' life;
I am thinking how handsome that Skull will
Be when all the Flesh is off; that face thou art
So proud of, is a poor, vain, transitory thing,
And shortly will be good for nothing.
Mel. Out on him, scurvy poor Fellow.
Tim. No more of this, be not so sullen; I'l be kind
To thee and better thy Condition.
Apem. No, I'll have nothing; should I be brib'd too,
There would be none left to rail at thee, and then
Thou'dſt sin the faſter: *Timon*, thou giveſt so long,
Thou'lt shortly give thy self away.
Tim. I'll hear no more: let him have a Table by
Himself.
Apem. Let me have some Roots and Water. Such as Nature intended
For our Meat and Drink before Eating and Drinking grew an Art.
[*The Meat is serv'd up with Kettle-Drums, and Trumpets.*
Tim. Sit, Dear *Melissa*, this is your Feaſt:
And all you see is yours:
And all that you can wish for shall be so.
Come, sit Lords, no Ceremony,
That was devis'd at firſt to set a gloss
On feigned deeds, and hollow-hearted welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown:
True friendship needs 'em not: you're more welcome
To my Fortunes, than my Fortunes are to me. [*They sit.*
Will you not have some Meat, *Apemantus?*
Apem. I scorn thy Meat, 'twould choak me; for I should
Ne'r flatter ye; Ye Gods, what a number of men
Eat *Timon!* and yet he sees 'em not.
It grieves me to see so many dip their meat
In one man's Bloud, and all the madness is
He cheers 'em to't, and loves 'em for't:
I wonder men dare truſt themselves with men;
Methinks they should invite them without knives,

'Twere safer far. That fellow that sits next him,
Now parts bread with him, pledges his breath
In a divided Draught, may next day kill him;
Such things have been. If I were a Huge Man
I shou'd be afraid to drink at meals,
Lest they shou'd spy my Wind-Pipes dang'rous places.
Great Men should drink with Harness on their Throats.
Tim. Now my Lords, let *Melissa*'s health go round.
Ælius. Let it flow this way—— [*Kettle-Drums and Trumpets sound.*
Apem. How this pomp shows to a little Oyl and Roots?
These healths will make thee and thy State look ill.
Phœax. Peace, Villain.
Apem. Here's that which is too weak to be a Sinner;
Here's honest Water ne'r left man i'th' mire,
This and my Root will still keep down
My sawcy and presumptuous Flesh,
That it shall never get the better of me——

Apemantus's *Grace.*

Immortal Gods, I crave no Pelf,
I pray for no man but my self,
Grant I may never be so fond
To trust man on his Oath or Bond;
Or a Harlot for her weeping,
Or a Dog that seems a sleeping,
Or a Gaoler with my freedom,
Or my Friends if I shou'd need 'em,
Amen, Amen, and so fall to't,
Great Men sin, and I eat Root.

Much good may't do thee good *Apemantus.*
Nici. Our noble Lord *Timon*'s health, let it go round,
And Drums, and Trumpets sound. [*Kettle Drums,* &c.
Apem. What madness is the pomp, the noise, the splendor,
The frantick Glory of this foolish life!
We make our selves fools to disport our selves,
And vary a thousand antick ugly shapes
Of Folly and of Madness, these fill up
The scenes and empty spaces of our lives.
Life's nothing but a dull repetition,
A vain fantastick dream, and there's an end on't.
Tim. Now my good Lords and Friends, I speak to you,
You that are of the Council of four hundred,
In the behalf of a dear Friend of mine.

Nici. One word of yours must govern all the Council,
And any thing in *Athens*.
Tim. I Speak chiefly
To you my Lord and Father; and to *Phæax*.
Phæax. My good Lord command me to my death and I'll obey.
Tim. I have receiv'd notice from *Alcibiades*,
(Whose Enemies you have been, and whose Friends
I beg you will be now) that he in private
Will venture into *Athens*;
Not openly because he will not trust
The Insolence of the tumultuous Rabble;
If he sollicites his recallment with you,
There lives not on this earth a man that has
Deserv'd so well from the Nobility;
He has preserv'd ev'n *Athens* in his Exile,
By *Tissaphernes* power he has kept us from
The *Lacedemonian* Rage, and other Foes
That might have laid this City low in ashes.
How many famous Battels has he won?
But which is more, by his advice and power,
Even in his absence he has wrested
The Government from the insulting Vulgar;
Whose Wisedom's Blindness, and whose Power is Madness:
And plac'd it in your noble Hands; methinks
You in return should take off his hard sentence
Of Banishment, and render back all his Estate.
Phæax. Is there a thing on Earth you would command us
That we would disobey?
Nici. I am absolutely yours in all Commands.
Ælius. How proud am I that I can serve Lord *Timon!*
Apem. Thinkst thou thy self thy Countries friend now, *Timon?*
His foul Riot and his inordinate Lust,
His wavering Passions, and his headlong Will,
His selfish Principles, his contempt of others,
His Mockery, his various Sports, his Wantonness,
The Rage and Madness of his Luxury
Will make the *Athenians* hearts ake, as thy own
Will soon make thine.
Isid. Hang him, we never mind him.
Isand. When will he speak well of any man?
Apem. When I can find a man that's better than
A beast, I will fall down and worship him.
Tim. Thou art an *Athenian*, and I bear with thee.

Is the Masque ready?
Poet. 'Tis my noble Lord.
Apem. What odd and childish folly Slaves find out
To please and court all thy distemper'd Appetites!
They spend their flatteries to devour those men
Upon whose Age they'l void it up agen
With poysonous spite and envy.
Who lives that's not deprav'd, or else depraves?
Who die that bear not some spurns to their Graves
Of their friends giving? I should fear that those
Who now are going to dance before me,
Should one day stamp on me: it has been done.
Tim. Nay, if you rail at all Society,
I'll hear no more——be gone.
Apem. Thou may'st be sure I will not stay to see
Thy folly any longer, fare thee well; remember
Thou would'st not hear me, thou wilt curse thy self for't.
Tim. I do not think so—fare thee well. [*Exit* Apemantus.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord, there are some Ladies masqu'd desire admittance.
Tim. Have not my doors been always open to
Ev'ry *Athenian?* They do me honour,
Wait on 'em in, were I not bound to do
My duty here, I would.
Chloe. I have not had the opportunity
To deliver this till now, it is a Letter
From *Alcibiades.*
Mel. Dear *Alcibiades*, Oh how shall I love him,
When he's restor'd to his Estate and Country!
He will be richer far than *Timon* is,
And I shall chuse him first of any man;
How lucky 'tis I should put off my Wedding.

Enter Evandra *with Ladies masqu'd.*

Tim. Ladies, you do my house and me great honour;
I should be glad you would unmask, that I
Might see to whom I owe the Obligation.
1. *Lad.* We ask your pardon, we are stoln out upon
Curiosity, and dare not own it
Tim. Your pleasure, Ladies, shall be mine.
Evan. This is the fine gay thing so much admir'd,
That's born to rob me of my happiness,

And of my life; her face is not her own,
Nor is her love, nor speech, nor motion so:
Her smiles, her amorous looks, she puts on all,
There's nothing natural: She always acts
And never shews her self; How blind is Love
That cannot see this Vanity! [*Masque begins.*

Enter Shepherds *and* Nymphs.

A Symphony of Pipes imitating the chirping of Birds.

Nymph. *Hark how the Songsters of the Grove*
Sing Anthems to the God of Love.
Hark how each am'rous winged pair,
With Loves great praises fill the Air.
Chorus. *On ev'ry side the charming sound*
Does from the hollow Woods rebound.

Retornella.

Nymph. *Love in their little veins inspires*
Their cheerful Notes, their soft Desires:
While Heat makes Buds or Blossoms spring,
These pretty couples love and sing.
Chorus with Flutes. *But Winter puts out their desire,*
And half the year they want Loves fire.

Retornella.

Full Chorus. *But ah how much are our delights more dear,*
For only Humane Kind love all the year.

Enter the *Mænades* and *Ægipanes*.

1 Bach. *Hence with your trifling Deitie*
A greater we adore,
Bacchus, *who always keeps us free*
From that blind childish power.
2 Bach. *Love makes you languish and look pale,*
And sneak, and sigh, and whine;
But over us no griefs prevail,
While we have lusty Wine.

Chorus with Hout-boys { *Then hang the dull Wretch who has care in his soul,*
Whom Love, or whom Tyrants, or Laws can controul,
If within his right hand he can have a full Bowl.

Nymph. *Go drivel and snore with your fat God of Wine,*
Your swell'd faces with Pimples adorning,
Soak your Brains over night and your senses resign,
And forget all you did the next Morning.

Nymph. *With dull aking Noddles live on in a mist,*
And never discover true Joy:
Would Love tempt with Beauty, you could not resist,
The Empire he slights, he'd destroy.

1 Bach. *Better our heads, than hearts should ake,*
His childish Empire we despise;
Good Wine of him a Slave can make,
And force a Lover to be wise.
Better, &c.

2 Bach. *Wine sweetens all the cares of Peace,*
And takes the Terrour off from War.
To Loves affliction it gives ease,
And to its Joy does best prepare.
It sweetens, &c.

Nymph. *'Tis Love that makes great Monarchs fight,*
The end of Wealth and Power is Love;
It makes the youthful Poets write,
And does the Old to Youth improve.

Retornella of Hout-boys.

Bach. *'Tis Wine that revels in their Veins,*
Makes Cowards valiant, Fools grow wise,
Provokes low Pens to lofty strains,
And makes the young Loves Chains despise.

Retornella.

Nymphs *and* Shepherds. *Love rules the World.*
Mænades *and* Ægipanes. *'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine.*
Nymphs *and* Shepherds. *'Tis Love, 'tis Love.*
Mænades *and* Ægipanes. *'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine.*

Enter Bacchus *and* Cupid.

Bacchus. *Hold, Hold, our Forces are combin'd,*
And we together rule Mankind.
General. *Then we with our Pipes, and our Voices will join*
Chorus. *To sound the loud praises of Love and good Wine.*
Wine gives the vigour to Love, Love makes Wine go down.
And by Love and good Drinking, all the World is our own.

Tim. 'Tis well design'd, and well perform'd, and I'll
Reward you well: let us retire into my next
Apartment, where I've devis'd new pleasures for you,
And where I will distribute some small Presents,
To testifie my Love and Gratitude.
Phœax. A noble Lord!

Ælius. Bounty it self.
Tim. Thus, my *Melissa*, will we always spend
Our time in Pleasures ; but who e're enjoys
Thee, has all this life affords sum'd up in that.
Evan. These words did once belong to me, but Oh !
My ſtubborn heart, wilt thou not break at this ?
Tim. Ladies I hope you'l honour me with your presence,
And accept of a Collation.
1 *Lady.* We ask your pardon, and muſt leave you.
Tim. Demetrius, wait on them.
Evan. My Lord, I'd speak with you alone.
Tim. Be pleased, Madam, to retire with your father,
I'l wait on you inſtantly. [to *Melissa.*
[*Exeunt all but* Timon *and* Evandra.
Who are you, Madam ?
Evan. One who is come to take her laſt leave of you.
Tim. Evandra ! What confusion am I in !
Evan. I am sorry in the midſt of all your joys
I should diſturb you thus : I had a mind
To see you once before I dy'd ; I ne'r
Shall trouble you again.
Tim. Let me not hear these killing words.
Evan. They'l be my laſt, and therefore give 'em room :
I am haſtning to my death, then you'l be happy,
I ne'r shall interrupt your joys again,
Unless the Memory of me should make
You drop some tears upon my duſt ; I know
Your noble Nature will remember that
Evandra was, and once was dear to you,
And lov'd you so, that she cou'd dye to make
You happy.
Tim. Ah dear *Evandra !* that would make
Me wretched far below all misery ;
I'd rather kill my self than hear that news :
I call the gods to witness, there's not one
On Earth I more eſteem.
Evan. Eſteem ! alas !
It is too weak a Cordial to preserve
My fading Life, I see your passion's grown
Too headſtrong for you. Oh, my dearest *Timon !*
I, while I have any breath, muſt call you so ;
Had you once ſtrugled for my sake,
And ſtriven to oppose the raging fury of

Your fatal Love, I should have dy'd contented.
But Oh! false to your self, to all my hopes,
And me; you suckt the subtile poyson in
So greedily, you would not ſtay to taſte it.
Tim. She moves me ſtrongly; I have found from her
The trueſt and the tenderest Love that e'r
Woman yet bore to Man.
Evan. I find you're gone too far in the disease
T' admit a Cure: I will perswade no longer;
Death is my remedy, and I'll embrace it.
Tim. Oh talk not of Death: I'll love you ſtill:
I can love two at once, truſt me I can.
Evan. No, *Timon*, I will have you whole, or nothing:
I love you so, I cannot live to see
That dear, that moſt ador'd person in anothers arms:
My Love's too nice, 'twill not be fed with crumbs,
And broken meat, that falls from your *Melissa*.
No, dear false Man, you soon shall be at reſt,
I came but to receive a parting Kiss:
You'l not deny me that?
Tim. I will not part with you; we'l be friends for ever.
Evan. No, no, it cannot be, forgive this trouble,
Since 'tis the laſt, I'll never see you more;
And may *Melissa* ever love you as
The Excellence of your form deserves; and may
She please you longer than th' unfortunate
Evandra could.
Tim. Gods! Why should I not love this Woman beſt?
She has deserv'd beyond all measure from me;
She's beautiful, and good as Angels are;
But I have had her Love already. } *Aside.*
Oh moſt accursed Charm, that thus perverts me!
To Her. Y' have made a Woman of me.
Evan. I'll have but one laſt look of that
Bewitching Face that ruin'd me.
Oh, I could devour it with my eyes: but I'll
Remove it from thee. I ne're
Shall die contented while I look on thee.
Tim. Be patient till I give thee satisfaction.
Evand. No, dearest Enemy, I'll remove the guilt
From thee, and thus I'll place it on my self. [*Offers to ſtab her self.*
Tim. Hold, dear *Evandra*, if thou lov'ſt my life,
Preserve thy own; for here I swear, that minute

When thou attempt̃st thy life, I will lose mine.
Where's *Diphilus?*

Enter Diphilus.

Diph. Here my Lord.

Tim. Wait on *Evandra* home, and take a care
Sh' attempts not any mischief on her self:
Sh' is agitated by a dang'rous passion.
My dear! let *Diphilus* wait on thee home;
As soon as ever my Company is gone,
I'll see thee, and convince thee that I love thee.

Evand. No, no: I cannot hope —— farewel for ever.

[*Ex.* Diph. *and* Evand.

Tim. I mus̃t resolve on something for her comfort;
For the Empire of the Earth I wou'd not lose her;
There is not one of all her Sex exceeds her
In Love, or Beauty ——
O miserable s̃tate of humane life!
We slight all the injoyments which we have;
And those things only value which we have not:
Where is *Demetrius?*

Dem. My Lord!

Tim. Where is the Casket which I spoke for?

Dem. It is here, my Lord: I beg your Lordship hear me speak.
I have business that concerns you nearly ——

Tim. Some other time; of late thou dos̃t perplex me
Each moment with the hateful name of business,
That mortal Foe to pleasure, I'll not hear it. [*Ex.* Timon.

Dem. So! all now is at an end!
He does command us to provide great gifts,
And all out of an empty Coffer.
His promises fly so beyond his 's̃tate,
That what he speaks is all in Debt; He owes
For every word; His Land is all engag'd,
His money gone; would I were gently turn'd
Out of my Office; les̃t he shou'd borrow all
I have gotten in his service. Well!

Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such who do ev'n Enemies exceed.

[*Ex.* Demet.

ACT III.

Enter Timon *and* Demetrius.

Tim. *Demetrius!* How comes it that I have been thus incounter'd
With clamorous demands of broken Bonds,
And the unjuſt detention of money long since due?
I knew I was in debt, but did not think
I had gone so far; wherefore before this time
Did you not lay my ſtate fully before me?
Dem. You would not hear me.
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid 'em before you——you would throw 'em off,
And say, you found 'em in my Honeſty.
I have beyond good manners, pray'd you often
To hold your hand more close, and was rebuk't for't.
Tim. You should have preſt it further.
Dem. What e're I durſt I did, it was my intereſt,
For if my Lord be poor, what then muſt I be?
Call me before the exacteſt Auditors,
And let my life lie on the proof:
O my good Lord, the world is but a world,
If it were yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?
Tim. Have you no money in the Treasury?
Dem. Not enough to supply the riot of two meals.
Tim. Let all my Land be sold.
Dem. 'Tis all engag'd;
And some already's forfeited and gone,
That which remains will scarce pay present dues;
The future comes apace.
Tim. To *Lacedæmon* did my Land extend.
Dem. How many times have I retir'd and wept,
To think what it would come to.
Tim. Prithee! no more, I know thou'rt honeſt.
Dem. It grieves me to consider 'mongſt what Parasites
And trencher Friends your wealth has been divided.
I cannot but weep at the sad reflection,
When every word of theirs was greedily
Attended to, as if they'd been pronounc'd
From Oracles. I never could be heard.

Tim. Come; preach no more, thou soon shall find that I
Have not misplac'd my Bounty, why dost weep?
I am rich in Friends and can use all their wealth
Freely as I can bid thee speak.
Dem. I doubt it.
Tim. You soon shall see how you mistake my Fortune.
Now I shall try my Friends. Who waits there?

Enter three Servants.

1 *Ser.* My Lord!
Tim. Go you to *Phœax* and to *Cleon*, you to *Isander*
And *Ælius*, you to *Isidore* and *Thrasillus*.
Commend me to their loves, and let them know,
I'm proud that my occasions make me use 'em
For a supply of money. Let the request
Be fifty Talents from each Man.
1 *Serv.* We will, my Lord.
Tim. Thou, *Demetrius*, shalt go to the Senate, from whom
Even to the States best health I have deserv'd
This hearing. Petition them to send me 500 Talents.
Dem. I must obey. The next room's full of
Importunate slaves and hungry Creditors, go not to 'em. [*Ex.* Dem.
Tim. What! must my doors b' oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and those been open
For all *Athenians* to go in and out
At their own pleasure? My Porter at my Gate
Ne're kept man out, but smil'd and did invite
All that past by it, in, and must he be
My Gaoler, and my House my Prison! no,
I'll not despair: my Friends will never fail me. [*Exit.*

Scene is the Porch or Cloister of the Stoicks.

Apemantus *speaking to the people and several Senators.*

Apem. 'Mongst all the loathsome and base diseases of
Corrupted Nature, Pride is most contagious.
Behold the poorest miserable wretch
Which the Sun shines on; in the midst of all
Diseases, rags, want, infamy and slavery,
The Fool will find out something to be proud of.
Ælius. This is all railing.
Apem. When you deserve my precepts, you shall have 'em,
Mean while, if I'll be honest, I must rail at you.
Cleon. Let's walk, hang him, hear him not rail.

Phæax. Our Government is too remiss in suffering the
Licence of Philosophers, Orators, and Poets.
Apem. Show me a mighty Lordling, who's puft up,
And swells with the opinion of his greatness;
He's an Ass. For why does he respect himself so,
But to make others do it? wretched Ass!
By the same means he seeks respect, he loses it.
Mean thing! does he not play the fool, and eat,
And drink, and void his excrements and stink,
Like other men, and die and rot so too?
What then shou'd it be proud of? 'Tis a Lord;
And that's a word some other men cannot
Prefix before their names: what then? a word
That it was born to, and then it could not help it.
Or if made a Lord, perhaps it was [*Enter* Timon's *three Servants.*
By blindness or partiality i' th' Government.
If for desert, he loses it in Pride;
Who ever's proud of his good deeds, performs
Them for himself; himself shou'd then reward 'em.
Oh but perhaps he's rich, 'Tis a million to one
There was villany in the getting of that dirt,
And he has the Nobility to have knaves for his Ancestors.
Phæax. Hang thee thou snarling Rascal, the Government's
To blame in suffering thee to rail so long.
Apem. The Government's to blame in suffering the things I rail at.
In suffering Judges without Beards, or Law, Secretaries that can't write;
Generals that durst not fight, Ambassadors that can't speak sence;
Block-heads to be great Ministers, and Lord it over witty men;
Suffering great men to sell their Country for filthy bribes,
Old limping Senators to sell their Souls
For vile extortion: Matrons to turn incontinent;
And Magistrates to pimp for their own Daughters.
Ruine of Orphans, treachery, murther, rapes,
Incests, adulteries, and unnatural sins,
Fill all your dwellings, here's the shame of Government,
And not my railing. Men of hardn'd foreheads,
And sear'd hearts. 'Tis a weak and infirm Government,
That is so froward it cannot bear mens words.
Ælius. Well, babling Philosophy, call Rascal, we shall make
You tremble one day.
Apem. Never.
Sordid great man! it is not in your power,
I fear not man no more than I can love him.

'Twere better for us that wild beasts possest
The Empire of the Earth, they'd use men better,
Than they do one another. They'd ne're prey
On man but for necessity of Nature.
Man undoes man in wantonness and sport,
Bruits are much honester than he; my dog
When he fawns on me is no Courtier,
He is in earnest; but a man shall smile,
And wish my throat cut.

Cleon. Money of me, say'st thou?

1 *Serv.* Yes! he saies he's proud he has occasion to make use of you.

Cleon. Is't come to that? [*Aside.*
Unfortunate Man! I have not half a Talent by me!
But here are other Lords can do it.
I honour him so, that if he will, I'll sell my Land for him;
But prethee excuse me to him, I am in great haste
At this time. [*Ex.* Cleon.

1 *Serv.* 'Tis as I thought. How monstrous and deform'd a
Thing is base ingratitude! Here's *Phœax.* My Lord?

Phœax. Oh! one of Lord *Timon*'s men? a gift I warrant you.
Why this hits right. I dreamt of a silver Bason and
Ewer to night. How does that honourable, compleat,
Free-hearted Gentleman, thy very bountiful good Lord?

1 *Serv.* Well in his health, my Lord.

Phœax. I am heartily glad, what hast thou under thy
Cloak, honest youth?

1 *Serv.* An empty Box, which by my Lord's Command,
I come to entreat your Honour to supply with fifty Talents
He has instant need of. He bids me say
He does not doubt your Friendship.

Phœax. Hum! not doubt it! alas, good Lord!
He's a noble Gentleman! had he not kept so good a House,
'Twould have been better: I've often din'd with him,
And told him of it, and come again to Supper for
That purpose to have him spend less, but 'twould not do:
I am sorry for't: but good Lad thou art hopeful
And of good parts.

1 *Serv.* Your Lordship speaks your pleasure.

Phœax. A prompt spirit, give thee thy due. Thou know'st
What's reason. And canst use thy time well, if the time use
Thee well——'Tis no time to lend money. Thou art wise,
Here's money for thee——good Lad wink at me and say
Thou saw'st me not.

1 *Serv.* Is't possible the World should differ so,
And we alive that liv'd in't?
Apem. What art thou sent to invite those Knaves again
To feast with thy luxurious Lord?
1 *Serv.* No: I came to borrow fifty Talents for him,
And this Lord has given me this to say, I did not see him.
Apem. Is't come to that already?
Base slavish *Phæax*, thou of the Nobility?
Let molten Coin be thy damnation.
Phæax. Peace, Dog.
Apem. Thou worse! thou trencher-fly, thou flatterer,
Thou hast *Timon*'s meat still in thy gluttonous paunch,
And dost deny him money. Why should it thrive,
And turn to nutriment when thou art poison?
2 *Serv.* My noble Lord.
Isand. Oh how does thy brave Lord, my noblest Friend?
2 *Serv.* May it please your honour, he has sent——
Isan. Hah——what has he sent? I am so much oblig'd
To him, he's ever sending. How shall I thank him? hah,
What has he sent?
2 *Serv.* He has sent me to tell you he has occasion
To use your Friendship, he has instant need
Of fifty Talents——
Isan. Is that the business? hah!
I know his honour is but merry with me,
He cannot want as many hundreds.
2 *Serv.* Yes, he wants fifty, but is assur'd of your Honour's
Friendship.
Isan. Thou art not sure in earnest?
2 *Serv.* Upon my life I am.
Isan. What an unfortunate Wretch am I? to disfurnish
My self upon so good a time,
When I might have shown how much I love
And honour him: This is the greatest affliction
E're fell upon me: the Gods can witness for me,
I was just sending to my Lord my self:
I have no power to serve him, my heart bleeds for't.
I hope his honour will conceive the best;
Beast that I am, that the first good occasion
Shou'd not be in my power to use; I beg
A thousand pardons.——Tell him so——
Apem. Thou art an excellent Summer friend!
How often hast thou dipt i' th' dish with him?

He has been a Father to thee with his purse,
Supported thy estate; when e're thou drink'st,
His silver kisses thy base Lips, thou rid'st upon
His Horses, ly'st on his Beds.
Isan. Peace, or I'll knock thy brains out. [*Ex.* Isan.
2 *Serv.* My Lord *Thrasillus*——
Thra. He's comes to borrow, I must shun him.
I hope your Lord is well.
2 *Serv.* Yes, my Lord, and has sent me——
Thra. To invite me to Dinner. I am in great hast——
But I'll wait on him if I can possible. [*Ex.* Thra.
Apem. Good Fool, go home. Dost think to find a grateful Man in *Athens?*
3 *Serv.* If my Lord's occasions did not press him very much, I would Not urge it.
Ælius. Why would he send to me? I am poor.
There's *Phœax, Cleon, Isidore, Thrasillus,* and *Isander,* and many
Men that owe their fortunes to him.
3 *Serv.* They have been toucht and found base mettle.
Ælius. Have they deny'd him; and must you come to me?
Must I be his last refuge? 'tis a great slight,
Must I be the last sought to? he might have
Consider'd who I am.
3 *Serv.* I see he did not know you.
Ælius. I was the first that e're receiv'd gift from him,
And I will keep it for his honour's sake,
But at present I cannot possibly supply him:
Besides, my Father made me swear upon
His Death, I never should lend money.
I've kept the Oath e're since. Fare thee well. [*Ex.* Ælius.
3 *Serv.* They all fly us!
Apem. The barbarous Herd of mankind shun
One in affliction, and turn him out as
Deer do one that's hunted, go, go home
To thy fond Lord, and bid him Curse himself,
That would not hear me: bid him live on root
And water, and know himself; he had better
Have shun'd Mankind than be deserted by them. [*Ex. Omnes.*

Enter Melissa *and* Chloe.

Mel. Who could have thought *Timon* so lost i' th' world?
With what amazement will the news of this
So sudden alteration be receiv'd by all *Athenians?*

Chloe. Is it for certain true?
Mel. Certain as death or fate! my father has assur'd me
Of it, that he is a Bankrupt, his Credit gone, and all
His ravenous Creditors with open Jaws will swallow him.
'Tis well I am inform'd, I'll stand upon my guard.

Enter Page.

Page. Madam, a Gentleman below desires admittance.
Mel. See *Chloe*, if it be Lord *Timon*, or any one from him,
Say I am not well. I will not be seen: be sure I
Be not.
Chloe. I warrant you. [*Ex.* Chloe.
Mel. Seen by a Bankrupt! no, base poverty
Shall never enter here. Oh, were my *Alcibiades*
Recall'd, he would adore me still, and wou'd be
Rich too.

Enter Alcibiades *in disguise, and* Chloe.

Chloe. It is a Gentleman in disguise, I know him not.
Alcib. But my *Melissa* does. [*Pulls of his Disguise.*
Mel. My *Alcibiades!* my Hero!
The Gods have hearkn'd to my vows for thee,
And have Crown'd all my wishes. Thou'rt more welcome
To me than the return of the Suns heat
Is to the frozen Region of the North,
That's cover'd half the year with Snow and Darkness.
Alcib. My Joy, my life, my blood, my soul, my liberty,
And all that's pretious in the earth, I have
Within my arms: This treasure far outweighs
The joys of Conquest, or deliverance
From banishment or slavery.
Mel. How proud am I of all thy victories!
'Twas thou that Conquer'd, but I triumph'd for thee,
All day I sigh'd and wisht, and pray'd for thee,
And in the night thou entertaind'st my sleeps,
And whensoe're I dreamt thou wert in danger,
I cry'd out, my *Alcibiades*, and in my dreams
I was valiant, and methought I fought for thee.
Alcib. Oh my Divine *Melissa!* the Cordial of thy love
Is of so strong a spirit, 'twill overcome me,
One kiss and take my Soul; another and
'Twill sally out; Oh, I could fix whole ages on
Thy tender Lip; and pity all the Fools

That keep a senseless pother in the world for pow'r,
And pomp, and noise, and lose substantial bliss.
Mel. There is no bliss but love; and but for that
The world would fall in pieces! Oh, with what a grief
Have I sustain'd thy absence! had not my Father
Prevented my escape, I had come to thee.
Alcib. 'Twas well for *Athens* safety that thou did'st not;
I had neglected all my Conquests which
Preserved this base ungrateful town; for I
In thee shou'd have all that I fought for; Thou
Would'st have been life, liberty, Country and Estate to me.
Mel. I have the end of all my hopes and wishes,
If the ungrateful Senate will let me keep thee.
Alcib. 'Twas I that made them what they are, in hopes
They soon would call me home to thee.
It was the thought of that which fir'd my Soul,
At every stroke the memory of *Melissa*
Gave vigour to my arm, and made me conquer.
Mel. Oh, let ambition never more disturb
Thy noble mind, let love in peace possess it.
Let not the noise of Drums and Trumpets clangor,
Clashing of arms, and neighing Steeds, and groans
Of bleeding men entice thee from me.
Alcib. The Senate shall not dare remove me from thee.
Should they once offer it, I've an Army will
Toss their usurious bags about their ears,
Rifle their Houses, deflour their Wives and Daughters,
And dash their brains out of their doating heads.
But, dear *Melissa*, since our hearts so long
Have been united, let's not stay for Friends,
For ceremony, but come, compleat our joys;
True love's above senseless formalities.
Mel. If any thing from you could anger me,
This would; but know, none shall invade my vertue
Without my Life: but on my Knees I vow
No other man, though Crown'd the Emperour
Of all the World, should ever have my love,
And though thy Country basely should desert thee,
I would continue firm.
Alcib. And here
I swear, that could I conquer all the Universe,
I'd lay the Crowns and Scepters at thy feet
For thee to tread on. By thy self I swear,

An Oath more sacred far to me, than all
Mock Deities which knavish Priests invent,
Are to the poor deluded Rabble.
Chloe. Madam! Your Father is come in.
Mel. Let us retire: my Father has not yet
Forgotten his enmity, the breaking of the
Peace with the Lacedemonians, and his foil
Which he thinks you caus'd in *Sicily*,
Hee'l not forgive.
Alcib. Had he injur'd me beyond all sufferance,
I would have forgiven him for begetting thee. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Timon *and Servant.*

Tim. Is't possible? deserted thus? what large prosessions did all these
Make but yesterday? Did they all refuse to lend,
Say you?
1 *Serv.* The rumour of your borrowing was soon
Dispers't, and then at sight of one of us
They would stop, start, turn short, pass by, or seem
To overlook us, and avoided us,
As if we had been their mortal Enemies;
And who suspected not when they were mov'd,
Came off with base excuses.
Tim. Ye Gods! what will become of *Timon?* I'll go to 'em
My self, they will not have the face to use me so.

Enter Demetrius.

Oh *Demetrius!* what news bring'st thou from the Senate?
Dem. I am return'd no richer than I went.
Tim. Just Gods! it cannot be.
Dem. They answer in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at ebb, want Treasure, cannot
Do what they would, are sorry; you are Honourable;
But yet they could have wisht; they know not,
Something has been amiss; a noble nature
May catch a wrench; would all were well; 'tis pity
And so intending other serious matters,
After distastful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half caps and cold careless nods,
They froze me into silence.
Tim. The Gods reward their Villany, Old men
Have their ingratitude natural to 'em;
Their blood is cak'd and cold, it seldom flows,

'Tis want of kindly warmth which makes 'em cruel,
And Nature as it grows again towards earth,
Is fashion'd for the Journey, dull and heavy.
Heav'n keep my Wits! or is't a blessing to be mad?
Demetrius, follow me; I'll try 'em all my self.
Dem. The Senate is assembling again,
You'll find 'em in the Senate-House. [*Exeunt.*

Enter many Creditors with Bills and Papers,
Re-enter Demetrius.

Dem. How now, what makes this swarm of Rascals here?
Each looking big, and with the visage of demand.
1 *Cred.* We wait for certain sums of money due.
Dem. If money were as certain as your waiting,
Why then proffer'd you not your Bills and Bonds
When your false Masters eat of my Lords meat?
Then they would smile and fawn upon him,
And swallow the interest down their greedy throats.

Enter Timon *and Servants.*

Tim. If *Melissa* be at home, tell her I'll wait on her suddenly.
1 *Cred.* Now, let's put in; my Lord, my Bill.
2 *Cred.* Here's mine.
3 *Cred.* And mine.
4 *Cred.* My Master's.
Tim. Hold, hold, my wits. Knock me down;
Cleave me to the waste. What would you have, you Harpyes?
1 *Cred.* We ask our due.
Tim. Cut my heart in pieces and divide it.
4 *Cred.* My Master's is thirty Talents.
Tim. Tell it out of my blood.
2 *Cred.* Five thousand Crowns is mine.
Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.
What yours, and yours?
3 *Cred.* My Lord.
1 *Cred.* My Lord.
Tim. Here, take me, pull me in pieces, will you?
The gods consume, confound, and rot you all.
1 *Cred.* What a Devil, is he mad?
2 *Cred.* Mercy on us, let us be gone.
3 *Cred.* Let's go, hee'll murder some of us.
Tim. They have e'en taken my breath from me.
Slaves, Creditors, Dogs, preserve my wits, you Gods.

Dem. My Lord, be patient; passion mends it not.
[Lampridius *crosses the stage and shuns* Timon.
Tim. See *Lampridius*, whom I redeem'd out of Prison.
His Father dead since, and he rich. Now the Villain
Shuns me.

Enter Phæax.

Oh my good Friend *Phæax.*
Phæax. Oh my Lord——I am glad to see your Lordship.
I have a sudden occasion calls me hence,
I'll wait on you instantly. [*Ex.* Phæax.
Tim. I could not have believ'd this.

Enter Cleon.

My Lord.
Cleon. Oh my good Lord, I am going to see
If I can serve your Lordship in the Command
I receiv'd from you by your Servant. [*Ex.* Cleon.
Tim. Oh black Ingratitude! that Villain has
A Jewel at this moment on, which I presented him,
Cost me three thousand Crowns.
Dem. You'll find 'em all like these.
Tim. There are not many sure so bad.
How have I lov'd these men, and shewn 'em kindness,
As if they had been my Brothers, or my Sons!

[*Enter* Diphilus, *seeing* Timon, *muffles his face and turns away.*

Look, is not that my Servant *Diphilus*, whom I marry'd to
The old Man's Daughter, and gave him an estate too;
And now he hides himself, and steals from me?
How much is a Dog more generous than a Man;
Oblige him once, hee'l keep you Company,
Ev'n in your utmost want and misery.

Enter Ælius.

Who's that? *Ælius?* my Lord—*Ælius.*
Demetrius, go let him know *Timon* would speak
With him—— [Dem. *goes to him, he turns back.*
Do you not know me, *Ælius?*
Ælius. Not know my good Lord *Timon!*
Tim. Think you I have the Plague?
Ælius. No, my Lord.
Tim. Why do you shun me then?
Ælius. I shun you? I'd serve your Lordship with my life.

Tim. I'll not believe, he who would refuse me money,
Wou'd venture his life for me.
Ælius. I am very unfortunate not to have it in my Power
To supply you; but I am going to the *Forum*, to a Debter,
If I receive any, your Lordship shall command it. [*Ex.* Ælius.
Tim. Had I so lately all the Caps and Knees of th' *Athenians*,
And is't come to this? Brains hold a little.

Enter Thrasillus.

Thras. Who's there? *Timon?* [*runs back.*
Tim. There's another Villain.

Enter Isander.

How is't, *Isander?*
Isand. Oh Heav'n! *Timon!*
Tim. What, did I fright you? am I become so dreadful
An Object? is poverty contagious?
Isand. Your Lordship ever shall be dear to me.
It makes me weep to think I cou'd not serve you
When you sent your Servant. I am expected at the Senate.
I humbly ask your pardon; I'll sell all I have
But I'll supply you soon. [*Ex.* Isander.
Tim. Smooth tongue, dissembling, weeping Knave, farewel.
And farewel all Mankind! It shall be so — *Demetrius!*
Go to all these fellows. Tell 'em I'm supply'd, I have no
Need of 'em. Set out my condition to be as good
As formerly it has been. That this was but a Tryal,
And invite 'em all to Dinner.
Dem. My Lord, there's nothing for 'em.
Tim. I have taken order about that.
Dem. What can this mean. [*Ex.* Demetrius.
Tim. I have one reserve can never fail me,
And while *Melissa*'s kind I can't be miserable;
She has a vast fortune in her own disposal.
The Sun will sooner leave his course than
She desert me.

Enter first Servant.

Is *Melissa* at home?
1 *Serv.* She is, my Lord; but will not see you.
Tim. What does the Rascal say? Damn'd Villain
To bely her so? [*Strikes him.*
1 *Serv.* By Heav'n 'tis truth. She saies she will not see you.
Her Woman told me first so. And when I would not

Believe her, she came and told me so her self;
That she had no business with you; desir'd you would
Not trouble her; she had affairs of consequence; *&c.*
Tim. Now, *Timon*, thou art faln indeed; fallen from all thy
Hopes of happiness. Earth, open and swallow the
Most miserable wretch that thou did'st ever bear.

Enter Melissa.

1 *Serv.* My Lord, *Melissa*'s passing by.
Tim. Oh Dear *Melissa!*
Mel. Is he here? what luck is this?
Tim. Will you not look on me? not see your *Timon?*
And did not you send me word so?

Enter Evandra.

Mel. I was very busy, and am so now; I must obey my
Father; I am going to him.
Tim. Was it not *Melissa* said; If *Timon* were reduc'd
To rags and misery, and she were Queen of all the Universe,
She would not change her love?
Mel. We can't command our wills;
Our fate must be obey'd. [*Ex. Mel.*
Tim. Some Mountains cover me, and let my name,
My odious name be never heard of more.
O straggling Senses whither are you going?
Farewel, and may we never meet again.
Evandra! how does the sight of her perplex me!
I've been ungrateful to her, why should I
Blame Villains who are so to me?
Evan. Oh *Timon!* I have heard and felt all thy afflictions;
I thought I never shou'd have seen thee more;
Nor ever would, had'st thou continu'd prosperous.
Let false *Melissa* basely fly from thee,
Evandra is not made of that course stuff.
Tim. Oh turn thy eyes from an ungrateful man!
Evan. No, since I first beheld my ador'd *Timon*,
They have been fixt upon thee present, and when absent
I've each moment view'd thee in my mind,
And shall they now remove?
Tim. Wilt thou not fly a wretched Caitif? who
Has such a load of misery beyond
The strength of humane nature to support?

Evan. I am no base Athenian Parasite,
To fly from thy Calamities; I'll help to bear 'em.
Tim. Oh my *Evandra*, they're not to be born.
Accursed *Athens?* Forest of two legg'd Beasts;
Plague, civil War, and Famine, be thy lot:
Let propagation cease, that none of thy
Confounding spurious Brood may spring
To infect and damn succeeding Generations;
May every Infant like the Viper gnaw
A passage through his Mothers cursed Womb;
And kill the hag; or if they fail of it,
May then the Mothers like fell rav'nous Bitches
Devour their own base Whelps.
Evan. Timon! compose thy thoughts, I know thy wants,
And that thy Creditors like wild Beasts wait
To prey upon thee; and base *Athens* has
To its eternal Infamy deserted thee.
But thy unwearied bounty to *Evandra*
Has so enrich'd her, she in wealth can vie
With any of th' extorting Senators,
And comes to lay it all at thy feet.
Tim. Thy most amazing generosity o'rewhelms me;
It covers me all o're with shame and blushes,
Thou hast oblig'd a wretch too much already,
And I have us'd thee ill for't; fly, fly, *Evandra!*
I have rage and madness, and I shall infect thee.
Earth! take me to thy Center; open quickly!
Oh that the World were all on fire!
Evan. Oh my dear Lord! this sight will break my heart;
Take comfort to you, let your Creditors
Swallow their maws full; we have yet enough,
Let us retire together and live free
From all the smiles and frowns of humane kind;
I shall have all I wish for, having thee.
Tim. My senses are not sound, I never can
Deserve thee: I've us'd thee scurvily.
Evan. No, my dear *Timon*, thou hast not.
Comfort thy self, if thou hast been unkind,
Forgive thy self, and I forgive thee for it.
Tim. I never will;
Nor will I be obliged to one,
I have treated so injuriously as her—— [*Aside.*
Evan. Pray, my Lord, go home; strive to compose

Your self. All that I have was and is yours; I wish
It ne're had been, that yet I might have shewn
By ſtronger proofs how much I love my *Timon*.
Tim. Moſt excellent of all the whole Creation,
Thou art too good that thou ſhould'ſt e're partake
Of my misfortunes——
And I am resolv'd not to involve her in 'em. [*Aside.*
Prithee, *Evandra*, go to thy own House,
I am once more to give my flatt'ring Rogues
An entertainment, but such a one as ſhall befit 'em;
And then I'll see thee.
Evan. Heav'n ever bleſs my Dear. [*Ex.* Timon *and* Evandra.

Enter Phæax, Cleon, Isander, Isidore, Thrasillus, Ælius.

Phæ. I think my honourable Lord did but try us.
Cleon. On my life it was no more. His Steward assur'd
Me his condition was near as good as ever.
Isand. That I doubt—but 'tis well at present
By his new feaſting.
Ælius. I am sorry I was not furnish'd when he sent to me.
Isid. I am sick of that grief, now I see how all things go.

Enter Timon *and Attendants.*

Tim. Oh! my kind Friends! how is't with you all?
How I rejoice to see you! Come, serve in Dinner.
Phæax. My noble Lord! never so well as when your
Lordship is so.
Ælius. I am sick with shame that I
Should be so unfortunate a Beggar when you sent to me.
Tim. No more, no more, I did but make Tryal: I have
No need of any sums; my Eſtate is in good health ſtill.
Phæax. Tryal, my good Lord? Would any one refuse
Your Lordship, were it in his power? Command half
My Eſtate! I am sorry I was so in haſt. I could
Not ſtay to tell you this. I have receiv'd Bills even now.
Pray use me—I hope he will not take me at my word. [*aside.*
Isan. Take it not unkindly, my good Lord, that I could
Not serve you. Now my Lord command me—I am able.
Tim. I beseech you do not think on't: I know ye love me,
All of ye.
Phæax. Equal with our selves, my dear Lord.
Thra. If you had sent but two hours before to me?———
Cleon. Now I have money, pray command it.

Tim. No more, for Heav'ens sake; think you I distrust
My kind good Friends! you are the best of Friends.
My Fortune ne're shall drive me from you, and should
Mine fail, which I hope it never will,
I know I may command all yours.
Phœax. I shall think my self happy enough if you would
But command my utmost *Drachma.*
Ælius. That were honour indeed; to serve Lord *Timon,*
I would with life and fortune.
Isan. Alas! who would not be proud of it?
Isid. Not a man in *Athens.*
Cleon. There's no foot of my Estate your Lordship
May not call your own.
Thra. Nor mine, my noble Lord.
Tim. Thanks to my worthy Friends. Who has such
Kind, such hearty Friends as I have?
Ælius. All cover'd Dishes.
Isan. Royal chear I warrant you.
Phœax. Doubt not of that; if money or the season
Can afford it.
Isid. The same good Lord still.
Tim. Come, my worthy Friends, let's sit! make it
Not a City Feast, to let the meat cool e're we agree
Upon our places.

The GRACE.

YOU great Benefactors, make your selves prais'd for your own gifts, base ungrateful man will not do it of himself; reserve still to give, lest your Deities be despis'd; were your Godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake ye: make the meat belov'd more than the man that gives it. Let no Assembly of twenty be without a score of Villains. If there be twelve women, let a dozen of 'em be . . . . . as they are. Confound, I beseech you, all the Senators of Athens, *together with the common people. What is amiss make fit for destruction; for these my present Friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome, but Toads and Snakes: A feast fit for such venemous Knaves.*

Phœax. What does he mean?
Ælius. He's mad I think.
Tim. May you a better Feast never behold.
You knot of mouth friends, vapours, lukewarm Knaves;
Most smiling, smooth detested Parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable Wolves, meek Bears,

You Fools of Fortune, Trencher Friends, Time Flies,
Cap and knee Slaves; an everlasting Leprosie
Crust you quite o're; what, dost thou steal away?
Soft, take thy Physick first, and thou, and thou; stay I will
Lend thee money——borrow none.
Phœax. What means your Lordship? I'll be gone.
Cleon. And I. He'l murder us.
Ælius. This is raging madness; fly, fly. [*They run off.*
Tim. *What all in motion! henceforth be no feast,*
Whereat a Villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn House, sink Athens, *henceforth hated be*
Of Timon, *Man and all humanitie.* [*Ex.* Timon.

ACT IV.

Timon *Solus.*

Tim. LET me look back upon thee! O thou Wall
That girdlest in those Wolves! Sink in the Earth,
And fence not *Athens* longer; that vile Den
Of savage Beasts; ye Matrons all turn Whores;
Obedience fail in Children; Slaves and Fools
Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
And minister in their stead. To general filths
Convert o' th' instant green Virginity;
Do't in their Parents Eyes. Bankrupts hold fast,
Rather than render back, out with your Knives,
And cut your Trusters Throats. Bound Servants steal;
Large handed Robbers your grave Masters are,
And pill by law. Maid to thy Masters Bed,
Mistress to the Brothel. Son of twenty one,
Pluck the lin'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire:
And with it beat his brains out. Piety, Fear,
Religion to the Gods; Peace, Justice, Truth,
Domestick awe, night rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, Manners, Mysteries and Trades,
Degrees, Observations, Customs and Laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries;
And let confusion live. Plagues incident to men,

Your potent and infectious feavours heap
On *Athens* ripe for vengeance. Cold *Sciatica*
Cripple the Senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their Manners. Luſt and Liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of your youth;
That 'gainſt the ſtream of virtue they may ſtrive
And drown themselves in riot. Itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenians Bosoms, and their Crop
Be general Leprosie. Breath infect breath;
That their Society as their Friendship, may
Be meerly poison. Nothing, nothing I bear from thee:
Farewel, thou moſt deteſted Town, and sudden
Ruine swallow thee. [*Ex.* Tim.

Scene the Senate-House, all the Senate sitting——

Alcibiades.

Nic. How dare you, *Alcibiades*,
Knowing your Sentence not recall'd, venture hither?
Alcib. You see, my reverend Lords, what confidence
I place in you, that durſt expose my person
Before my Sentence be recall'd: I am not now
Petitioner for my self; I leave my case
To your good and generous natures, when you shall
Think I've deserv'd your favour for my service.
I am an humble Suitor to your vertue,
For mercy is the vertue of the Law,
And none but Tyrants use it cruelly:
'Tis for a Gallant Officer of mine;
As brave a man as e're drew Sword for *Athens*.
'Tis *Thrasibulus*, who in heat of blood,
Has ſtept into the Law above his depth.
Nic. True, he has kill'd a Man.
Alcib. I've been before the *Areopagus*, and they refuse
All mercy. He is a Man (setting his Fate aside) of comely
Vertues, nor did he soil the fact with Cowardise;
But with a noble fury did revenge
His injur'd reputation.
Phæax. You ſtrive to make an ugly deed look fair.
Nic. As if you'd bring Man-slaughter into form,
And valour did conſiſt in quarrelling.
Ælius. That is a base and illegitimate valour:
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer.

Isan. All single Combates are deteſtable,
And courage that's not warranted by law,
Is much too dangerous a Vice to go unpunished.
Isid. If injuries be evil, death is moſt ill,
And then what folly is it for the less ill
To hazard life the chiefeſt good?
Cleon. There's no such courage as in bearing wrong.
Alcib. If there be such valour in bearing, what
Do we abroad? Women are then more valiant
That ſtay at home. And the Ass a better Captain
Than is the Lyon. The Malefactor that is
Loaden with Irons, wiser than the Judge.
Nic. You cannot make gross sins look clean
With eloquence.
Alcib. Why do fond men expose themselves to Battle,
And not endure all threats, and sleep upon e'm,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats?
Come my Lords——be pitiful and good.
Nic. He that's more merciful than Law, is cruel.
Alcib. The utmoſt law is downright Tyranny:
To kill I grant is the extreameſt guilt,
But in defence of Honour.
Phæ. Honour! is any Honour to be fought for
But the Honour of our Country?
Alcib. Who will not fight for's own, will never fight
For that: Let him that has no anger judge him;
How many in their anger would commit
This Captains fault——had they but courage for it?
Cleon. You speak in vain.
Alcib. If you will not excuse his Crime, consider
Who he is, and what he has done;
His service at *Lacedæmon* and *Byzantium*,
Are bribes sufficient for his Life.
Nic. He did his duty, and was rewarded with
His pay, and if he had not done it, he should
Be punisht.
Alcib. How, my Lords! is that all the return
For Souldiers toils, faſting and watching;
The many cruel hardships which they suffer;
The multitude of hazards, blood, and loss
Of Limbs?
Isan. Come, you urge it too far, he dies.
Alcib. He has slain in fight hundreds of Enemies.

How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict! what death and wounds he gave!
Isid. H' has given too many.
Ælius. He is a known Rioter, he has a sin
That often drowns him; in that Beastly fury
He has committed outrages.
Phæ. Such as we shall not name, since others were
Concern'd in 'em, you know.
Nic. In short,
His days are foul, and nights are dangerous;
And he must die.
Alcib. Hard Fate! he might have dy'd nobly in fight,
And done you service: if not for his deserts;
Consider all my actions, Lords, and join 'em
With his——your reverend Ages love security,
And therefore shou'd cherish those that give it you.
Phæ. You are too bold———he dies. No more——
Alcib. Too bold, Lord! do you know who I am?
Cleon. What saies he?
Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.
Isan. Consider well the place, and who we are?
Alcib. I cannot think but you have forgotten me.
Must I sue for such common grace,
And be deny'd? my wounds ake at you!
Nic. Y' are insolent! we have not forgotten yet
Your riot and destructive Vices; whoredoms,
Prophaneness, giddy-headed passions.
Phæ. Your breaking *Mercury*'s Statues, and mocking
The mysteries of sacred *Proserpine.*
Alcib. Insolent! now you provoke me. I am vext to see
Your private malice vented in a place
Where honest men would only think
On publick Interest. 'Tis base, and in another place
You would not speak thus.
Nic. How say you!
Alcib. I thought the Images of *Mercury* had only been
The Favourites of the Rabble, and the rites of
Proserpine: These things are mockery to men
Of sence. What folly 'tis to worship Statues when
You'd kick the Rogues that made 'em!
Phæ. How dare you talk thus? you have been a Rebel?
Alcib. Could any but the basest of mankind
Urge that to me by whom he keeps that head

That utters this againſt me? my Rebellion!
It was 'gainſt the common people. And you all
Are Rebels againſt them.
Nic. Ceaſe your Inſolence! we ſided not with *Spartans*.
Alcib. What means had I to humble th' Athenian
Rabble but that?
Phæ. It was well done to get your Friend King *Agis*
His Wife with Child in his abſence.
Alcib. He was a Blockhead, and I mended his breed for him.
But what is that to th' matter now in hand?
You have provok'd me, Lords, and I muſt tell you,
It is by me you ſit in ſafety here.
Phæ. By you, bold man?
Alcib. Yes by me! fearful man!
You have incens'd me now beyond all patience,
And I muſt tell you what ye owe me, Lords.
'Twas I that kept great *Tiſſaphernes* from
The Spartans aid, by which *Athens* by this
Had been one heap of Rubbiſh, I ſtopt
A hundred and fifty Gallies from *Phœnicia*,
Which would have fallen upon you: 'Twas I made
This *Tiſſaphernes*, *Athens* Friend, upon condition
That they would awe the common people, and take
The Government into the beſt mens hands;
Would you were ſo; I ſent *Piſander* then
To form this Ariſtocracy, and promis'd
The Perſian Generals Forces to aſſiſt you;
And when you had this pow'r, you caſt me off
That got it you.
Nic. My Lords! let him be ſilenc'd;
Shall he thus beard the Senate?
Alcib. I will be heard, and then your pleaſure, Lords.
Did not your Army in the Iſle of *Samos*,
Offended at your Government, chuſe me General?
And would have march't to your deſtruction,
Which I diverted? in that time your Foes
Would ſoon have won the Country of *Ionia*,
Of th' *Helleſpont* and all the other Iſles,
While you had been employ'd at home
With Civil Wars. I kept ſome back by force,
And by fair words others, in which *Thraſibulus*,
This man of *Stiria*, whom you thus condemn,
Having the loudeſt voice of all the *Athenians*

Employ'd by me, cry'd out to all the Army;
And thus we kept 'em from you, Lords, and now
Athens a second time was sav'd by me.
Phæ. 'Tis a shame that we should suffer this!
Alcib. 'Tis a shame these things are unrewarded.
Another time I kept five hundred Sail
Of the Phenicians from the aid
Of the Lacedamonians, won from 'em a Sea Battle,
Before the City of *Abidus*;
In spight of *Pharnabazus* mighty Power.
Think on my Victory at *Cizicum*, where I
Slew *Mendorus* in the Field, and took the City;
I brought then the *Bithynians* to your Yoke,
Won *Silibræa* on the *Hellespont*;
And then *Byzantium:* thus not only I
Diverted the Torrent of the Armies fury
From you, but turn'd it on the Enemies,
And all the while you safely told your money,
And let it out upon extorted Interest;
Must I be after all poorly deny'd
His life, who has so often ventur'd it for you?
Phæ. He dies, and you deserve it, but our sentence
Is for your insolence, we banish you;
If you be two hours more within these walls,
Your head is forfeited. Do you all consent?
All Sen. All, all!
Alcib. All, all! I am glad I know you all!
Banish me! Banish your doatage! Your extortion!
Banish your foul corruptions and self ends!
On the base Spirit of a Common-wealth!
One Tyrant is much better than four hundred;
The worst of Kings would be asham'd of this:
I am only rich in my large hurts from you.
Is this the Balsome the ill ntaur'd Senate
Pours into Captains Wounds? ha! banishment!
A good man would not stay with you, I embrace
My Sentence: 'Tis a Cause that's worthy of me. [*Exit* Alcib.
Nic. Was ever——heard such daring Insolence?
Shall we break up the Senate?
All Sen. Ay, ay!

Timon *in the Woods digging.*

Tim. O blessed breeding Sun, draw from the Fens,
The Bogs and muddy Marishes, and from

Corrupted ſtanding Lakes, rotten humidity
Enough to infect the Air with dire conſuming Peſtilence,
And let the poiſonous exhalations fall
Down on th' *Athenians;* they're all Flatterers,
And ſo is all mankind.
For every degree of fortune's ſmooth'd
And ſooth'd by that below it; the learn'd pate
Ducks to the golden Fool; There's nothing level
In our conditions, but baſe Villany;
Therefore be abhor'd each man, and all Society;
Earth yields me roots; thou common whore of mankind,
That put'ſt ſuch odds amongſt the rout of Nations;
I'll make thee do thy right office. Ha, what's here?
Gold, yellow, glittering precious Gold! enough
To purchaſe my eſtate again: Let me ſee further;
What a vaſt maſs of Treaſure's here! There ly,
I will uſe none, 'twill bring me flatterers.
I'll ſend a pattern on't to the *Athenians*,
And let 'em know what a vaſt Maſs I've found,
Which I'll keep from 'em. I think I ſee a Paſſenger
Not far off, I'll ſend it by him to the Senate. [*Exit* Timon.

Enter Evandra.

Evan. How long ſhall I ſeek my unhappy Lord?
But I will find him or will loſe my Life.
Oh baſe and ſhameful Villany of man,
Amongſt ſo many thouſands he has oblig'd,
Not one would follow him in his afflictions!
Ha! here is a Spade! ſure this belongs to ſome one
Who's not far off, I will enquire of him.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Who's there? what beaſt art thou that com'ſt
To trouble me?
Evan. Pray do not hurt me. I am come to ſeek
the poor diſtreſſed *Timon*, did you ſee him?
Tim. If thou be'ſt born of wicked humane race,
Why com'ſt thou hither to diſturb his mind?
He has forſworn all Company!
Evan. Is this my Lord! Oh dreadful tranſformation!
My deareſt Lord, do you not know me?
Tim. Thou walk'ſt upon two legs, and haſt a face

Erect towards Heav'n ; and all such Animals
I have abjur'd ; they are not honest,
Those Creatures that are so, walk on all four,
Prithee be gone.
Evan. He's much distracted sure ? have you forgotten
Your poor *Evandra ?*
Tim. No ! I remember there was such a one,
Whom I us'd ill ! Why dost thou follow misery ?
And add to it ? prithee be gone.
Evan. These cruel Words will break my heart, I come
Not to increase thy misery but mend it.
Ah my dear *Timon !* Why this Slave-like habit ?
And why this Spade *?*
Tim. 'Tis to dig roots, and earn my dinner with.
Evan. I have converted part of my Estate
To money and to Jewels, and have brought 'em
To lay 'em at thy feet, and the remainder
Thou soon shalt have.
Tim. I will not touch 'em ; no, I shall be flatter'd.
Evan. Comfort thy self and quit this savage life ;
We have enough in spite of all the baseness
Of th' *Athenians*, let not those Slaves
Triumph o're thy afflictions ; we'll live free.
Tim. If thou disswad'st me from this life, Thou hat'st me ;
For all the Principalities on earth,
I would not change this Spade ! prithee be gone,
Thou tempt'st me but in vain.
Evan. Be not so cruel.
Nothing but death shall ever take me from thee.
Tim. I'll never change my life : what would'st thou
Do with me ?
Evan. I'd live the same : Is there a time or place,
A Temper or Condition I would leave
My *Timon* in ?
Tim. You must not stay with me ?
Evan. Oh too unkind !
I offer'd thee all my prosperity——
And thou most niggardly deniest me part
Of thy Afflictions.
Tim. Ah soft *Evandra !* is not the bleak Air
Too boisterous a Chamberlain for thee ?
Or dost thou think these reverend trees that have
Out-liv'd the Raven, will be Pages to thee ?

And skip where thou appoint'st 'em? Will the Brook
Candid with Morning Ice, be Caudle to thee?
Evan. Thou wilt be all to me.
Tim. I am savage as a Satyr, and my temper
Is much unsound, my brain will be distracted.
Evan. Thou wilt be *Timon* still, that's all I ask.
Tim. It was a comfort to me when I thought
That thou wert prosperous; Thou art too good
To suffer with me the rough boist'rous weather,
To mortifie thy self with roots and water,
'Twill kill thee. Prithee be gone.
Evan. To Death if you command.
Tim. I have forsworn all humane conversation.
Evan. And so have I but thine.
Tim. 'Twill then be misery indeed to see
Thee bear it.
Evan. On my knees I beg it.
If thou refusest me, I'll kill my self.
I swear by all the Gods.
Tim. Rise my *Evandra!*
I now pronounce to all the world, there is
One woman honest; if they ask me more
I will not grant it: Come, my dear *Evandra,*
I'll shew thee wealth enough I have found with digging,
To purchase all my land again, which I
Will hide from all mankind.
Evan. Put all my Gold and Jewels to't.
Tim. Well said *Evandra!* Look, here is enough
To make black white, foul fair, wrong right;
Base noble, old young, Cowards valiant.
Ye Gods, here is enough to lug your Priests
And Servants from your Altars. This thing can
Make the Hoar'd Leprosie ador'd, place Thieves
And give 'em title, knee and approbation;
This makes the toothless, warp'd and wither'd Widows
Marry again. This can embalm and sweeten
Such as the Spittle-House and ulcerous Creatures
Would cast the gorge at: this can defile
The purest Bed, and make Divorce 'twixt Son
And Father, Friends and Kindred, all Society;
Can bring up new Religions, and kill Kings.
Evan. Let the Earth that breeds it, hide it, there 'twill
Sleep, and do no hired mischief.

Tim. Now Earth for a root.
Evan. 'Tis her unfathom'd Womb teems and feeds all,
And of such vile corrupting mettle, as
Man, her proud arrogant—Child is made of, does
Engender black Toads, and Adders blue, the guilded Newt
And eye-less venom'd worm, with all
The loathsome Births the quickning Sun does shine on.
Tim. Yield him, who all thy humane Sons does hate,
From out thy plenteous bosom some poor roots;
Sear up thy fertile Womb to all things else;
Dry up thy marrow, thy Veins, thy Tilth and pasture,
Whereof ungrateful man with liquorish draughts
And unctuous morsels greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips.
But hold a while——I am faint and weary.
My hands not us'd to toil, are gaul'd.
Evan. Repose your self, my dearest love, thus——your head
Upon my lap, and when thou hast refresht
Thy self, I'll gather Fruits and Berries for thee.

Enter Apemantus.

Tim. More Plague! more man! retire into my Cave. [*Ex.* Evan.
Apem. I was directed hither, men report
That thou affect'st my manners, and dost use 'em.
Tim. 'Tis then because I would not keep a Dog
Should Imitate thee.
Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected,
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this Spade? this place?
This slave-like Habit, and these looks of care?
Thy sordid flatt'rers yet wear silk, lye soft,
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgotten
That ever *Timon* was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a Carper.
Be thou a flatt'rer now and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee. Hinge thy knee,
And let each Great man's breath blow off thy Cap.
Praise his most monstrous deformities,
And call his foulest Vices excellent.
Thou wert us'd thus.
Tim. Dost thou love to hear thy self prate?
Apem. No; but thou should'st hear me speak.

Tim. I hate thy Speech and spit at thee.
Apem. Do not assume my Likeness to disgrace it.
Tim. Were I like thee, I'd use the Copy
As the Original shou'd be us'd.
Apem. How shou'd it be us'd?
Tim. It should be hang'd.
Apem. Before thou wert a Mad-man, now a Fool;
Art thou proud ſtill? call any of those Creatures
Whose naked natures Live in all the spight
Of angry Heav'n,
Whose bare un-housed trunks
To the conflicting Elements expos'd,
Answer meer Nature, bid 'em flatter thee,
And thou shalt find——
Tim. An Ass of thee——
Apem. I love thee better now than e're I did——
Tim. I hate thee worse——
Apem. Why so?
Tim. Thou flattereſt misery.
Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a Wretch——
Tim. Why doſt thou seek me out?
Apem. Perhaps to vex thee.
Tim. Always a Villain's Office or a Fool's.
Apem. If thou doſt put on this sour life and habit
To caſtigate thy Pride, 'twere well, but thou
Doſt it inforc'dly, wert thou not a Beggar,
Thou'dſt be a Courtier again.
Tim. Slave thou ly'ſt, 'tis next thee the laſt thing
Which I would be on earth.
Apem. How much does willing poverty excel
Uncertain pomp! for this filling ſtill,
Never compleat, that always at high wish;
But thou haſt a contentless wretched being,
Thou should'ſt desire to die being miserable.
Tim. Not by his advice that is more miserable.
Apem. I am contented with my poverty.
Tim. Thou ly'ſt. Thou would'ſt not snarl so if thou wert.
But 'tis a burthen that is light to thee,
For thou haſt been alwaies us'd to carry it.
Thou art a thing whom Fortunes tender arms
With favour never claſpt, but bred a Dog;
Hadſt thou like me from thy firſt swath proceeded
To all the sweet degrees, that this brief world

Afforded me; thou would'ſt have plung'd thy self
In general riot, melted down thy youth
In different Beds of luſt, and never learn't
The Icy precepts of Morality,
But had'ſt purſu'd the alluring game before thee.
Apem. Thou ly'ſt—I would have liv'd juſt as I do.
Tim. Poor Slave! thou doſt not know thy self! thou well
Canſt bear what thou haſt been bred to;
But for me who had the world as my Confectionary,
The Tongues, the Eyes, the Ears, the hearts of all men,
At duty more than I cou'd frame Imployments for,
That numberleſs upon me ſtuck as leaves
Upon the Oak, they'ave with one Winters brush
Faln from their boughs and left me open, bare
To every ſtorm that blows: for me to bear this
Who never knew but better, is a great burthen;
Thy nature did commence in ſuff'rance. Time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why ſhould'ſt thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee: If thou wilt Curſe,
Curſe then thy Father, who in ſpite put ſtuff
To ſome She-Beggar, and compounded thee,
A poor Hereditary Rogue.
Apem. Poor Aſs!
The middle of humanity thou ne're
Didſt know, but the extremity of both ends;
When thou wert in thy gilt and thy perfumes,
Men mock'd thee for thy too much curioſity;
Thou in thy rags know'ſt none.
Tim. Be gone, thou tedious prating Fool.
That the whole life of *Athens* were in this
One root, thus would I eat it.
Apem. I'll mend thy Feaſt.
Tim. Mend my condition, take thy self away.
Apem. What would'ſt thou have to *Athens?*
Tim. Thee thither in a Whirlwind.
Apem. When I have nothing else to do, I'll see thee again.
Tim. If there were nothing living but thy self,
Thou ſhould'ſt not even then be welcome to me;
I had rather be a Beggars Dog than *Apemantus.*
Apem. Thou art a miſerable Fool.
Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to ſpit upon.
Apem. Thou art too bad to Curſe: no miſery
That I could wiſh thee but thou haſt already.

Tim. Be gone, thou Issue of a Mangy Dog.
I swoun to see thee.
Apem. Would thou would'ſt burſt.
Tim. Away, thou tedious Rogue, or I will cleave thy scull.
Apem. Farewel Beaſt.
Tim. Be gone Toad.
Apem. The *Athenians* report thou haſt found a Mass
Of Treasure; they'll find thee out: The plague
Of Company light on thee.
Tim. Slave! Dog! Viper! out of my sight. [*Ex.* Apem.
Choler will kill me if I see mankind!
Come forth, *Evandra*; Thou art kind and good.

Enter Evandra.

Canſt thou eat roots and drink at that fresh spring?
Our feaſting's come to this.
Evan. What're I eat
Or drink with thee is feaſt enough to me;
Would'ſt thou compose thy thoughts and be content,
I should be happy.
Tim. Let's quench our thirſt at yonder murmuring Brook,
And then repose a while. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Poet, Painter *and* Musician.

Poet. As I took note o' the place, it cannot be far off,
Where he abides.
Mus. Does the rumour hold for certain, that he's so full of Gold?
Poet. 'Tis true! H' has found an infinite ſtore of Gold.
He has sent a Pattern of it to the Senate;
You will see him a Palm again in *Athens*,
And flourish with the higheſt of 'em all.
Therefore 'tis fit in this suppos'd diſtress,
We tender all our services to him.———
Paint. If the report be true we shall succeed.
Mus. If we shou'd not——

Re-enter Timon *and* Evandra.

Poet. Wee'll venture our joint labours. Yon is he,
I know by the description.
Mus. Let's hide ourselves, and see how he will take it. [*A Symphony.*
Evan. Here's Musick in the Woods, whence comes it?
Tim. From flattering Rogues who have heard that I
Have God; but that their disappointment would be greater,
In taking pains for nought, I'd send 'em back——

Poet. Hail worthy *Timon*———
Mus. Our noble master———
Paint. My most excellent Lord.
Tim. Have I once liv'd to see three honest men?
Poet. Having so often tasted of your bounty,
And hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall off,
For whose ungrateful natures we are griev'd,
We come to do you service.
Mus. We are not of so base a mold; we should
Desert our noble Patron!
Tim. Most honest men! oh, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots and drink cold water?
Poet. Whate're we can, we will to do you service.
Tim. Good men! come you are honest, you have heard
That I have gold enough! speak truth, y'are honest.
Poet. So it is said, but therefore came not we.
Mus. Not we, my Lord.
Paint. We thought not of it.
Tim. You are good men, but have one monstrous fault.
Poet. I beseech your honour, what is it?
Tim. Each of you trusts a damn'd notorious Knave.
Paint. Who is that, my Lord?
Tim. Why, one another, and each trusts himself.
Ye base Knaves, Tripartite! begone! make haste!
Or I will use you so like Knaves. [*He stones 'em.*
Poet. Fly, fly,—— [*All run out.*
Tim. How sick am I of this false World? I'll now
Prepare my Grave, to lie where the light foam
Of the outragious Sea may wash my Corps.
Evan. My dearest *Timon*, do not talk of Death;
My Life and thine together must determine.
Tim. There is no rest without it; prithee leave
My wretched Fortune, and live long and happy,
Without thy *Timon*. There is wealth enough.
Evan. I have no wealth but thee, let us lie down to rest;
I am very faint and heavy——— [*They lie down.*

Enter Melissa *and* Chloe.

Mel. Let the Chariot stay there.
It is most certain he has found a Mass of money,
And he has sent word to the Senate he's richer than ever.
Chlo. Sure were he rich, he would appear again.
Mel. If he be, I doubt not but with my love I'll charm

Him back to *Athens*, 'twas my deserting him
Has made him thus Melancholy.
Chlo. If he be not, you'l promise Love in vain;
Mel. If he be not, my Promise shall be vain;
For I'll be sure to break it: Thus you saw
When *Alcibiades* was banish'd last,
I would not see him; I am always true
To interest and my self. There Lord *Timon* lies!
Tim. What wretch art thou come to disturb me?
Mel. I am one that loves thee so, I cannot lose thee.
I am gotten from my Father and my Friends,
To call Thee back to *Athens*, and her arms
Who cannot live without thee.
Evan. It is *Melissa!* prithee listen not
To her Destructive *Syrens* voice.
Tim. Fear not.
Mel. Dost thou not know thy dear *Melissa?*
To whom thou mad'st such vows!
Tim. O yes, I know that piece of vanity,
That frail, proud, inconstant foolish thing.
I do remember once upon a time,
She swore eternal love to me, soon after
She would not see me, shun'd me, slighted me.
Mel. Ah now I see thou never lov'dst me, *Timon*,
That was a tryal which I made of thee,
To find if thou didst love me, if thou hadst
Thou wouldst have born it: I lov'd thee then much more
Than all the World—but thou art false I see,
And any little change can drive thee from me,
And thou wilt leave me miserable.
Evan. Mind not that Crocodiles tears,
She would betray thee.
Mel. Is there no truth among Mankind? had I
So much Ingratitude, I had left
Thy fallen Fortune, and ne'er seen thee more:
Ah *Timon!* could'st thou have been kind, I could
Rather have beg'd with thee, than have enjoy'd
With any other all the Pomp of *Greece*;
But thou art lost and hast forgotten all thy Oaths.
Evan. Why shou'd you strive to invade anothers right?
He's mine, for ever mine: These arms
Shall keep him from thee.
Mel. Thine! poor mean Fool! has marriage made him so?

No,——Thou art his Concubine, dishonest thing;
I would enjoy him honestly.
Tim. Peace, screech Owl: There is much more honesty
In this one woman than in all thy Sex
Blended together; our hearts are one;
And she is mine for ever: wert thou the Queen
Of all the Universe, I would not change her for thee.
Evan. Oh my dear Lord! this is a better Cordial
Than all the World can give.
Tim. False! proud! affected! vain fantastick thing;
Be gone, I would not see thee unless I were
A Basilisk: thou boast'st that thou art honest of thy Body,
As if the Body made one honest: Thou hast a vile
Corrupted filthy mind——
Mel. I am no Whore as she is.
Tim. Thou ly'st, she's none: But thou art one in thy Soul:
Be gone, or thou'lt provoke me to do a thing unmanly,
And beat thee hence.
Mel. Farewel, Beast—— [*Ex.* Mel. *and* Chlo.
Evan. Let me kiss thy hand, my dearest Lord,
If it were possible more dear than ever.
Tim. *Let's now go seek some rest within my Cave,*
If any we can have without the Grave. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

Enter Timon *and* Evandra.

Tim. NOW after all the follies of this life,
Timon has made his everlasting Mansion
Upon the beached Verge of the Salt Flood;
Where every day the swelling Surge shall wash him;
There he shall rest from all the Villanies,
Betraying smiles, or th' oppressing frowns
Of proud and impotent Man.
Evan. Speak not of death, I cannot lose thee yet,
Throw of this dire consuming Melancholy.
Oh could'st thou love as I do, thou'dst not have
Another wish but me. There is no state on Earth
Which I can envy while I have thee within

These Arms——take Comfort to thee, think not yet
Of Death——leave not *Evandra* yet.
Tim. Think'ſt thou in Death we shall not think,
And know, and love, better than we can here?
O yes, *Evandra!* There our Happiness
Will be without a wish—I feel my long sickness
Of health and living now begin to mend,
And nothing will bring me all things: thou *Evandra*,
Art the thing alone on Earth, would make me wish
To play my part upon the troublesome Stage,
Where folly, madness, falshood, and cruelty,
Are the only actions represented.
Evan. That I have lov'd my *Timon* faithfully
Without one erring thought, the Gods can witness;
And as my life was true, my death shall be,
If I one minute after thee survive,
The scorn and infamy of all my Sex
Light on me, and may I live to be
Melissa's Slave.
Tim. Oh my ador'd *Evandra!*
Thy kindness covers me with shame and grief,
I have deserv'd so little from thee;
Were't not for thee I'd wish the World on Fire.

Enter Nicias, Phæax, Isidore, Isander, Cleon, Thrasillus *and* Ælius.

More Plagues yet!
Nici. How does the Worthy *Timon?*
Is grieves our hearts to see thy low condition,
And we are come to mend it.
Phæax. We and the *Athenians* cannot live without thee,
Caſt from thee this sad grief, moſt Noble *Timon*,
The Senators of *Athens* greet thee with
Their Love, and do with one consenting voice
Intreat thee back to *Athens*.
Tim. I thank 'em and would send em' back the Plague,
Could I but catch it for 'em.
Ælius. The Gods forbid, they love thee moſt sincerely.
Tim. I will return 'em the same love they bear me.
Nic. Forget, moſt Noble *Timon:* they are sorry
They should deny thee thy requeſt; they do
Confess their fault; the publick body,
Which seldom does recant, confesses it.

Cleon. And has sent us———
Tim. A very scurvy sample of that Body.
Phœax. O my good Lord! we have ever lov'd you beſt
Of all Mankind.
Thras. And equal with our selves.
Isid. Our hearts and souls were ever fixt upon thee.
Isan. We would ſtake our lives for you.
Phæ. We are all griev'd to think you should
So mis-interpret our beſt loves.
Cleon. Which shall continue ever firm to you.
Tim. Good Men, you much surprise me, even to tears;
Lend me a Fool's Heart and Womens Eyes,
And I'll beweep these Comforts, worthy Lords.
Nic. We beg your honour will interpret fairly.
Phæ. The Senate has reserv'd some special dignities
Now vacant, to confer on you. They pray
You will return, and be their Captain,
Allow'd with absolute Command.
Nic. Wild *Alcibiades* approaches *Athens*
With all his Force; and like a savage Bear
Roots up his Countries peace; we humbly beg
Thy juſt assiſtance.
Phœax. We all know thou art worthy
And haſt oblig'd thy Country heretofore
Beyond return.
Ælius. Therefore, good Noble Lord.
Tim. I tell you, Lords,
If *Alcibiades* kill my Country-men,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That *Timon* cares not: But if he sack fair *Athens*,
And take our goodly aged men by th' Beards,
Giving up pureſt Virgins to the ſtain
Of beaſtly mad-brain'd War; Then let him know,
In pity of the aged and the young,
I cannot chuse but tell him that I care not,
And let him tak't at worſt; for their Swords care not
While you have throats to answer; for my self
There's not a Knife in all the unruly Camp,
But I do love and value more than the
Moſt reverend Throat in *Athens*, tell 'em so!
Be *Alcibiades* your Plague, ungrateful Villains.
Phæ. O my good Lord, you think too hardly of us.
Ælius. Hang him! there's no hopes of him.

Nic. Hee'll ne'r return; he truly is *Misanthropos.*
Phæ. You have gold, my Lord, will you not serve
Your Country with some of it?
Tim. Oh my dear Country! I do recant,
Commend me kindly to the Senate, tell 'em
If they will come all in one Body to me,
And follow my advice, they shall be welcome.
Nic. I am sure they will, my Noble Lord.
Tim. I will instruct 'em how to ease their griefs;
Their fears of Hostile strokes, their Aches, Losses,
Their covetous pangs, with other incident Throes,
That Natures fragil Vessel must sustain
In lifes uncertain Voyage.
Phæ. How, my good Lord? this kind Care is Noble.
Tim. Why even thus——
I will point out the most convenient Trees
In all this Wood, to hang themselves upon.
And so farewel, ye Covetous, fawning Slaves, be gone!
Let me not see the face of man more,
I had rather see a Tiger fasting———
Nic. He's lost to all our purposes.
Phæ. Let's send a party out of *Athens* to him
To force him to confess his Treasure;
And put him to the torture if he will not.
Nic. It will do well, let's away. [*Drums.*
Ælius. What Drums are those?
Phæax. They must belong to *Alcibiades!*
To Horse and fly, or we shall chance be taken. [*Exeunt.*
Tim. Go fly, *Evandra*, to my Cave, or thou
May'st suffer by the rage of lustful Villains.

Enter Alcibiades *with* Phryne *and* Thais,
two Whores.

Alci. Command a Halt, and send a Messenger
To summon *Athens* from me!
What art thou there? Speak.
Tim. A two legg'd Beast as thou art, Cankers gnaw thee
For shewing me the face of man again.
Alci. Is man so hateful to thee! what art thou?
Tim. I am *Misanthropos!* I hate Mankind:
And for thy part, I wish thou wer't a Dog,
That I might love thee something.
But now I think on't, thou art going

Against yon Cursed Town: go on!
It is a worthy cause.
Alci. Oh *Timon!* now I know thee, I am sorry
For thy misfortunes; and hope a little time
Will give me occasion to redress 'em.
Tim. I will not alter my condition
For all you e're shall conquer; no, go on,
Paint with man's blood the Earth: die it well.
Religious Canons, civil laws are cruel,
What then must War be?
Alcib. How came the noble *Timon* by this change?
Tim. As the Moon does by wanting light to give,
And then renew I could not like the Moon,
There were no Suns to borrow of.
Alcib. What friendship shall I do thee?
Tim. Why, promise me friendship and perform none;
If thou wilt not promise, thou art no man:
If thou dost perform, thou art none neither.
Alcib. I am griev'd to see thy misery.
Tim. Thou saw'st it when I was rich.
Alcib. Then was a happy time.
Tim. As thine is now, abus'd by a brace of Harlots.
What dost thou fight with women by thy side?
Alcib. No, but after all the toils and hazards of the day
With men, I refresh my self at night with Women.
Tim. These false Whores of thine have more destruction
In 'em, than thy Sword.
Phry. Thou art a Villian to say so——
Thais. Is this he, that was the *Athenian* Minion?
A snarling Rascal
Tim. Be Whores still, they love you not that use you;
Employ all your salt hours to ruine youth,
Soften their manners into a Lethargy
Of sense and action.
Phry. Hang thee, Monster; we are not Whores,
We are Mistresses to *Alcibiades*.
Tim. The right name is Whore, do not miscal it,
Ye have been so to many.
Thais. Out on you Dog.
Alcib. Pray pardon him;
His wits are lost in his calamities;
I have but little gold, but here's some for thee.
Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. Wilt thou go 'gainſt *Athens* with me?
Tim. If ye were Beaſts, I'd go with ye:
But I'll not herd with men; yet I love thee
Better than all men, because thou wert born
To ruine thy base Country.
Alcib. I've sent to summon *Athens;* if she obeys not,
I'll lay her on a heap.
Tim. It were a glorious act; go on, go on!
Here's gold for thee; ſtay, I'll fetch thee more.
Alcib. What myſterie is this? where shou'd he have this
Tim. Here's more Gold and Jewels! go on,
Be a devouring Plague; let not
Thy Sword skip one, spare thou no Sex or Age:
Pity not honour'd Age for his white Beard,
He's an Usurer: ſtrike the counterfeit Matron,
It is her habit only that is honeſt,
Her self's a Bawd: Let not the Virgin's Cheek
Make soft thy Sword, nor Milk-paps giving suck:
Spare not the Babe whose dimpled smiles,
From Fools exhauſt their mercy; think 'twill be
A Rogue or Whore e're long if thou should'ſt spare it.
Put Armour on thy eyes and ears, whose proof,
Nor Yells of Mothers, Maids, nor crying Babes,
Nor sight of Prieſts in Holy Veſtments bleeding,
Shall pierce one jot.
Phryn. Haſt thou more gold, good *Timon?* give us some.
Thais. What pity 'tis he should be thus Melancholy!
He is a fine person now.
Tim. Oh flattering Whores! but that I am sure you will
Do ſtore of mischief, I'd not give you any:
Here! be sure you be Whores ſtill,
And who with pious breath seeks to convert ye,
Be ſtrong in Whore, allure and burn him up;
Thatch your thin Sculls with burthens from the dead,
Some that were hang'd, no matter,
Wear them! betray with them, Whore ſtill;
Paint till a Horse may mire upon your faces——
A Pox on Wrinkles, I say.
Thais. Well, more Gold, say what thou wilt.
Tim. Sow your Consumptions in the bones of men;
Dry up their Marrows, pain their shins and shoulders; crack the Lawyer's voice, that he
May never bawl, and plead false title more.

Entice the luſtful and diſſembling Prieſts,
That ſcold againſt the quality of flesh,
And not believe themselves ; I am not well.
Here's more, ye proud, lascivious, rampant Whores.
Do you damn others, and let this damn you ;
And Ditches be all your Death-Beds and your Graves.
Phry. More counsel, and more money, bounteous *Timon.*
Tim. More Whore ! more mischief firſt,
I've given you earneſt.
Alcib. We but diſturb him ! farewell,
If I thrive well, I will visit thee again.
Tim. If I thrive well, I ne're shall see thee more :
I feel Death's happy ſtroak upon me now,
He has laid his Icy hands upon me at length ;
He will not let me go again, Farewel.
Confound *Athens*, and then thy self. [*Ex.* Timon.
Alcib. Now march, sound Trumpets and beat Drums,
And let the terrour of the noise invade
The ungrateful, Cowardly, usurious Senate. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Nicias, Ælius, Cleon, Thrasillus, Isidore, Isander, *upon the works of* Athens.

Nic. What shall we do to appease his rage ?
He has an Army able to devour us.
Phæ. We muſt e'en humbly bow our necks,
That he may tread on 'em.
Ælius. He is a man of easie nature, soon won by soothings.
Nic. I tremble leſt he should revenge our sentence.
Isid. If we shou'd resiſt, he'll level *Athens.*
Isan. And then woe to our selves,
Our Wives and Daughters.
Nic. What will become of you and me *Phœax ?*
We have been Enemies to him long. I tremble for it.
Phæ. Let us appear moſt forward in delivering up the Town to him.
Nic. If we resiſt hee'l use a Conquerour's Power,
And nothing then will escape the fury of
The Headſtrong Souldiers, we muſt all submit.
See, he approaches. These Drums and Trumpets
Strike terrour into me ! Heav'n, help all. [*Enter Herald.*

Enter Alcibiades *and his Army.*

Alcib. What answer make they to my Summons ?
Herald. They are on the works to treat with you.

Alcib. There's a white Flag! let us approach 'em.
Hoa! you on the works! give me and my Army entrance,
Or I'll let loose the fury of my Souldiers,
And make you all a prey to spoil and rapine;
And such a flame I'll light about your ears,
Shall make *Greece* tremble.
Nic. My noble Lord! we mean nothing less.
Phæ. Only we beg your honour will forgive us.
Nic. W'have been ungrateful, and are much asham'd on't;
Your Lordship shall tread upon our necks if you think good;
We cannot but condemn our selves;
But we appeal to your known mercy and
Your Generosity.
Phæ. March noble lord into our City
With all the Banners spread; we are thy Slaves.
Ælius. Your Footstools.
Isid. What ever you will make us.
Thras. Enter our City, Noble *Alcibiades*: but leave
Your rage behind you.
Isand. Set but your Foot against our Gates, and they
Shall open——so you will enter like a Friend.
Alcib. Open the Gates without Capitulations.
For if I set my battering Rams to work,
You must expect no Mercy.
Nic. We will, my good Lord——
[*They all come down,* Nic. *presents* Alcibiades *the Keys upon his Knees.*
Our Lives and Fortunes now are in thy hands;
But we fly to thy mercy for protection.
Alcib. You merit as much mercy as you show'd
To *Thrasibulus*, such monstrous ingratitude
Will make your villainous names grow odious
To all the race of men, but to your selves
To whom vertue is so.
Phæ. 'Twas the whole Senates voice.
Alcib. A Senate, a Den of Thieves! I little thought
When I wrested the Pow'r from the Rabble,
To give it you, you would be worse than they;
But most of you deserve the Ostracism:
Some of you are such Rogues you'd shame the Gibbet.
Nic. Good my Lord! tread on our necks, but pardon us.
Phæ. We'll be your Slaves if you'll forgive us.
Alcib. Can you forgive *Thrasibulus* when he's dead?
Must we be us'd thus after our frequent hazards, and our

Toils, hard weary marching! watching! fasting!
Such dreadful hardships, lying out such nights,
A Beast could not abide without a Covert,
And all for Pursy-lazy-knaves, that snort
In peace at home, and wallow in their bags?
Must we the Bullwarks of our Country be
Thus us'd?

Phæ. Cease to reproach us, my good Lord.

Ælius. We are full of shame and guilt.

Cleon. Pardon us, good *Alcibiades.*

Thras. We heartily repent.

Isid. Wee'l kiss thy Feet, good Lord.

Isand. Do with us what thou wilt.

Alcib. You six of the foremost here must meet me
In the Αννξ, where I'll order the πρίτανες
To Assemble all the People——
And on your Knees present your selves
With Halters 'bout your necks!

Phæax. Oh my good Lord!

Alcib. Dispute it not, for by the Gods if you
Fail in this point, I'll hang ye all,
Rifle your Houses, and extirpate all
Your race——March on.
Give order that not a man shall break his ranks,
Or shall offend the regular course of Justice,
On Penalty of Death———March on—— [*Ex. omnes.*

Enter Timon *and* Evandra *coming out of the Cave.*

Evan. Oh my dear Lord! why do you stoop and bend
Like Flowers o'recharg'd with dew, whose yielding stalks
Cannot support 'em? I have a Cordial which
Will much revive thy Spirits.

Tim. No, sweet *Evandra,*
I have taken the best Cordial, Death, which now
Kindly begins to work about my Vitals;
I feel him, he comforts me at Heart.

Evan. Oh my dear *Timon!* must we then part?
That I should live to see this fatal day!
Had death but seiz'd me first, I had been happy.

Tim. My poor *Evandra!* lead me to my Grave!
Lest Death o'retake me——he pursues me hard:
He's close upon me. 'Tis the last office thou
Canst do for *Timon.*

Evan. Hard, ſtubborn Heart,
Wilt thou not break yet? Death, why art thou coy
To me that courts thee?
Tim. Lay me gently down
In my laſt tenement. Death's the trueſt Friend,
That will not flatter, but deals plainly with us.
So now my weary Pilgrimage on Earth
Is almoſt finisht! Now, my beſt *Evandra*,
I charge thee, by our loves, our mutual loves,
Live, and live happy after me: and if
A thought of *Timon* comes into thy mind,
And brings a tear from thee, let some diversion
Banish it——quickly, ſtrive to forget me.
Evan. Oh! *Timon!* Think'ſt thou I am such a Coward,
I will not keep my word? Death shall not part us.
Tim. If thou'lt not promise me to live, I cannot
Resign my life in peace, I will be with thee
After my Death; my Soul shall follow thee,
And hover ſtill about thee, and guard thee from all harm.
Evan. Life is the greateſt harm, when thou art dead.
Tim. Can'ſt thou forgive thy *Timon* who involv'd
Thee is his sad Calamities?
Evan. It is a blessing to share any thing with thee!
Oh thou look'ſt pale! thy Countenance changes!
Oh whither art thou going?
Tim. To my laſt home. I charge thee live, *Evandra!*
Thou lov'ſt me not, if thou wilt not obey me;
Thou only! dearеſt! kind! conſtant thing on Earth,
Farewel. [*Dies.*
Evan. He's gone! he's gone! would all the world were so,
I muſt make haſte, or I shall not o'retake
Him in his flight. *Timon*, I come, ſtay for me,
Farewel base World. [*Stabs her self. Dies.*

Enter Alcibiades, Phrinias, *and* Thais, *his Officers and Souldiers, and his Train, the Senators. The People by degrees assembling.*

Enter Melissa.

Mel. My *Alcibiades*, welcome! doubly welcome!
The Joys of Love and Conqueſt ever bless thee.
Wonder and terrour of Mankind, and Joy
Of Woman-kind: now thy *Melissa*'s happy:
She has liv'd to see the utmoſt day she wisht for,
Her *Alcibiades* return with Conqueſt

O'er this ungrateful City; and but that
I every day heard thou wert marching hither,
I had been with thee long e're this.
Alcib. What gay, vain, prating thing is this?
Mel. How, my Lord! do you question who *Melissa* is?
And give her such foul Titles?
Alcib. I know *Melissa*, and therefore give her such
Titles: for when the Senate banisht me;
She would not see me, tho' upon her knees
Before she had sworn eternal love to me;
I see thy snares too plain, to be caught now.
Mel. I ne'r refus'd to see you, Heav'n can witness!
Who ever told you so, betray'd me basely:
Not see you! sure there's not a sight on earth
I'd chuse before you: You make me astonish'd!
Alcib. All this you swore to *Timon;* and next day
Despis'd him—I have been inform'd
Of all your falsehood, and I hate thee for't;
I have Whores, good honest faithful Whores!
Good Antidotes against thy poison——Love;
Thy base false love; and tell me, is not one
Kind, faithful, loving Whore, better than
A thousand base, ill-natur'd honest Women?
Mel. I never thought I should have liv'd to hear
This from my *Alcibiades*.
Alcib. Do not weep,
Since I once lik'd thee, I'll do something for thee:
I have a Corporal that has serv'd me well,
I will prefer you to him.
Mel. How have I merited this scorn——Farewel,
I'll never see you more. [*Exit.*
Alcib. I hope you will not.

Enter Souldiers with drawn Swords, haling in Apemantus.

How now! what means this violence?
1 *Sould.* My Lord! this snarling Villainous Philosopher,
With open mouth rail'd at the Army;
He said the General was a Villain: shall we cut his Throat?
Alcib. No! touch him not! unhand him!
Why, *Apemantus*, didst thou call me Villain?
Apem. I always speak my Thoughts: not all
The Swords o'th' Army bent against my throat
Can fright me from the truth——

Alcib. Why dost thou think I am one?
Apem. 'Tis true, this base Town deserves thy scourge,
And all the Terror and the punishment,
Thou canst inflict upon it: the deed is good,
But yet thou dost it ill; private revenge,
Base passion, headstrong lust, incite thee to it;
Had they not banish'd thee, thou wou'dst have suffer'd
Wrong still to prosper, and th'insulting Tyrants
To thrive, swell and grow fat with their oppression,
And would'st have join'd in them.
Alcib. Thou rail'st too much for a Philosopher.
Apem. Nay frown not, Lord, I fear thee not, nor love thee,
All thy good parts thou drown'st in vice and riot,
In passion, and vain-glory: how proud art thou
Of all thy Conquests—when a poor rabble
Of Idle Rogues who else had been in Jails,
Perform'd 'em for thee; How false is Souldiers honour
With Drums and Trumpets, and in the face of day
With daring Impudence Men go to murther
Mankind——but in the greatest actions of their Lives
The getting men they sneak and hide themselves i'th' dark;
I scorn your folly and your madness.
Alcib. Thou art a snarling Cur.
1 *Sould.* Shall I run him through?
Alcib. Hold.
Apem. I fear thee not.
Alcib. My ever honoured *Socrates* favour'd thee,
And for his sake I spare thee.
Apem. How much did *Socrates* lose his pains in thee!
Hadst thou observ'd his principles thou'dst been honest.

Enter Nicias, Thrasillus, Phæax, Isidore, Isander, Ælius, *and* Cleon, *with Halters about their Necks.*

Nic. We come, my noble Lord, at thy Command,
And thus we humbly kneel before thy mercy
Phæ. Spare our Lives, and wee'l employ 'em
In thy Service, worthy *Alcibiades.*
Alcib. Do you acknowledge you are ungrateful Knaves?
All. We do.
Alcib. And that you have used me basely?
All. We have, but we are very sorry.
Alcib. I should do well to hang you for the Death
Of my brave Officer! but thousand such base lives

As yours would not weigh with his ! go, ye have
Your liberty. And now the people are assembled,
I will declare my intentions towards them. [*He ascends the Pulpit.*
My Fellow Citizens ! I will not now upraid
You for the unjuſt sentence paſt upon me,
In the return of which I have subdu'd
Your Enemies and all revolted places,
Made you Victorious both at Land and Sea,
And have with continual toil, and numberless dangers
Stretcht out the bounds of your Dominions far
Above your hopes or expectations.
I will not recount the many enterprises,
No *Grecian* can be ignorant of. 'Tis enough
You know how I have serv'd you. Now it remains
I farther shou'd declare my self; I come
Firſt to free you, good Citizens of *Athens*,
From the moſt insupportable yoaks
Of your four hundred Tyrants; and then next
To claim my own Eſtate, which has unjuſtly
By them been kept from me that rais'd them.
I do confess, I, in revenge of your decree
Againſt me, set up them, but never thought
They would have been such Cursed Tyrants to you,
Till now, they have gone on and fill'd the time
With moſt licentious acts; making their wills,
Their base corrupted wills, the scope of Juſtice,
While you in vain groan'd under all your suff'rings.
Thus when a few shall Lord it o're the reſt,
They govern for themselves and not the People.
They rob and pill from them, from thence t' increase
Their private ſtores; but when the Government
Is in the Body of the People, they
Will do themselves no harm; therefore henceforth
I do pronounce the Government shall devolve upon the
People, and may Heav'n prosper 'em.

People shout and cry Alcibiades ! Alcibiades ! *Long live* Alcibiades,
Liberty, Liberty, &c. [Alcib. *Descends.*

Enter Messenger.

Mes. My noble Lord ! I went as you commanded,
And found Lord *Timon* dead, and his *Evandra*
Stab'd, and juſt by him lying in his Tomb,
On which was this Inscription.

Alcib. I'll read it.

Here lies a wretched Corse, of wretched Soul bereft,
Timon *my name, a Plague consume you Caitiffs left.*

Poor *Timon !* I once knew thee the most flourishing man
Of all th' *Athenians*, and thou still had'st been so,
Had not these smiling, flattering Knaves devour'd thee,
And murder'd thee with base ingratitude.
His death pull'd on the poor *Evandra*'s too ;
That Miracle of Constancy in Love.
Now all repair to their respective homes,
Their several Trades, their business and diversions ;
And whilst I guard you from your active Foes,
And fight your Battels, be you secure at home.
May Athens *flourish with a lasting Peace ;*
And may its wealth and power ever increase.

All the People shout and cry, Alcibiades ! Alcibiades !
Liberty, Liberty, &c.

Epilogue.

IF there were hopes that ancient solid Wit
Might please within our new fantaſtick Pit;
This Play might then ſupport the Criticks ſhock,
The Scien *grafted upon* Shakespear's *Stock;*
For join'd with his our Poet's part might thrive,
Kept by the vertue of his ſap alive.
Though now no more ſubſtantial English Plays,
Than good old Hoſpitality you praiſe;
The time ſhall come when true old ſence ſhall riſe
In Judgment over all your vanities.
Slight kickſhaw Wit o'th' Stage, French-meat at Feaſts,
Now daily tantalize the hungry Gueſts;
While the old English Chine us'd to remain,
And many hungry onſets would ſuſtain.
At theſe thin Feaſts each Morſel's ſwallow'd down,
And ev'ry thing but the Gueſts ſtomach's gone.
At theſe new faſhion'd Feaſts you've but a Taſt,
With Meat or Wit you ſcarce can break a Faſt.
This Jantee *ſlightneſs to the* French *we owe,*
And that makes all ſlight Wits admire 'em ſo.
They're of one Level, and with little pains
The Frothy Poet good reception gains;
But to hear English Wit there's uſe of brains.
Though Sparks to imitate the French think fit
In want of Learning, Affectation, Wit,
And which is moſt, in Cloaths wee'l ne'r ſubmit.
Their Ships or Plays o're ours ſhall ne'er advance,
For our Third Rates ſhall match the Firſt of France.
With English Judges this may bear the Teſt,
Who will for Shakespear's *part forgive the reſt.*
The Sparks judge but as they hear others ſay,
They cannot think enough to mind a Play.
They to catch Ladies (which they dreſs at) come,
Or 'cauſe they cannot read or think at home;
Each here deux yeux *and am'rous looks imparts,*
Levells Crevats *and* Perriwigs *at Hearts;*

Yet they themselves more than the Ladies mind,
And but for vanity wou'd have 'em kind.
No passion———
But for their own Dear persons them can move,
Th' admire themselves too much to be in Love.
Nor Wit, nor Beauty, their hard Hearts can strike,
Who only their own sence or persons like.
But to the men of Wit our Poet flies,
To save him from Wits mortal Enemies.
Since for his Friends he has the best of those,
Guarded by them he fears not little Foes.
And with each Mistress we must Favour find,
They, for Evandra's *sake, will sure be kind;*
At least all those to constant Love inclin'd.

FINIS.

A

True Widow.

A

COMEDY,

ACTED by The

Duke's Servants.

Written

By *THO. SHADWELL.*

Odi profanum Vulgus & arceo.

LONDON,

Printed for *Benjamin Tooke*, at the Ship in St. *Paul*'s Church-yard: 1679.

Source

"THIS Play," says Langbaine, "I take to be as true Comedy; and the Characters and Humours to be as well drawn, as any of this Age." The two Maggots, Prig, and Lump seem entirely original and were, perhaps, sketched from the life. There are to-day not a few great Lovers "of Business, for Business-sake"; as well as Coxcombs who never talk or think of anything save racing and popular sports, whose conversation is all betting and football. Prig and John Thorpe would have hit it off amazingly well together, whilst Lump has much in common with Gradgrind. Indeed I imagine that these humours are always with us. It is, of course, more than doubtful whether Thomas Holcroft knew anything of Shadwell, but Goldfinch (acted by Lewis) in *The Road to Ruin*, produced with great success at Covent Garden 18 February, 1792, 8vo, 1792, seems very like Prig in the earlier comedy. The *Biographia Dramatica* certainly suggests that "the leading point of satire in [Holcroft's] drama was authorized by some extravagant examples in private life at the time in which it was written, and which were personified in the character of Goldfinch. . . . We have four-in-hand clubs of various denominations; but all leading to the ridiculous point of rivalling stage-coachmen, in language, habit, and manners." Prig is truly a Corinthian of Charles' day.

In Colman's capital comedy *The Jealous Wife*, which I have seen acted with much applause,—originally produced at Drury Lane 12 February, 1761—Sir Harry Beagle (acted by King) is always talking of studs, fillies, and kennels; Epsom, Lincoln, Nottingham, Newmarket, and York. When he comes to London in pursuit of the young lady he wishes to marry, but who has fairly run away from the match, he spends his time "cheapening a hunter, and drinking strong beer at the Horse and Jockey in Smithfield."

In later plays the same type has been made use of fairly often and has proved not unamusing upon the scene. But I trow that Shadwell's Prig is the first of his line. Goldfinch is nearer to Prig than is Sir Harry Beagle. For both Prig and Goldfinch have pertness, impudence, and volatility; whilst Beagle is the heavier, more cloddish lout.

D'Urfey possibly did not forget Prig when in his comedy *The Bath; or, The Western Lass*, produced with moderate success at Drury Lane June–July, 1701, he introduced Lord Lovechase, acted by Griffin, "A blunt Country Lover, a Lord of Fox-hunting and Country Sports."

The Hon. Edward Howard's comedy *The Man of Newmarket*, produced

at Drury Lane in 1678, 4to, 1678, the scene of which is actually laid in London, deals it is true with horses and jockeys, but is so entirely without characterization as to be the worst of that gentleman's dull plays, and since there is nothing to plagiarize, we may acquit Shadwell of borrowing hence.

There are many characters in comedy, as in real life, which possess the traits of Lady Busy. Thus in D'Urfey's *The Marriage-Hater Match'd*, Drury Lane, January 1691–2, we have Lady Bumfiddle, "A Prating, Matchmaking, Eating, Impertinent Creature visiting every one for the sake of a good Dinner, and always teizing 'em with fulsome stories of the Intrigues about the Town," acted by Mrs. Corey: in Farquhar's *The Constant Couple*, Drury Lane, November, 1699, Lady Darling acted by Mrs. Powell: and the list might (both from theatre and romance) be indefinitely prolonged.

Farquhar's Mockmode "A young Squire, newly come from the University, and setting up for a Beau," acted by Bullock, in *Love and a Bottle*, Drury Lane 1699, seems modelled upon Young Maggot.

The trick of the ink whereby Lady Cheatly abuses her creditors occurs in Massinger's *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, when Sir Giles Overreach is deceived by Frank Wellborn. Upon drawing the bond from the box the usurer exclaims:

> Here's that will make
> My interest clear—ha!

Lady Allworth. A fair skin of parchment.
Wellborn. Indented, I confess, and labels too;
But neither wax nor words . . . .
Overreach. I am o'erwhelm'd with wonder!
What prodigy is this? what subtile devil
Hath razed out the inscription? the wax
Turn'd into dust!

This episode would undoubtedly seem to be Shadwell's source for Lady Cheatly's cozenage.

The playhouse scene I have already discussed in the Introduction. It is perhaps worth noting that the whole atmosphere of *A True Widow* with its gallants, coxcombs, grave men of business, sharking steward, feigned fortune, comfortable procuress, and the rest, is very similar to that of a Spanish picaresque novel. Many parallels might be cited from *Lazarillo de Tormes*, *Guzman de Alfarache*, *Marcos de Obregon*, *La Picara Justina*, and others, but I do not conceive that there was any direct or conscious borrowing.

Theatrical History

AS Shadwell dates his Dedication 16 February, 1678–9, it is probable that *A True Widow* was produced (at Dorset Garden) in December, 1678.

John Downes, whose famous record is—it cannot, perhaps, be too frequently emphasized—sadly unchronological, having noted the great success of *The Squire of Alsatia*, continues : " About this time were several other new plays acted, as *The True Widow*, *Sir Anthony Love*, *The Scowrers*, *Amphitrion*, *Love in*, *and Love out of Fashion*, *Greenwich Park*, *Cleomenes*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *Cæsar Borgia*.

All but *Amphitrion ;* which succeeding but indifferently ; I omit the Persons names that acted in this Play, this proving a Stock-Play."

It may suffice to point out that Dryden's *Troilus and Cressida* and Lee's *Cæsar Borgia* were both produced in 1679 ; *Amphytrion* in October, 1690 ; *The Scowrers*, probably in December, 1690 ; Southerne's *Sir Anthony Love* late in 1690 ; Mountfort's *Greenwich Park* in 1691 ; *Cleomenes* in April, 1692.

Moreover, there is good reason to believe that *Troilus and Cressida* was very successful ; Antony Leigh, we know, was greatly applauded as Pandarus ; *Cæsar Borgia* remained in the theatrical repertory until the reign of George II : Mrs. Mountfort won a veritable triumph in the title-rôle of *Sir Antony Love*, and Southerne is careful to tell us " I am gratefully sensible of the general good-nature of the town to me." *Greenwich Park*, although it was subjected to some tart criticism, can assuredly not be put down as a failure. Of *Cleomenes* Dryden says : " The Success has justified my Opinion, and that at a time when the World is running mad after Farce."

With regard to *A True Widow*, however, Downes is correct. For Shadwell himself in the Dedication to Sir Charles Sedley avows that this comedy met with an unfavourable reception. Indeed if we may judge—and the symptoms are unmistakable—by his asperity both in the Dedication, and even more plainly shown in the address to the Reader, *A True Widow* was damned, a fate which most certainly it did not deserve, and which can only be ascribed to the prejudice or caprice of the audience. The action is brisk, the intrigue (if to us somewhat artificial) interesting, the characters well marked, the dialogue airy and often really witty. One can only say that far worse comedies have been repeatedly heard with pleasure, and maintained a considerable place in the theatrical library.

There is no record of any revival, and in the circumstances it is safe to say that since the original production it has not been seen upon the stage.

To

Sir Charles Sedley.

Sir,

THIS Play, which I here recommend to your Protection, either through the Calamity of the Time, which made People not care for Diversions, or through the Anger of a great many, who thought themselves concerned in the Satyr, or through the want of taste in others, met not with that Success from the generality of the Audience, which I hop'd for, and you thought, and still think, it deserved; and I have the Judgment of Men of the best Sense, besides the best of the Poets, on my side in this Point.

But no Success what-ever, could have made me alter my Opinion of this Comedy, which had the benefit of your Correction and Alteration, and the honour of your Approbation: And I heartily wish, you had given your self the trouble, to have review'd all my Plays, as they came incorrectly and in hast from my hands; 'twould have been more to my advantage, than the assistance of Scipio *and* Lælius *was to* Terence; *and I should have thought it at least as much to my Honour, since by the effects, I find I cannot but esteem you to be as much above both of them in Wit, as either of them was above you in Place in the State.*

I shall not, according to the Custom of Dedications, make a Declamation upon your Wit, the common Theam of all that have any, at least of such as know you, who will acknowledge, they have heard more of it drop carelesly from your Mouth, than they have ever seen from the labouring Pen of any other. And my greatest satisfaction is, that I have the Honour of his Friendship, and my Comedies have had his Approbation, whom I have heard speak more Wit at a Supper, than all my Adversaries, with their Heads joyn'd together, can write in a year. Nor are your Writings unequal to any Man's of this Age, (not to speak of abundance of excellent Copies of Verses) you have in the Mulberry-Garden *shown the true Wit, Humour, and Satyr of a Comedy; and in* Antony *and* Cleopatra, *the true Spirit of a Tragedy, the only one (except two of* Johnson's, *and one of* Shakespear's) *wherein* Romans *are made to speak and do like* Romans: *there are to be found the true Characters of* Antony *and* Cleopatra, *as they were; whereas a* French *Author would have made the* Ægyptian *and the* Roman *both become* French *under his Pen. And even our* English *Authors are too much given to make true History (in their Plays) Romantick and impossible; but in this Play, the* Romans *are true* Romans, *and their Style is such: and*

I dare affirm, that there is not in any Play of this Age so much of the Spirit of the Classick Authors, as in your Antony *and* Cleopatra. *This Opinion I have, unbiassd by my Friendship, and the Obligations which I owe to you, often declared, and shall always persist in.*

After all this, since my Comedies are approved and commended by you, and Men of your sort, the rest of the Audience must forgive me, if I am much more exalted by the praise of such as you, than I can ever be humbled by their censure.

Satyr will be always unpleasant to those that deserve it. It was not my design in this Play to please a Bawd of Quality, a vain Selfish, *a sensless, noisie* Prig, *a methodical Blockhead, having only a form of Wisdom, or a Coxcomb that's run stark mad after Wit, which uses him very unkindly, and will never be won by him; nor did I think to please the Widdows in the Name. The three first of these Characters are wholly new, not so much as touch'd upon before, and the following ones are new in the greatest part. And till I see more variety of new Humour, than I have produced in my Comedies, and more naturally drawn, I shall not despair of bearing up near my Contemporaries of the first rate, who write Comedy, and of always surmounting the little Poetasters of the fourth rate, who condemn me; such as hold, that Wit signifies nothing in a Comedy; but the putting out of Candles, kicking down of Tables, falling over Joynt-stools, impossible accidents, and unnatural mistakes, (which they most absurdly call Plot) are the poor things they rely upon: But 'tis the Opinion of the best Poets, that the Story of a Play ought to be carried on, by working up of Scenes naturally: by design, not accidents. I have endeavour'd to do so in this Play, and I doubt not, but the Scene in the Second Act, wherein* La. Busy *would persuade* Isabella *to be kept, will live, when the Stuff of such Scriblers (more fit for Drolls than Plays) shall be consumed in Grocery-ware, Tobacco, Band-boxes, and Hatcases, and be rased out of the memory of Men.*

I should not say so much in my own behalf, if I had not met with palpable injustice from some, whose design is to set up Quacks, and put down true Professors; nor can I find any Reason, why a Man that is to live by his Wit, should not vindicate that, when 'tis traduced, as well as he, who is to live by his Reputation, may assert his Honesty, when 'tis aspersed, especially since neither of 'em are qualities of a Man's own making. But I must ask your pardon, for troubling you so long with my Resentments, when I should be boasting of the many Favours you have done me, and giving you my thanks for 'em; yet I know you look for no returns where you oblige; however I am too proud of your Kindness to conceal it, and therefore shall take all opportunities I can publickly to declare my self,

Sir,

Your most obliged humble Servant,

THO. SHADWELL.

London,
Feb. 16.
1678/9.

PROLOGUE,

By Mr. *DRYDEN*.

HEav'n save ye Gallants, and this hopeful Age,
Y'are welcome to the downfal of the Stage:
The Fools have labour'd long in their Vocation;
And Vice, (the Manufacture of the Nation)
O're-stocks the Town so much, and thrives so well,
That Fopps and Knaves grow Druggs, and will not sell.
In vain our Wares on Theaters are shown,
When each has a Plantation of his own.
His Cruse ne'r fails; for whatsoe're he spends,
There's still God's plenty for himself and friends.
Shou'd Men be rated by Poetick Rules,
Lord what a Poll would there be rais'd from Fools!
Meantime poor Wit prohibited must lye,
As if 'twere made some French *Commodity.*
Fools you will have, and rais'd at vast expence,
And yet as soon as seen, they give offence.
Time was, when none would cry, that Oaf was mee,
But now you strive about your Pedigree:
Bawble and Cap no sooner are thrown down,
But there's a Muss of more than half the Town.
Each one will challenge a Child's part at least,
A sign the Family is well increas'd
Of Forreign Cattle! there's no longer need,
When w'are supply'd so fast with English *Breed.*
Well! Flourish, Countrymen: drink swear and roar,
Let every free-born Subject keep his Whore;
And wandring in the Wilderness about,
At end of 40 *years not wear her out.*
But when you see these Pictures, let none dare
To own beyond a Limb, or single share:
For where the Punk is common! he's a Sot,
Who needs will Father what the Parish got.

Drammatis Personæ.

Bellamour, A Gentleman of the Town, who had retired some time into the Countrey.

Carlos, A Gentleman return'd from Travel, with Wit enough left to love his own Countrey.

Stanmore, A Gentleman of the Town.

Selfish, A Coxcomb conceited of his Beauty, Wit and Breeding, thinking all Women in Love with him, always admiring and talking of himself.

Old Maggot. An old credulous Fellow, a great Enemy to Wit, and a great Lover of Business, for Business-sake.

Yo. Maggot. His Nephew: An Inns of Court-Man, who neglects his Law, and runs mad after Wit, pretending much to Love, and both in spight of Nature, since his Face makes him unfit for one, and his Brains for the other.

Prig, A Coxcomb that never talks or thinks of any thing but Dogs, Horses, Hunting, Hawking, Bowls, Tennis, and Gameing; a Rook, a most noisie Jockey.

Lump, A methodical Blockhead, as regular as a Clock, and goes as true as a *Pendulum*, one that knows what he shall do every Day of his Life by his Almanack, (where he sets down all his Actions before-hand, a mortal Enemy to Wit.

La. Cheat. The true Widdow, that comes to Town, and makes a show of a Fortune, to put off her self, and her two Daughters.

Isabella, Her Eldest, a Woman of Wit and Vertue.

Gartrude, Her Youngest, very foolish and whorish.

La. Busy, A Woman of Intrigue, very busie in Love-Matters of all kinds, too old for Love of her own, always charitably helping forward that of others, very fond of young Women, very wise and discreet, half Bawd, half Match-maker.

Steward, To Lady *Cheatly*.

Players, Door-keepers, and many other Persons, the Audience to the Play in the Play.

Scene, *LONDON.*

Reader,

MAny Faults in the Printing have escaped, by reason of my absence, while the third and fourth Acts were in the Press: I shall only give you an account of some notorious Errours; as Page 44. for 5 s. read 50 l. p. 47. for *in favour* r. *infamous*. p. 48. instead of *take it* r. *take me*: But the greatest Mistake was, in not printing the Play in the Play in another Character, that that might be known in the Reading, which a great many did not find in the Acting of it; but take notice, 2 *Lovers*, *Wife and Husband*, are all that speak in that. In the Action, many doubted which belong'd to the Farce in the Play, and which to the Play it self, by reason of promiscuous speaking; and I found by venturing upon that new Thing, I ran a great Risque: For some, I believe, wish'd all the Play like that part of a Farce in it; others knew not my intention in it, which was to expose the Style and Plot of Farce-Writers, to the utter confusion of damnable Farce, and all its wicked and foolish Adherents. But I had rather suffer, by venturing to bring new things upon the Stage, than go on like a Mill-Horse in the same Round.

A

True Widow.

ACT I.

Enter Bellamour *and* Stanmore.

Stan. COme *Bellamour*, what not dreſt yet? methinks after so long a faſt from Wit and fine Women as you have had in the Countrey, you should be sharper set after both, than to fool away a morning thus in your Chamber.

Bell. There is a reſpect due from a Countrey Gentleman to a new Suit and Peruque, they muſt not be haſtily put on. And the Women of this Town, if you don't take care of your own outside, will never let you be acquainted with their insides.

Stan. Thou art miſtaken, men succeed now according to the Clothes they give, not those they wear.

Bell. Amongſt your little Whores, *Stanmore.*

Stan. And amongſt your great Whores too *Bellamour.* I knew a Gentleman, who was so ugly, a modish Spark would scarce have given him a Livery: yet by a correspondence he kept with a Taylor, and Shoomaker at *Paris*, and two or three of that sort, got one of the fineſt Women in *England.*

Bell. How so?

Stan. Why she had always the fashion a month before any of the Court-Ladies, never wore any thing made in *England*, scarce washt there, and had all the affected new Words sent her, before they were in print, which made her pass among Fops for a kind of *French* Wit.

Bell. But were not these *French* Petticoats, though given by one man, taken up by many.

Stan. 'Faith I think not, she considered her own vanity above any mans address, though one Lord made Coaches at her, another squeezed in his fat sides at her, till he looked like a full sack; a third writ lamentable Sonnets to her; a fourth observed her motions in the Park, which, by the way is the new method of making Love.

Bell. What, do they make Love without speaking to one another?

Stan. A great many very fine Gentlemen, to look at, better then with it, your side glass let down hastily, when the party goes by, is very passionate if she side *glass* you again, for that's the new word, ply her next day with a *billet doux* and you have her sure.

Bell. What if we chance to go the same way, or she won't receive my *billet doux*, as you call it?

Stan. For the first it must never chance; you must instruct your Coachman, and for the second after such an advance as side-glassing of you, if she refuse your *Billet* she is a Jilt, and you must rail at her in all Companies.

Bell. I am pretty good at railing, but not so good as thou art, *Stanmore.*

Stan. I had forgotten half; you must turn as she turns; quit the Park when she goes out, pass by her twice or thrice between that and St. *Jame*'s; talk to her at night in the drawing Room—

Bell. Before forty Coxcombs, and then the business is sufficiently proclaimed, is it not think you?

Stan. 'Tis all one, it must be so, or you will pass for an old fashion'd Lover, and never succeed beyond a Chamber-maid.

Bell. This is a folly of our own growth, it came not to us out of *France.*

Stan. That Nation has at this time no folly so harmless.

Bell. But if there be any stirring of what kind soever, our empty young fellows will be sure to fill themselves with it, and prefer it to all the sence and good breeding of their own Countrey: But now we talk of *France*, I wonder we see not *Carlos*, he was expected from thence two or three nights since. [*Enter* Carlos.

Stan. See where he comes. Dear *Carlos*, I could not run more hastily upon my Mistress after a long absence; thou art the delight of all thy friends, and even thy Enemies take a malignant pleasure to behold that shape, that feature, and that meen.

Car. Hold *Stanmore*, I think thou takest me for a Mistress indeed by thy Complements, which I know not how to return.

Stan. Thou art so improved, a man must love as I do, not to envy thee.

Car. Enough *Stanmore*, your friendship blinds you, I never knew any of these loving Rogues good for any thing. [*aside.* *Bellamour*, I am o'rejoy'd to see thee here, I heard thou had'st forsworn the Town.

Bell. Now I see *Carlos* here, methinks I am a perfect man of the Town again; I only forswore it for a time; 'Faith, Money is a thing gotten in ill Company, and spent in good; I have been laying up.

Car. Men of War after a warm Engagement, must into the Docks to be new built for Fight.

Bell. Right, but how go matters in *France?* What new Foppery is turn'd up Trump there?

Car. What with Governors, Ladies eldest Sons, Embassadors and Envoyes, you have 'em here almost as soon as the *French* themselves.

Stan. No alteration since we were there?

Car. Wit and Women are quite out of Fashion, so are Flutes Doux and Fidlers, Drums and Trumpets are their only Musick.

Bell. 'Tis but ill Musick for their Neighbours.

Car. At home they are alwayes roaring out *Te Deums* for *Stealing* of some Town or other: War and Equipage is their discourse, which by the way is so Pompous, that should they conquer *Europe* they should scarce be savers.

Stan. How came Wit and Women out of fashion?

Car. Why in Camps they learn to live without Women; and for Wit, great men that love to play the fool in quiet, find it troublesome.

Bell. 'Faith the latter of these is a great grievance here; our great men hate Wit, but love damn'd Flattery, though never so fulsom.

Car. Pray what Fools does this Town afford?

Stan. Very choice ones, we'l bring you where you shall enjoy 'em: there is a Widow lately come to Town who sets up for a great fortune, has taken a good House, and lives very splendidly, I suppose with intention to put off her self and two Daughters, who are very pretty, one of which *Bellamour* is in love with.

Bell. I make love to her, I confess, but 'tis a harmless Lambent flame, and aimes but at fornication; but *Stanmore* is in love with the other, and Heaven knows what that may end in.

Stan. I have no designs upon her fortune, I aim only at her person, I yet run at the whole herd.

Car. Come, you know your own tempers, no more in love then in play, where those who are very stingy at first, will bleed deeply at last.

Bell. This Widow, by name the Lady *Cheately*, has made her House the Rendevouz of Fools, Knaves, Whore-masters, Ladies of all sorts, and young Heirs: Amongst the rest of Fops, there is *Young Maggot*, one whom his Uncle, whose Heir he is, bred at the Inns of Court, and intended for the Law; but he has left that, and is run Wit-mad; thinks of nothing, endeavours at nothing, but to be a Wit and a Lover, and both in spight of Nature.

Stan. And though he has made Love and Wit his whole business, he is gotten no farther yet than to be thought a Wit by the Fools, and an Ass by the Witty men.

Car. This is a choice Spirit: Indeed 'tis a general Folly; for Wit is a common Idol that every Coxcomb worships in his heart, though some Blockheads of business dissemble it.

Bell. But there is another Coxcomb of that extream vanity, that Nature amongst all her variety of Fops, has not produced the like: He draws all lines of Discourse to the center of his own Person, and never was known to speak, but I did, or I said, was at the beginning or end of it.

Stan. He is lean as a Skeleton, and yet sets up for shape; he changed his Taylor twice, because his Shoulder-Bone sticks out.

Bell. He thinks all Women in love with him, and all Men his intimate Friends; he will make *doux œux* to a Judge upon the Bench, and not despair of getting a Widow at her Husband's Funeral; thinks himself very well bred, and welcome at all times to all People, though sober among Drunkards, and without a Penny in his Pocket to Men deep at Play.

Car. Oh! I remember this Coxcomb, he has no fortune, and yet is always talking of Equipage and Dressing: 'Tis *Selfish;* but do any Women favour that Fop?

Stan. Oh yes! There is no more account to be given of their Love before they know Man, than their longings after; but both are most commonly for nauseous nasty things.

Car. They do most things by chance; but when they chuse, 'tis ever for the worst.

Enter Footman.

Foot. Mr. *Selfish* is combing his Peruque below stairs, and will be here instantly.

Bell. Retire while I show him. [*They retire.*

Enter Selfish; *sets his Peruque, and bows to the Glass.*

Sel. How dost thou do, *Bellamour*? You fat Fellows have always Glasses that make one look so thin.

Bell. You look in it much as you do out on't.

Sel. Sure I am not so lean; I was told I look'd pretty plump to day: hah! my damn'd Rogue has put me into the most bustling Stuff; *Bellamour*, I like thy Breeches well.

Bell. Why you don't see 'em.

Self. Yes, I see 'em in the Glass; your Taylor shall make mine! a Pox on my *Valet de Chambre*, how he has tyed my Cravat up to day; a man cannot get a good *Valet de Chambre*, French or English.

Bell. A French one is fittest for him, because he can fast best.

Sel. I begin to Belly I think very much; I must go into *France* and flux, 'twill do my Complexion good as well as my Shape.

Bell. Why thou art fit to be hung up at *Barber-Surgeons*-Hall for a Skeleton; a Woman had as good lye with a Faggot.

Sel. Thou art envious, the Ladies are of another mind; I am sure you are above Whore-masters weight, and a Woman had as good lye with a pound of Candles.

Bell. Enough of this: There is a Friend of mine, one *Carlos*, lately come from *France*, that understands Dressing, I must bring you together.

Sel. You talk of my Leanness: I had the most lucky Adventure; I was happy in the Conversation of a pretty Person of Quality, young and witty, I went in a Coach with my hand in her neck from the Duke's Play-house to the Pell-mell, kissing her all the way.

Bell. There is a thing happen'd to me, in which I have occasion for your assistance and advice.

Sel. I have lately succeeded in the Affections of so many pretty Creatures, faith, I know not how to turn my hands to 'em, poor Rogues; if you did but see the Advances that all the Ladies that come to the Widow's and her Daughters, make to me, you would stand amazed, and so should I, but that I am used to those things.

Car. This Fool is much improved since I went into *France*.

Stan. Fools always improve in Folly, as witty men in Understanding.

Car. Indeed he has great acquired Parts.

Sel. Bellamour fare thee well, I must go home and answer two or three *Billet doux* from Persons of Quality, I have a bushel in a year. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Car. A most admirable Coxcomb; he is so full of himself, he ne'r minds another man, and so answers quite from the purpose.

Bell. He never answers any man nor cares to be answered, he desires but to be heard; but come *Carlos* let's take the air and while away a dineing time.

Car. I hate a Dinner, 'tis a good meal for a dull plodding Fellow of business that must bait like a Carriers Horse, and then to plodding again; but the Supper is the meal of pleasure and enjoyment.

Stan. Supping indeed is a solemn thing, and should be used but with few, every Blockhead can Dine.

Bell. That is, fill a Belly: but there are few men fit to Sup, there's more then eating requir'd for that mystery, there must be Wit and Sence.

Enter Young Maggot.

Yo. Mag. Your Servant Gentlemen, I see *Bellamour* you are going abroad, I only come to show you my last Verses.

Bell. Your last Verses, I would I could be so happy to see them.

Yo. Mag. You have Company, and I have Business, some other time.

Bell. What Business?

Yo. Mag. Why, Wit and Beauty, I know no other, I am long'd for by the Ladies now to give account of the Play, for the Poets will not write, the Players Act, nor the Ladies censure without my Judgment first.

Bell. The Ladies are indeed your finger Watches, that go just as you set them.

Yo. Mag. Faith, that's very well imagin'd, well said, I think thou hast ne're as much Wit as one of us Writers.

Car. What is your opinion of the Play?

Yo. Mag. I saw it Scene by Scene, and helped him in the writing, it breaks well, the *Protasis* good, the *Catastasis* excellent, there's no *Episode*, but the *Catastrophe* is admirable, I lent him that and the love parts, and the Songs. There are a great many sublimes that are very Poetical.

Stan. Poetical, in his Judgment, is always Fustian and Nonsence in anothers, I warrant 'tis some Roring Ranting Play that's upon the fret all the while.

Bell. Will you carry us to a Rehearsal?

Yo. Mag. 'Tis a familiarity among us Writers to see one another naked, you are men of Wit, and desperate Criticks, and we Poets fear you as singing Birds do a Hawk.

Car. Thank you for your Hawk.

Yo. Mag. Ay was it not well said?

Car. But methinks Fools should be your only Enemies.

Yo. Mag. They can't hurt us, besides, a Dedication, writing Songs for their Mistresses, or showing them a Play before hand, will take them off.

Enter Footman.

Foot. Sir, Mr. *Prig* is coming up.

Yo. Mag. Now shall we be troubled with Fools, a man can never enjoy thee half an hour to himself, thou art so haunted with Fops.

Bell. How insupportable the Rogues are to one another.

Carl. What is this *Prig?*

Stan. He is an universal Gamester, an admirable Horse and Dog Herauld, knows all the Remarkable ones, their Families, and Alliances, is indeed more intimately acquainted with Beasts, then Men; and 'tis fit he should be so.

Bell. He is in short a Led-eater, Intelligencer, and dry-jester to Gameing, and Jocky-Lords; flatters, rooks, and passes for a Jolly Companion amongst 'em; and makes those things which are but the Recreations of men of Sence, his whole Business.

Enter Prig.

Prig. Gentlemen good Morrow, tho I think 'tis almost Noon, where were you last Night? if you had been at my Lord *Squanders*, you had seen the best Play you had seen this Month. My Lord lost a Thousand pound, *Jack Sharper* won three Hundred, *Tom Whiskin* an Hundred, my Lord *Whimsey* lost five Hundred, Sir *Thomas Rantipol* lost six Hundred, Sir *Nicholas Whachum* won two Hundred, and the Rooks were very busie.

Stan. Then you were not idle?

Prig. No faith: But I am come to get you to look upon the best bred Horse in *England*. *Woodcock* was his Grandfather, he is the Son of Bay Lusty, and the Brother of Redrose; his Sister is the White-Mare, the Cozen-german of Crack-a-fart, Cozen once removed to Nutmeg, third Cozen to my Lord *Squanders* Colt, ally'd to Flea-bitten by the second Venter; in short he is of an excellent Family, and I am going to make a civil Visit to him, he's to run for the Plate at *Brackley*, *Stamford* and *Newmarket*, and goes out of Town to Morrow.

Bell. We cannot see him, we're ingaged.

Prig. Engag'd! no faith let's make a match at Tennis to day, I was invited to Dine by two or three Lords, but, if you will let me have Pen, Ink and Paper, I'll send my dispatches, and dis-engage my self: How will that Gentleman and you play with *Stanmore*, and I keep his back hand at *Gibbonses?*

Bell. I do not know his Play.

Prigg. We'll take a Bisk of you.

Bell. No, you shan't.

Prigg. You'r half fifteen better than I to a Grain.

Stanm. No, that he is not.

Prigg. I never heard the like in my life; gad, you'll never let me make a reasonable Match with you; you beat *Sharper* at a Bisk, and he beats me; what will *Stanmore* and you give *Maggot* and me at *White-hall*, and play the best of your play? hah.

Young Maggot. I never play, I stay at home and write.

Prig. Pish, 'tis all one for that, we'll play with you at a Bisk, and a fault, for twenty pound.

You. Mag. I will not Sir.

Prigg. Come, I'le hold you twenty pound, you do not make a fairer Match; Let me see——hold——anon——hum——ha——Ay——'tis just so to a hairs breadth; Come, we'll play it.

Bell. I tell you I am engag'd to day.

Prig. We'll play or pay to morrow at ten; where shall we sup?

Stanm. No where, you cannot sup.

Prig. Not sup?

Bell. No, you are not fit to sup.

Prigg. No? I am sure I have as good a ſtomach, and will eat two meals a day with any man that wears a head.

Car. That will not do.

Prigg. No? I'll eat three then; what say you *Maggot*, will you play?

You. Mag. I will never play as long as I live, at that or any thing else, while I can have Pen, Ink and Paper.

Prigg. O Lord! O Lord! I would not say so for all the world.

Bell. A man muſt use Exercise to keep himself down, he will Belly else, and the Ladies will not like him.

Young Magg. I have another way to bring down my Belly.

Stamn. Another? What's that?

Young Magg. Why I ſtudy, I ſtudy and write; 'tis exercise of the Mind does it; I have none of the worſt Shapes or Complexions; 'tis writing and inventing does my business.

Car. Will that do't, Sir?

Prigg. Think? What a Pox should a Gentleman think of but Dogs, Horses, Dice, Tennis, Bowls, Races, or Cock-fighting? The Devil take me, I never think of any thing else, but now and then of a Whore (when I have a mind to her.)

Carl. This is ſtrange, Mr. *Maggot*, and very curious; how do you know how much you fall away in a days time?

Yo. Mag. I have an Engine to weigh my self when I sit down to write, or think; and when I unbend my self agen.

Prigg. How do you unbend?

Yo. Mag. Why I unbend my imagination, my intelleƈt.

Prigg. Your intelleƈt, pray Sir what's that, is't a new word for a Cross-bow?

Y. Mag. How I scorn Fops! Why I have been in love these two Months, and I have waſted above fourteen pound; Love is a great preserver of the shape, a very great one: You know my Miſtress, the Widows youngeſt Daughter.

Carl. This is a curious Coxcomb.

Prigg. Love! Ay, if a man gets a Clap, 'twill take him down.

Yo. Mag. May it take down your Nose, you unthinking Animal.

Prigg. What a Devil does he mean?

Yo. Mag. Why I weigh'd my self, when I writ my laſt Song, and I waſted six ounces, *aver du pois* weight in the writing: And I was not above twelve hours about it.

Carl. I beseech you let's hear it Sir.

Yo. Mag. Withal my heart:

Damon *see how charming* Chloris,
Who gives love to all that see her,
Burning us yet in coldness glories,
And is never never freer.
Though darts and flames from her eye fly Sr.
And her Breaſt is warm and ſpicy,
Yet there is coldness in her eye Sr.
And her heart's all over Icy.
By coldness I am more inflamed,
As in Winter is Spring water,
My love by ſcorn can not be tamed,
But I the rather would be at her.

Prigg. Did this make you waſte six ounces? I writ a Song t'other day, and it did not make me waſte at all.

Bell. Prithee *Prigg* let's hear it.

ONE Night walking in a Wood,
I met one was a Maid as good [Prigg. *sings.*
As e're she coud:
But she fired my Blood,
And to her I ſtood.
With a hey Boys, ding, ding, ding Boys hey,
With a hey Boys, ding, ding, ding.

Quoth I, my pretty Buxom Lass,
From me this time thou shalt not pass.
In any Case;
For the sake of thy Face!
I'l lay thee on the Grass.
With a hey Boys, ding, &c.

Yo. Mag. Oh what violence does he to my Ears.

Prigg. What he does not like it? Pox! these Wits like nothing but what they do themselves, I love a Tavern Song, that will Roar, and make on Merry, a Pox of his *Strephons* and *Phillises.*

Bell. What will become of you *Young Maggot* your Uncle *Maggot?* that common Foe to Wit, is coming up.

Yo. Mag. Hide me Gentlemen, hide me, I am undone if he finds me in your Company.

Bell. Step in there. [Yo. Mag. *retires.*

Enter Maggot

Magg. Gentlemen I come to look out an ungracious Nephew of mine, who I hear by virtue of your Company, sets up for a Wit: Will any of you keep him, when you have made him good for nothing.

Bell. Good for nothing! why, he is the darling of the Ladies, they dote on him for his Songs, and fear him for his Lampoons, and the men think no Debauch perfect without him.

Magg. Yes, I hear he writ a Libel, I shall have him scrible away his ears, or write himself so far into the Ladies favours, to lose his Nose, or be knock'd o'th head; these are the fruits of Wit.

Carl. The disasters rather.

Magg. The World will bear with you that have Estates, tho you have a little; but 'tis enough to undo a man that is to make his Fortune. My roguy Nephew must leave *Cook* upon *Littleton* for *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*.

Stan. Poetry is an ornament to a man of any profession.

Magg. 'Tis a damn'd Weed, and will let nothing good or profitable grow by it, 'tis the Language of the Devil, and begun with Oracles. Where did you know a Wit thrive, or indeed keep his own?

Carl. They part with their Money for Pleasure, and Fools part with their Pleasure for Money; the one will make a better Last Will and Testament, but the other lead a happier Life.

Y. Mag. Profit begone, what art thou but a breath.
I'l live proud of my Infamy and shame,
Grac'd with the Triumphs of a Poets name:
Men can but say, Wit did my Reason blind,
And Wit's the noblest frailty of the Mind.

Methinks it runs well thus.

Mag. What noise is that? ha! My ungracious Nephew repeating Verses. Come out you Rascal; dost thou not tremble at my anger? Thou that mightest have been a Judge in time, to make a Wit of thy self thus!

Bell. Good Sir be patient; Did not the great Pleader *Cicero* make Verses?

Mag. And you see what came on't, he died a Beggar, and of a violent death.

Y. Mag. Sir, The Verses were not my own.

Mag. Sir, Be gone to the Temple, and let me once more find you at Wit, and I'll dis-inherit you.

Y. Mag. Good Sir hear me.

Mag. Be gone, I say.

Carl. This is ridiculous enough, and odd.

Bell. There is a powerful faction against Wit.
Stan. Come, let's take the Air. (*Ex. omnes.*

Enter Lady Cheatly, *and Mr.* Lump *her Brother.*

Lump. I see, Lady Sister, you are resolved to push on the remnant of your Estate, and make the Snuff of your Fortune burn clearest.

L. Cheatly. As my Fortune was, it would do us no good; but this Town, and the way I take, may advance it, or at least dispose of my own Person.

Lump. You shall not want my Money, so long as I have Deeds of Trust from you; you shall have the Name on't. I have help'd you to sober, solid, godly men, who will help to carry on your design.

L. Cheatly. Some cautious old Fellow or other (who is wise enough to have his own Wisdom contribute to the cheating of him) may snap at me; and some rash, amorous, young Fellows may catch at my Daughters.

Lump. I wish you had set up in the City among our Party, and gone to Meetings, it might have been a great advantage; I my self have made much benefit of Religion, as to my temporal Concerns, and (so long as it be directed to a good end) it is a pious fraud, and very lawful.

L. Cheat. No Brother, The godly have two qualities, which would spoil my design; great Covetousness (which would make 'em pry too narrowly into our Fortune) and much Eating (which would too soon devour what I have left.)

Lump. Reproach not the godly, Lady Sister, I do not like it.

L. Cheat. Where is there a better Market for Beauty, than near the Court? And who will more likely snap at the shadow of a good Fortune, than the Gentlemen of this end of the Town, who are most of 'em in debt? And I have chosen the best Instrument in the world to make 'em believe me Rich.

Lump. Who is that?

L. Cheat. A very busie old Gentleman, and very credulous, that loves to tell News, and always magnifies a true Story till it becomes a Lye, one Mr. *Maggot.*

Lump. I know he is a Person of Parts, but he is not solid, he's hot-brain'd, and has not Method in him; for my own part, I think not any one wise, who does not know what he shall do this day fifty years, if he lives; I for my part do.

L. Cheat. I hope 'tis dining with me, Brother.

Lump. No, Upon the one and twentieth of *March*, I shall fifty years hence, dine with Mr. *Ananias Felt*, an Elder of our Church, if we live, and he observe his Method; my Journal tells what I shall do each day of my life.

L. Cheat. Can you tell what you shall do next *Midsummer*-day fifty years?

Lump. I shall go down to my House in *Kent.*

L. Cheat. Do you never alter your Day?

Lump. By no means; if one link of the Chain be broken, Wisdom falls to the ground.

L. Cheat. What do you do upon the sixth of *May* come fifty year?

Lump. This Book will tell you——*May*——*May*——6th——6th. Let me see——6th——I take Physick, and shave my self.

L. Cheat. What, sick or well, Beard or no Beard?

Lump. 'Tis all one for that, I never break my Method——Let me see——the next day——I walk to *Hampstead*, Dine at the *Queens-Head*, Come back in my Coach, Visit Sr. *Formall Trifle*, and at night I do Communicate with my Wife.

L. Cheat. Not fifty years hence; you'll go near to break that Method.

Lump. I never break any——No man can be wise without this Principle——But Sister, I am to give you a main Caution; Have a care of Wits at this end of the Town; Wits are good for nothing, of no use in a Commonwealth, they understand not Business.

L. Cheat. The better for my purpose. They value pleasure, and will bid high for't.

Lump. I say they are good for nothing; they are not men of Method and Business.

L. Cheat. So Fools say, who seem to be excellent men of Business, because they always make a business of what is none, and seem to be always very industrious, because they take great pains for what a witty man does with ease.

Lump. You are out, you are out; hang 'em Wits, when did you see any of 'em Rise?

L. Cheat. No, Because the Fools are so numerous and strong, they keep 'em down; or rather because men of Wit (that have Fortunes) know what a senseless thing the drudgery of Business and Authority is, and those that have none, want the Impudence, Flattery, and Importunity of Blockheads.

Lump. I fear you are tainted, vilely tainted with Wit; if you had fix'd in the City, you might have scap'd the Infection, no body would have put you in the head of Wit there. But hold, my hour is come—— At three a Clock I will throw away a quarter of an hour upon you. Farewel. [*Ex.* Lump.

L. Cheat. Who waits there?

Enter Steward.

Oh my good *Steward!* Are the Scriveners come?

Steward. Yes, Madam, Your design prospers beyond our hopes; it has taken fire like a train, and run through all the Town, and all believe you to be a great Fortune.

L. Cheat. I have chosen as proper an Engine for my Business as can be, my Lady *Busie*, a perpetual Gossiper, and Visiter in all Families, a very wise Lady, a great Tattle and News Monger, who being something too old for an Intrigue of her own, is as good a body to help on those of others as can be, and is glad to bring Lovers of any kind together.

Steward. Already the belief of your Wealth has spread so far, that I have had two of the City this morning with me (who having been shrewdly bitten by Goldsmiths) are very desirous to trust their Money in your hands, hearing what Mortgages you have, and believing you can imploy it better than any body.

L. Cheat. You did not sure refuse 'em?

Steward. No, I'll warrant you, Madam, they will bring their Money presently; Mr. *Maggot* too entreats me, that I will be very importunate with your Ladyship, to imploy a thousand pound of his for him.

L. Cheat. There needs no importunity, subtle Rogue; he thinks to lay it here for a Nest-Egg, and that I shall lay many more to it, which he hopes he may have again, together with my Person.

Steward. No, Madam, 'Tis held in Mortmain, never to return again: Besides, we have Presents enough to keep your House this Moneth, brought in this Morning; A red Deer potted, a brace of fat Does, Hams of *Bayon* Bacon, a brace of Swans, potted Charrs, *Brant* Geese, and (besides all this) a piece of the best Wine in *England.* Here are the Names of the Presenters.

L. Cheat. Let me see all Well-willers to my Self or Daughters: Cunning Fools; how very politick they are? Well, Policy is most commonly the foolishest thing in the world.

Steward. Madam, there are a great many waiting about money-business without, shall I call any of 'em in?

L. Cheat. By no means——when I am alone: when Company is with me, they are of use, and spread my fame abroad: Entertain 'em well, and bid 'em hasten Dinner. [*Ex Omnes.*

The End of the First Act.

ACT II.

Enter Lady Cheatly *and* Lady Busy.

L. Cheat. MAdam I am infinitely oblig'd to your Ladyship, who can be so careful of my whole Family.

L. Busy. Why truly Madam I love to do good Offices, we are bound in Christian Charity to one another, and I wish'd Mr. *Maggot* to your Ladyship, if he be not somewhat too old for the Vigour of your Ladyship: he is rich, and is discreet, and his other Defects may be supplied elsewhere.

L. Cheat. Your Ladyship's very obliging.

L. Busy. If not, there's Mr. *Prigg*, an ingenious Gentleman, of a pretty Fortune, whom I wish'd to you; he is in great favour with Lords, I warrant you, you shall seldom take him without a Lord in his mouth, they do so court him, they love him mightily.

L. Cheat. And he loves Lords mightily for being so.

L. Busy. Oh mightily! Well Madam, your two Daughters are accounted the Beauties of the Drawing Room; there's no body while they there, will vouchsafe to look upon a Maid of Honour, no, not they, and they are as mad at it.

L. Cheat. 'Tis not the Beauty of my Daughters makes 'em look at 'em so, but they like an indifferent new face better than those faces they are used to every Night. They are weary of 'em.

L. Busy. Oh, no really your Daughters are the prettiest Creatures in Town, and I would fain have 'em well settled, one way or other; I have had several offers of Husbands for 'em, but I do not think I have yet met with Fortunes good enough; but that great Lord I told you of, is very pressing to enjoy your Eldest, and as I said, he offers a Thousand pounds down, and three Hundred pound *per Annum* during life; but that I know your Ladyship is discreet, and one that has seen the World, I dar'd not have propounded this to you.

L. Cheat. My Daughters have Fortunes enough to Marry 'em to good Estates, but your Ladyship is wise, 'tis good to treat with all persons, and all ways, to settle a young——Girl in the World.

L. Busy. Why Madam this will be a great Addition to her Fortune, and besides you do not know how he may prefer her, or for ought we know, after he has try'd her, he may like her so well as to own her——who knows? Be pleas'd to consider how Marriage is cry'd down, and that there are few that are good for any thing will think on't now adays:

besides, Custom alters all things mightily—Mothers very frequently do this for their Daughters now, and if it be a fashion you know——

L. Cheat. I am very much oblig'd to your Ladyships advice, I have propounded it to my Daughter, but she is so perverse, she will not listen to me, but says she had rather Marry a Groom, than be Mistress to a Prince.

L. Busy. Oh fy, she has a wrong Notion of the thing, I will try to advise her better.

L. Cheat. Your Ladyship will do me a great favour, here they come both.

Enter Isabella *and* Gartrude.

L. Busie. Ladies, your Servant.

Isab. } Your Ladyships most humble Servant.
Gart. }

L. Busie. Mrs. *Isabella*, I have something to advise you for your good.

Isab. For my good, Madam?

L. Busie. Yes, Madam, and therefore be pleased to give attention to me.

Isab. Good Manners will make me do that.

L. Busie. Why, look you, You are young, I am in years, an ancient Woman, and have seen the World, as they say.

Isab. Ancient? Your Ladyship looks very youthfully.

L. Busie. No, no, You are pleased to Complement me; but, as I said, my Lady and my Self have known the World, as the saying is.

Isab. And you the Flesh, and the Devil, as the saying is. [*Aside.*

L. Busie. And 'tis fit the Young should submit themselves to the gravity and discretion of the Old.

Isab. Yes, where they can find it.

L. Busie. Go to——My Lady is a Person whose aim is to settle you well in the World——Do you conceive me——And she knows what's fittest and most convenient for you——And Obedience is the best Vertue.

Isab. Very well, Madam.

L. Busie. Now there is a certain Lord, whom my Lady has mentioned to you.

Isab. A Lord? a Beast, and one that would make me as bad as himself.

L. Cheat. Good Mrs. *Pert*, Keep in that foolish Instrument, your Tongue: A Beast? there are a great many like him.

L. Busie. Be not so forward, all things have two Faces—Do not look upon the wrong one——Go to——You are a fine young Lady, and are brought by your Lady Mother to Town, the General Mart for Beauty. Well—you would be so setled in the World, as to have a

certain Fond, whereon you may rely, which in Age may secure you from Contempt—Good.

Isab. I hope I shall have enough to keep me honest.

L. Busy. Nay, Heaven forbid I should persuade you to be dishonest: Vertue is a rare thing, a heavenly thing. But I say still, be mindful of the main——alass a Woman is a solitary, helpless Creature without a Man, God knows——good——how may this Man be had in Marriage say you?——very well——if you could get a fine Gentleman with Money enough, but alas! those do not Marry, they have left it off. The Customes of the World change in all Ages.

Isab. In ours for the worse.

L. Busy. Very well said,——but yet the wisest must obey 'em as they change,——do you conceive, Madam.——

Isab. Yes, I do conceive you to be doing a very Reverend Office. [*aside.*

Gart. Methinks her Ladyship speaks a great deal of Reason, she's a fine spoken Lady truly.—

L. Busy. Now I say since Custom has so run down Wedlock, what remains? but that we should make use of the next thing to it——good ——Nay, not but that Vertue is a rare thing,——Heaven forbid I should detract from that;——But, I say, the main is to be respected, a good deal of Money, there's the point.——

Isab. With little or no Reputation,—there's the point.

L. Cheat. Money brings Reputation, Fool, or at least puts one into that Condition, that Fellows dare not question it.

L. Busy. Nay Heaven forbid you should lose that, but I say the next thing to Marriage, is being kind to a noble Lord, *&c.* And if good terms be made, and you be well settled in the world.

Isab. That would be to be settled out of the World: for I should never dare to shew my face again.

L. Cheat. There are as good faces as yours, and better, my nimble Chaps, that are shown every day in the Play-house, after it, and with the best quality too.

L. Busy. Yes, and in the front of Boxes,——nay, nay, not but that a good Wealthy Marriage is beyond it.

Isab. A very Comfortable thing, for a Gentlewoman to bring her self into a Condition of never conversing with a Woman of Quality, who has Wit, and Honour, again; but must sort with those Tawdry painted things of the Town.

Gart. Can't you keep Company with my Mother and me.

L. Busy. Look you Madam, you are under a great mistake, for do not Ladies of Wit and Honour, keep dayly Company with those things as you call them? But de'e conceive me, the finest things,——the gayest

things,——and some the richest things, I say no more, I pray conceive me, as long as you are true to one Man, Madam, you are in a manner his Lady, I say in a manner his Lady, 'tis a kind of Marriage, and great Persons most commonly cohabit longer with Mistresses, than they used to do with Wives.

L. Cheat. My Lady says right, 'tis, now adays, more like Marriage than Marriage it self.

Gart. Oh Sister! do what my Lady says, she's a rare person.

L. Busy. A Thousand pound, and three Hundred pound *per Annum.* say we bring him to four Hundred pound, good——a great Lord——that is in the way to prefer you, very good——or may be, may like you so well, as to own you——best of all; consider, 'tis enough, Madam, at once, let her ruminate upon this.

Gart. O Lord, pray Sister do; why, we shall be all made, prithee do.

Isab. Go you to your Mr. *Maggot* that Dyes, and makes Songs for you.

Gart. No, I'l swear he's a fine witty person, but he has such a greivous face, I can't abide it; but there's Mr. *Selfish* is the most gentile, well-bred Gentleman, and has the finest ways among Ladies; he will tell you such pretty things of himself, he talks of himself always so prettily, and says such neat, gentile, well-bred things to one.

Enter Steward.

Stew. Madam, some Gentlemen are coming in.

L. Cheat. Bid the Scriveners and the rest of the people come in, Daughters go, and walk in the Garden: I hope your Ladiship will pardon me, this Money-business must be minded.

[Exeunt *Daughters.*

L. Busy. By all means, Madam: I'l go make a Visit; your Servant.

[Exit *L. Busy.*

Enter Scriveners, *and several others.*

Scriv. I have brought the Mortgage, and the Mortgager is here ready to seal, upon the payment of the within named Sum.

L. Cheat. Has my Councel perused it?

Councel. Yes, and find it to be very well drawn.

L. Cheat. Let me read it.

Enter Stanmore, Bellamour, Carlos *and* Maggot.

Steward. The Company is come.

L. Cheat. Peace, I see 'em.

Mag. Look you, did I not tell you, she's always thus busie; I warrant

upon a Mortgage, or a Purchase; she's a vast Fortune, I know where her Money lies, and in what hands; she has a vast deal, do not interrupt her, you shall hear.

Bell. Then you know all?

Mag. Know all, ay why, Sir *William*, her late Husband, was my intimate friend: Know, why, I hired this House, and bought all the Furniture for her; her Daughters will be worth ten Thousand pound apeice, at least, to my knowledge.

Stan. This Fellow will outly any Traveller.

Mag. I knew her Father as well as any man in the World; I know, why, I know all.

Carl. This Lady must be a Cheat, by doing her business so publickly.

Mag. Mr. *Carlos*, I knew your Father as well as any man in *England:* honest *James*, his Keeper! I have had many a Buck of him.

Bell. Did you know my Father?

Mag. Did I? no flesh alive better, I did more for him, than any man in *England*, I was a Father to him.

Bell. Ay! then you are my Grandfather; but how were you a Father to him?

Mag. How? Why I gave him his second Wife.

Councel reads. } To have and to hold.

L. Cheat. 'Tis very well; five thousand pound is the sum; Steward, pay him the Money, and take the Writings.

Mag. Look you there, did not I tell you?

1 *Citizen.* Well, She's a rare Woman at Business.

2 *Citizen.* As ever I saw.

Stew. Here are the two Gentlemen I spoke of, who humbly desire to place some Money in your Ladyships hands.

L. Cheat. I do not love to meddle with other People's Money, you know; besides, I shall have no occasion. I have a great sum to be paid in within this Fortnight.

Stew. I know it, Madam, but if a Purchase should be offered in the mean time.

1 *Citiz.* I beseech your Ladyship, take our Money, we have been so cheated by base Goldsmiths, we are afraid to trust any body but your Ladyship.

L. Cheat. I do not love to stand charged for other People's Money. Oh me Gentlemen! I was so busie I did not see you, you have not waited long, I hope; pray forgive my Rudeness.

Bell. The Rudeness is on our side, to intrude into your Ladyships Privacies.

L. Cheat. By no means; you do me Honour.

Stan. Madam, We take the liberty to present Mr. *Carlos*, a Friend of ours, lately come out of *France*, to your Ladyship.

L. Cheat. Sir, I have heard of your Noble Family, and you'll honour mine in your acquaintance with it. Sweet Mr. *Maggot;* your Servant: Gentlemen, Have but a little patience, till I have dispatch'd some Business, and I'll wait on you.

Mag. God, She's the finest Person in the World, and a vast Fortune; I wou'd my ungracious Nephew had one of her Daughters.

Enter Prigg.

Prigg. Madam, Your most humble Servant.

L. Cheat. Your Servant, sweet Mr. *Prigg.*

Prigg. Sweet Mr. *Prigg!* good; Matters go on well: Come, Gentlemen, since my Lady's busie, let's go to *Langtriloo*, or *Ombre.*

Carl. Is there no way of spending our time but playing?

Prigg. None so good: Why what a Pox should one do?

Carl. Read; it is a manly Diversion.

Prigg. Read? So I have read *Markham*, *The Compleat Farrier*, and two or three Books about *Horses;* a Book that's written about *Ombre*, and that about *Picket;* and for other Books, Pox there's nothing in 'em at all: What think you, *Bellamore?*

Bell. You are in the Right.

Prigg. Look you there, there's nothing in 'em, hah.

Stan. Methinks Discourse is a pretty good way of passing ones time.

Prigg. Gad, So it is: I talk as much as any Man in *England*, my Tongue seldom lyes still; Oh! I love Discourse mightily; and though I say it, I am able to run down all I meet about Dogs and Horses. Now I think on't, Have you ever hunted with my Lord, *Squander*'s Fox Dogs, *Bellamore?*

Bell. No: Now he's in.

Prigg. They are the best in *England;* but there is one Dog we call *Ranter*, I Christned him, I was his God-Father; he was gotten upon my Lord's famous Bitch-Lady; you remember what a Bitch she was; Oh poor *Lady!* I was not sorryer when my Sister died, than when poor *Lady* died. But let that pass; *Ranter* was gotten by your Father's Dog, *Rockwood.*

Bell. Did you know *Rockwood?*

Prigg. Know him? As well as any Man in the World; his Father was a Dog of my Father's, called *Jowler;* his Mother was my Noble Lord *Squanders* Father's famous Bitch-*Venus*, which you have heard of: I remember, Mr. *Carlos Venus* was Sister to your Father's Dog *Ringwood; Rockwood?* I knew him as well as I knew your Father, well rest their

Souls of a Dog and a Man, I shall never see two better in the Field than *Rockwood* and your Father.

Carl. How the Rogue has coupled them.

Prigg. Yet *Ranter's* an admirable Dog, the best at a cold Scent that ever I saw; if there by forty Couple in the Field, I'll hold an hundred pound he works it out soonest, and leads 'em all when he has done. I love and honour *Ranter*, I care not who knows it; I made a Song of him, have his Picture by my Bed-side, and some of his Hair here in a crystal Locket.

Mag. I beseech your Ladyship, Accept of my thousand pound, 'twill make up the Money for that Purchase, sweet Madam.

L. Cheat. Well, Sir, Since you will have it so, I'll give my Bond for it.

Mag. Oh Madam! I scorn it, I'll have nothing under Hand for it.

L. Cheat. Then I will not take it; nay, I have sworn first.

Mag. Well, I'll go and fetch it, and your Ladyship and I will agree upon that. [*Ex.* Maggot.

Prigg. Ha! The young Ladies are in the Garden.

Bell. Say you so? Prithee let's steal down to 'em.

Prigg. Do, and leave me with the Widow. [*Ex.* Bell. Stan. Carl.

L. Cheat. Steward, Do you take care of all the rest, while I retire from (what I do not care for) Business. Now I am at leisure; Are the Gentlemen gone?

Prigg. They are gone but into the Garden, and will wait on your Ladyship presently. They have left me that happy opportunity I wish'd for, to renew the Suit I have so often made to your Ladyship; I beseech you, Madam, be pleas'd to consider my Passion, which is so violent to your Ladyship, I cannot rest since first I saw your Ladyship; for it has indeed put me besides my self. I have not the heart to ride so much as one heat at *New-Market* since, and I used to go once in ten days down on purpose; nor have I been able to ride a Fox-Chase, since I have had your Ladyship in chace; I shall be undone, if your La'ship don't quiet my mind with some assurances: I over-see at *Trick track*, dealt my self ten at *Ombre*, and all through my Passion for your dear Self.

L. Cheat. Sir, Though I have a great esteem for your Person, yet we Widows that have some Fortune, are to consider something besides Passion.

Prigg. As I have told you before, my Estate is not inconsiderable, besides the great Favour I have with the Gameing and Jocky Lords; and besides, if the King frequents *New-Market*, I doubt not but in a short time to Rise.

L. Cheat. But you are a Gamester.

Prigg. Ay Madam, but I never Play, I do but Rook.

L. Cheat. Rook? What's that? Cheat?

Prigg. No, Madam, I go to Twelve, and the better of the Lay; besides, I get five hundred pound a year at Horse-Races, and Cock-Matches, by being in see with the Grooms, and Cock-keepers; and, Madam, I play as well at *Tennis*, *Ombre*, *Back-gammon*, *Trick track*, and *Crimp*, as any Man, which is no small addition to my Estate. I gave you these things in my particular, if your Ladyship please to remember.

L. Cheat. But you cannot make a Joynture of these things, and therefore I must consider a little longer.

Prigg. With all my heart, Madam; but in the mean time let you and I play a Set at *Trick track*, and when the rest come in, we'll make a Match at *Ombre*.

Enter Steward.

Stew. Madam, There are some Tenants wait without to speak with you.

L. Cheat. You'll pardon me, I must go to 'em. [*Ex.* L. Cheatly.

Prigg. Come on, Mr. *Steward*, what say you to a Game at *Back-gammon?*

Stew. If you'll retire to my Chamber, have at you.

Prigg. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Theodosia, Isabella, Bellamour, Carlos, Stanmore.

Carlos. Who's there, the Lady *Pleasant's* Daughter, *Theodosia?*

Bell. It is: She's young and handsom, has a great deal of Wit, and a very good Fortune, which makes her set up for Marriage, and is impregnable to any thing else.

Carl. She's extream pretty; I lov'd her violently, before I went into *France*, but now she's a Thousand times more Beautiful.

Stanm. Ladies, your humble Servant.

Bell. A Gentleman, a friend of ours, lately come out of *France*.

[*He salutes* 'em.

Carl. And glad I am so, for all that Nation could not shew me so much Beauty.

Theod. I see, Sir, you have not been in *France* for nothing; you have imported *French* goods, I mean Compliments, they are a Nation full of Complimenters.

Carl. They are so, Madam; and the Taylor does it full as well as the Gentleman, 'tis a Road of speaking which all of 'em have, I was not dull enough to get it of 'em, nor would I bring so common a thing as a Compliment to you, Madam.

Theod. You can bring it to no Body that dislikes it more.

Carl. Or needs it less.

Theod. Thus have I heard of a very Rhetorical Oration against Eloquence.

Enter Gartrude.

Gart. O Lord, Mr. *Stanmore*, here. [*runs out.*

Bell. Run *Stanmore*, your business is more than half done; 'tis a certain sign, when a Woman seeks Corners, that she means some good by it.

Stanm. I'l try that. [Ex. *Stanmore.*

Bell. I see my friend's caught again, for all his Travel; I have a fellow-feeling of his Case, let's retire and give him opportunity.

Isab. With all my heart, opportunity is safe in the begining of an Amour, though it may be dangerous afterwards. [*They retire.*

Theod. I hear never a *French* word from you, and that's strange: for all our Sparks are so refined, they scarce speak a sentence without one; and though they seldome arrive at good *French*, yet they get enough to spoil their *English.*

Carl. If a man means nothing, he cannot chuse a better Language: for it makes a pretty noise, without any manner of thought.

Theod. You have scarce brought one substantial Vanitie over with you, what have you learnt there?

Carl. To love my own Countrey, and to think that none can show us so fine Women; in *France* they buy their Beauty, and sell their Love.

Theod. That Fashion is coming up apace here.

Carl. True Beauty, Madam, can no more be bought than true Love; in me behold the one, while I admire the other in your self.

Theod. How many *French* Ladies have you said as much to?

Carl. I went thither to be cured of Love, not to make it.

Theod. What Love?

Carl. My love of you, which began so early in my Heart, self-love was scarce before it. When your disdain could not remove it; I tried absence, but in vain too.

Theod. 'Tis impossible you could bring a Heart unhurt from *France.*

Carl. My Love to you preserved me from all Foreign Invasion.

Theod. If you make Love, you'l grow dull, it spoils a man of Wit, as much as Business.

Carl. If Love be predominant in Conversation, I confess it, but a little relish of it does well.

Theod. The imitation of it may be borne, but the thing its self is a dead weight upon the mind; and a man can no more please under that disadvantage, than a Horse can run a Race with a pair of Panniers on his Back.

Carl. And yet that Horse may do it, if the match be well made.

Theod. I must have my Servant all Wit, all Gaiety, and the Ladies of the Town run mad for him: I would not only triumph over him, but over my whole Sex in him.

Carl. This is hard Doctrine for a man of my sincerity and truth in Love.

Theod. Make *Isabella* slight *Bellamour*, little *Gartrude* sacrifice *Selfish:* Be the third word in every Ladies mouth, from fifteen to five and thirty; and you shall find what I'l say to you.

Carl. To attempt this, were great vanity, and no less dishonesty, to my friend *Bellamour.*

Theod. If you love, you'l think any thing lawful: This must be done, I dare not trust my own judgment; I will have you in vogue, e're I favour you in the least.

Carl. Well, since these Ladies are your outworks, I will on, and by the force of imagination, make every one *Theodosia*, but if I fail, think on my constant love, which will not suffer me to use deceit.

Theod. Suppose I should answer you in your whining strein, and say, my love were true as yours, my flame as great, and all your wishes mine.

Carl. Then were *Carlos* the happiest man on Earth.

Theod. No, then the Game were up betwixt us, and there were no more to do but to pay the stakes, and then to something else.

Carl. We might play Set after Set for ever.

Theod. No, one of us would be broke; go get you about your task I say. [Ex. *Carl* and *Theod.*

Enter Selfish *and* Young Maggot.

Yo. Mag. Did you see how the Ladies flockt about me at Court, when I made a relation of the Rehearsal, and afterwards when I read my Song to 'em.

Self. I think I am as well with the Ladies there as any Man, and they like my Songs too, they say they'r so easie, so gentile, and well bred and so pat to the Womens understandings: the Men say th'are silly, but they are envious.

Yo. Mag. I'l secure you the Play takes, I have done the Poet's business with the Ladies, who, you know govern the Men, as the Moon does the Sea.

Self. There is a pretty Creature, not past Eighteen, whom I have formerly enjoy'd, has to oblige me, taken upon her the figure of a procurer, and is to bring me a maidenhead anon, which fell in love with me at a Play.

Yo. Mag. But I'l shew you my Song.

Self. Of late I have had no leisure to make a Song, I am so over-run with new Acquaintances.

Yo Mag. } *Damon see how charming Chloris*, &c.
Reads. } How do you like it?

Self. 'Tis soft, and very much after my own way, and I like it well. But how like you this Peruque?

Yo. Mag. 'Tis very proper.

Self. I have five as good by me, I have an hundred pound I got at *Ombre*, Mr. *Whimsey* ows me two hundred, I have a Pad or two, and when I get this debt in, I will buy a Chariot, and perhaps have as good Equipage as any Man, if I can get an hundred pound Sir *Nicholas Whachum* ows me; I only want a couple of Hunters for *Windsor*, and then.

Yo. Mag. You don't mind my Song, 'tis to my Mistress.

Self. Yes, but I was saying, now I am at ease in my Fortune till next *Michlemas.*

Yo. Mag. But to go on.

Self. I have lately got such a Conquest over a Lady, the prettiest Creature; I snatch'd a Rose from her soft Bosom, she is of quality, all the Town were mad after her, and she threw her self into my Arms, and I am the happy Man.

Yo. Mag. Well, to be in love is the greatest pleasure in the World, it makes one so sweetly Melancholly, and Composed, and so fit to write: besides, it keeps one in shape.

Self. I have not much occasion for Love, the Ladies follow me and love me so, I have no time for't, why, I have had three Maidenheads this week.

Yo. Mag. I would not be without love, and writing, for all the World; I had a Billet from the prettiest Creature of Sixteen to Day, I'l tell you.

Enter Carlos, Bellamore, Theodosia *and* Isabella.

Yo. Mag. I have an Amour.

Self. I.

Yo. Mag. I.

Self. I.

Yo. Mag. I.

Self. This Fellow is always talking of himself, one can't speak to him, but he is always at I, I. I wonder at the impertinence of such people.

Theod. These Fools are always talking of themselves.

Isab. They are the worst things they can talk of.

Carl. Or we either; therefore, Madam, hear me on the last Subject.

Theod. That's as bad.

Bell. He went a Mile to put on that fair Peruque, for the sake of his Complexion.

Theod. Prithee *Isabella* let's find fault with 'em both, and break his heart.

Enter Stanmore *and* Gartrude.

Gert. Fy upon you Mr. *Stanmore*; I'l ne're come near you agen, if you use me so, you nothing but kiss one, and ruffle one, and spoils one things, that you do.

Stan. Why are you so pretty then, to provoke a man beyond all patience?

Gart. Why, how do *I* provoke you? *I* have done nothing to anger you, have *I?*

Bell. What are you fallen out with your Mistress?

Stan. No, but since she's insensible of all, *I* can speak to her, and yet so pretty, *I* cannot but love her; if words won't move her, actions must.

Self. Oh! here are the Ladies; now you shall see what Advances they will make to me, but especially *Gartrude*, that pretty Creature.

Yo. Mag. This is a very conceited Fellow, and wou'd call a Gypsee that lik'd him, pretty Creature.

Self. Ladies, your most humble Servant, now you shall see *Maggot*, dear pretty Creature, let me kiss that Nosegay; well, 'tis a Thousand times sweeter in that pretty Bosom, than in its own Bed, though at the Sun rising, when the Morning Dew is in drops upon it, sweet Madam, let me kiss that hand that gather'd it.

Gart. Oh fine, what rare words are these! He uses me like a Princess: Sir, 'tis more your goodness, than my desert. Sister, this is a rare man, Mr. *Stanmore* is a Wit they say, but *I* don't understand him half so well, *I* always think they Jeer one.

Isab. Indeed 'tis a hard thing for Wit to descend to your Capacity.

Self. *I* was with some Ladies last Night did so commend you, and said you were the most delicate Creature; they did me the favour to say your Eyes were black, and sparkling like mine, and your Nose very much resembling mine, and that you have a pretty pouting about the mouth like me, and fine little blub-lips, *I* am very well with the Ladies at Court, but *I* see none like you.

Stan. Do you know *I* love that Lady?

Self. If you do, *I* pitty you, she is otherwise engaged to my knowledge.

Enter Prigg.

Prig. Come, faith, since we are all together, let's go to *Ombre*, two Companies, and make an Afternoon on't.

Yo. Mag. I desire you will not interrupt me; I am singing the Ladies a new Song.

Prig. Song? Pish, Is not Gaming better than hearing of Songs? here's such a stir with these Wits.

Isab. No, pray let's hear it. [*Yo. Mag.* Sings *Damon*, &c.

Prig. I observe you Wits are always making Songs of the Love of Shepherds, and Shepherdesses, a company of block-headed, clownish, ugly, tawny, Sun-burnt People; I had e'en as live hear Songs upon the Love of their Sheep as their own.

Car. I see these Fools need no body to shew 'em, they shew themselves well enough.

Prig. Methinks that old Song is very pretty: *My Mistress is a Tennis Ball*, &c.

Yo. Mag. This Rogue has nothing but Tennis Courts and Bowling-Greens in his Head.

Bell. Prithee *Prigg* sing one of your own making.

Prig. With all my heart.

Enter Lady Cheatly.

L. Cheat. Mrs. *Theodosia*, your humble Servant: Gentlemen, I hope you'll pardon me, I could not neglect Business; I think one had better be poor, than be troubled with Money thus: But if you please to walk in, there's a small Banquet waits, and Fiddles, to dance, if you please.

Isab. Pray, Madam, let's hear Mr. *Prigg*'s Song first, 'tis his own.

Prig. I am glad your Ladyship is come to hear it. [*Sings.*

Hey ho, hey ho,
The merry Horn does blow,
'Tis broad day,
Come away.
Twivee, twivee, twivee, hey,
Do not stay.
Then have at the Hare,
Let old Puss beware.
Twivee, twivee, twivee, ho,
The merry Horn does blow.
Come away.

Yo. Mag. What a happy thing 'tis to have Wit.

Prig. Hang Wit, give me Mirth. This is a Catch that I made, and my Lord *Squander* and I always roar it out after a Fox Chase; Pox, I hate your Swains and your Nymphs.

Sel. Do they wear Breeches thus cut in *France?*

Car. Yes, Sir.

Sel. What Blockheads are our *English* Taylors; I must have some

new Cloaths made immediately in this Fashion, I cannot reſt till I bespeak 'em.

Isab. Pray, Madam, joyn with us, we shall have very good sport. Are you well, Mr. *Selfish?* Sure you are not, I never saw you look so ill before.

Theod. He looks extream ill; your Complexion seems to have too much of the Olive in it to day.

Sel. Pardon me, Ladies, I think my Complexion is well enough, or my Glass is false, I never lookt clearer.

Car. That Trimming too, with your favour, is very dis-agreeable, and does not cohere with your Complexion at all.

Sel. I assure you, Sir, all the Ladies I saw to day, are of another opinion, they said, my Complexion was much like pretty Mrs. *Gartrudes* here.

L. Cheat. Methinks you look mighty lean and thin, I fear you are going into a Consumption, Sir.

Sel. Oh no, Madam! I am very plump, I am only afraid of being too gross, and bellying; I am very fat, I assure your Ladyship, pray feels my Ribs, Madam.

Prig. They laugh at him. The Devil take me, I never saw a Fellow so altered in my life; thou canſt not live long, thou smell'ſt of Earth, foh.

Sel. You miſtake, I am one of the vigoureſt Fellows, the ſtrongeſt Bodies in *England;* I was taken for Mr. *Carlos* to day at a little diſtance.

Bell. Prithee *Selfish* do not play the fool with thy self, get a Physician, *I* never saw your Complexion so sallow, thou look'ſt prodigiously ill.

Sel. Good Sir, *I* know what *I* am; my Cheeks are as plump, and my Complexion as fresh as any here, my Eyes and Mouth as chearful, and every thing.

Car. Nothing will mortifie the Rogue; he thinks so well of *Selfish*, that he thinks *Selfish* can never look ill, nor be ill, *I* believe he thinks *Selfish* can never die.

Sel. I have a Face that will not alter, if *I* were a dying, 'twould look well; indeed my Complexion changes sometimes, but never looks ill, I assure you.

Gart. I wonder you should be so miſtaken all, methinks he looks very neatly.

Bell. This is a damn'd Perruque, why did you put it on to day?

Car. But indeed that Suit is an odious thing, and the Trimming the worſt *I* ever saw; 'tis your Taylor's fancy, it becomes you very ill.

Sel. Methinks it is very pretty, *I* think they are all out of their wits.

L. Cheat. 'Tis enough, we shall make the man hang himself.

Y. Mag. Do you think I'll suffer you for ever to cross me with your damn'd insipid Songs? let me tell you, it is a grand impertinance.

Prig. Gad, I do not know what you mean by your Gibberish, but I suppose you call me impertinent, and therefore I'll be before-hand with you, you are a Son of a Whore. [*gives Y. Mag. a box on the Ear.*

Sel. I will wait upon the Ladies. [*They draw, the Ladies run out shrieking.*

Bell. Hold, hold.

Carl. Let 'em alone, if you offer to part 'em, they'll hurt one another.

Y. Mag. *I*'ll not be *Brutal*, you shall answer for it; Sir, you are lately come out of *France*, and cannot deny a Man of Honour your assistance.

Prig. Prithee *Stanmore* be my Second, *I*'ll wit him with a Pox to him.

Y. Mag. To morrow morning, done.

Prig. Let my Second appoint the place.

Y. Mag. With all my heart; Monsieur *Carlos* agree with him.

Stan. Come, let's in, and put if off to the Ladies as if you were friends.

Prig. Ay, with all my heart; what care *I?*

Y. Mag. Morbleau, *Brutal.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

Enter La. Cheatly, Carlos, Bellamore, Stanmore, Isabella, Theodosia, Gartrude, La. Busy, Young Maggot, Selfish, Prigg, Maggot, Lump.

Lump. LAdy Sister, *I* am much offended to see you take this course of Vanity; would any wise Woman make use of Fidlers, Minstrels and Singers? *I* am very much ashamed of it; it is folly, great folly, not becoming the blood of the *Lumps*.

Isab. Lets withdraw, we shall have a Lesson from this formal Uncle.

[Ex. *all but* L. Cheat, Lump, Prigg, *and* Old Maggot.

Gart. I can't abide him.

Lump. What pleasure can there be to hear Fellows scrape upon Cats-guts? There's nothing in't.

L. Cheat. 'Tis the way to get credit at our end of the Town, as singing Psalms, and praying loud in a fore-Room, is at yours.

Lump. You talk not wisely; do not several godly men by those means, and by frequenting Meetings, get credit enough to break for a hundred thousand pound, and are made by it for ever.

Mag. He is one of the wiseſt men of the Nation, he is a mighty sober, solid Fellow, and a rare man at business, and loves business mightily.

Lump. And for the Wits that come hither, I doubt not but these Gentlemen are of my opinion; I say, they are dangerous, scandalous, and good for nothing.

Mag. 'Tis true, Madam, they are a company of flashy, frothy Fellows, and have no solidity in them.

L. Cheat. I find these Coxcombs miſtake dulness for solidity. [*aside.*

Prig. They talk of Wit, and this and that, and keep a Coyl and a Pother about Wit, there's nothing at all in't, what a Pox is't good for? I would not give a farthing for Wit; here's *Young Maggot*, and *Selfish*, why they don't know how to bett at a Horse-Race, or make a good Match at Tennis, and are cross-bitten at Bowls; hang Wit.

Mag. Wit is one of the Grievances of the Nation.

Lump. It is, as this Gentleman has wisely obſerv'd, a Grievance, a sore Grievance, and I would have an Act of Parliament againſt it.

Mag. Let me take a Wit at Business, see how I'll handle him, *I* would not be a Wit for all the World.

Prig. Nor *I* neither, *I* hate it, they are a company of fleering, jeering, ill-natur'd Fellows to boot too.

L. Cheat. Be comforted, Gentlemen, you are in no danger.

Lump. I say they are in danger, and you too, of catching it; if you suffer them to come amongſt ye; *I* have known solid men, by keeping that base company, become Witty, and have ruin'd themselves; for my own part, *I* would as soon catch the Plague, as that Disease of Wit.

L. Cheat. Oh Brother! you have a ſtrong Antidote againſt it.

Lump. Thanks be to Heaven, *I* have Wits! out upon 'em; they write Satyrs upon good men, and will laugh at wise men.

L. Cheat. Why, truly, Brother, sometimes wise men will provoke 'em very much.

Lump. You are i'th wrong.

Enter Steward.

Steward. Here is your Scrivener, Mr. *Lump*, and several others met, upon Money-business.

Lump. I ordered mine to come to you; I have four thousand pound paid in this day, which you may use; I will leave my Scrivener to take your Assignments, either of Bonds, Judgments, or Mortgages, as it shall happen to be dispos'd by you.

L. Cheat. But will the Scrivener be true, and publish it to be my Money?

Lump. I warrant you, he's a godly Man, and you may truſt him,

he has contributed more to your Fame than any one; I my self have brought in *Ananias*, and he will send Money to you, to put out for him. 'Tis near four, I must be gone; though hast does not become a wise man, yet at the present I have some upon me.

L. Cheat. The hast of a Fool is the slowest thing in the World.

Lump. It is my hour of Walking.

L. Cheat. Will you not stay and take the Assignments?

Lump. I will not break my Method for the World; I have these twenty years walk't through *Turn-stile* Alley to *Holborn* Fields at Four, all the good Women observe me, and set their Bread into the Oven by me, and by no other Clock; when I go by, I hear 'em call, Carry the Bread to the Oven, the old Gentleman is going by; I do love to be taken notice of for my Method. Farewel. [*Ex.* Lump.

L. Cheat. Let's into the Garden. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Bell. *and* Isab.

Bell. By Heaven, I love thee more than light or liberty, joy of my heart.

Isab. Such hearts as yours are seldom near their mouthes.

Bell. A kiss of this fair hand will bring mine thither; 'tis there, but if it were your lips, where would it be?

Isab. Raptures in Love have no more meaning in 'em than Rants in Poetry, meer Fustian; 'tis the stum of Love that makes it fret and fume, and fly, and never good.

Bell. Can a young Lady in so warm an Age be insensible of Love?

Isab. A vertuous Woman is ever insensible of such a Love as is unfit for her; but you Sparks, live Wolves, after many battels, by often preying upon Carkasses, come at last to venture upon the living: modest or not, 'tis all one to you, you are so well flesht.

Bell. Not so, Madam; I know my duty and your worth, and would time stand still, I could be content to gaze upon that face, and not tempt you; but our Love is frail, and we must take our pleasures while we may.

Isab. I must consider while I may, and on the shore think on the ruines of a shipwrackt Fame.

Bell. We shall never reach Love's *Indies*, if we fear tempests already.

Isab. Think not to conquer me by dint of Simile, I'll never venture the pain and peril of such a bold Voyage.

Bell. As tender Barks make it daily, and return home richly fraught, keep Coaches, and live splendidly the rest of their lives.

Isab. Infamously rather.

Bell. I know not that; but they have their days of Visiting, play at Ombre, make Treats as high and as often as the Persons of Quality,

wear as good cloaths, and want no fashionable Folly that Woman's heart can wish for; and of all such my *Isabella* shall ride Admiral.

Isab. Can you pretend to love, and tempt me from my Honour? Coaches and Cloaths! so Rogues will rob, to live like Gentlemen.

Bell. 'Tis no dishonour, custom has made it otherwise.

Isab. When a Man of Honour can turn Coward, you may prevail on me; the case is equal.

Bell. On the contrary, Kindness in Women is like Courage in Men.

Isab. Did not the general licence of the time excuse you, I ne'r would see you more.

Bell. What will nothing down, but to have and to hold? I'll marry no body else, and when my inclination dies, leave you its wealthy Widow, you may marry after it.

Isab. I'll bring no infamy, where I bring my person.

Bell. This coldness inflames me more: consent to my desires, and none of all the Ladies shall outshine, no Equipage exceed yours.

Isab. And I the while shall be but a part of your Equipage, be kept; what is it but to wear your Livery, and take Board-wages?

Bell. I love you well enough to marry you, but dare not put my self into your hands, knowing what a Jade I am at a long Journey.

Isab. If you ever loved, you can never hate, and I can be content where I have had the best, to keep the rest, and if you love me less, shall lay the fault on Nature, not on you.

Bell. It goes more against a man's heart to fall in his Love, than his Expence, and they that do either, most commonly remove for it, there is no enduring it in the same place. Think on my Love, my Fortune shall be yours.

Isab. I scorn a Fortune, with the ruine of my Honour.

Bell. It is but heading with another sort of People, leaving the melancholy hypocrites for the gay chearful sinners, the envious for the envyed.

Isab. These tales may catch unheedful silly Creatures, whom Nature half debauches to your hands; but for my self I swear.

[La. Busy *appears to 'em.*

La. Bus. Swear not, ungracious Child, I have heard all your Discourse; the Gentleman is a fine Gentleman, and his proposals are as reasonable as any Lady can wish for; every man cannot bring himself to marry, and yet may love better and longer than those that do.

Bell. Right, Madam: this is an unexpected assistance.

La. Bus. There's Mr. *Maggot* kept Mrs. *Wagtail*, after the whole Town had done with her, and loves her very well still; nay, some have not grutch'd to spend ten thousand pounds upon a Mistress, though they have starv'd their Wives and Children.

Isab. Have you fee'd this Lady to plead for you, or is it the baseness of her own Nature?

La. Bus. Is my Charity thus rewarded? my Honour question'd I that am companion to the Ladies of the best quality, the jealousest Lord thinks his Lady safe in my company, my Honour is dearer to me than all the World, and but for endeavouring to have you well settled in the World, as I have my Daughters, do I deserve this?

Isab. She is as silly as she's naught; when you see me next, bring nobler thoughts and better purposes. And so farewel. [*Ex.* Isabella.

Bell. What a Devil shall I do? She's vertuous, and fit enough for a Wife; Ounds, how that word makes me start? but all this may be a copy of her countenance, there may be Huffs in vertue as well as courage.

La. Bus. I hope, Sir, you'll not conceive amiss for what she says.

Bell. No, Madam: Pox on this Bawd, I love the treason, but I hate the traytor. [*Ex.* La. Bus. *and* Bellamore.

Enter Stanmore.

Stan. Your humble Servant, Madam; has your Ladyship had the goodness to mind my Affair?

L. Busy. I have, Sir; *I* see her coming, retire, and let me alone. Come pretty Mrs. *Gatty.*

Enter Mrs. Gartrude.

Gart. Your Servant, Madam.

L. Busy. Thou art a pretty Creature, ah! 'twould do a man good to lye by such flesh and blood as thou art; all the matter is to chuse a good Bedfellow, and for that trust me; there is the prettiest man, and the finest Gentleman not far off.——

Gart. Ay, so there is really; Mr. *Selfish* is the finest person, so civil, and well bred, and is very ingenious too, I vow 'twould do one good to have such a Bedfellow.

L. Busy. You are out, 'tis Mr. *Stanmore* is the Man, and will make a good Settlement, go to, which the other cannot.

Gart. He is a fine Gentleman indeed, but really I don't care for a Wit, I do not know what to say before 'em; but I can talk with Mr. *Selfish* all the day long, oh! he does tell such pretty Stories of himself! he is a very fair spoken man, and I'll swear he is the purest company for a Lady that ever was, and so handsom.

L. Busy. Not comparable to *Stanmore.*

Gart. Oh Gemini! that your Ladyship should say so.

L. Busy. I have experience in the World, I know what I say, your Lady Mother has desired me to take care to put you into the World: youth is indiscreet and unwary, trust us, and 'twill be your own another

day; I say, Mr. *Stanmore* will settle ten times more upon you than the other is worth.

Gart. But really, Madam, *I* must confess *I* don't love a Wit, they say they are not good natur'd, and they don't admire one half so much as others do neither.

L. Busy. Come, come, Madam, if a Wit will keep, he will serve as well as a Fool (let 'em say what they will) and you have a way to be too hard for the best of 'em for all their Wits.

Enter Selfish.

Gart. Oh Lord, here he is! *I* wonder you should say Mr. *Stanmore* is as handsom as he; well, he's a lovely Man.

Self. Ladies, *I* kiss both your hands; methinks *I* see the freshness of the Spring in one, and the fruitfulness of the Autumn in the other.

Gart. Oh rare, what a saying that is, and so like a Gentleman!

Stanmore *enters.*

Stan. Now 'tis time to speak for my self; she is very pretty, but why should *I* love a Fool, that loves a Fool? *I* see *I* am a devilish carnal Fellow, and mind nothing but the Body.

L. Busy. I'll steal out to my Lady, and leave you, we have business of consequence. [*Ex.* L. Busy.

Stan. Madam, your humble Servant.

Self. Mr. *Stanmore*, your Servant; were you not at the Audience this Afternoon?

Stan. No, Sir.

Self. Indeed *I* have committed a great fault, to wait upon these Ladies, when the Court was to appear in all the splendor it could be, with all the well-drest and well-bred men about it, and *I* was not there; *I* wish it be not taken ill.

Stan. O Vanity, vanity!

Self. I know *I* was miss't, and ask't for there, but *I* can mind nothing when Ladies are in the way, especially such pretty Creatures as Mrs. *Gatty.*

Gart. You are pleas'd to say so.

Stan. Well, my dear little one, *I* am resolv'd to be reveng'd upon this Beauty of yours, for making me so mad in Love with you.

Gart. Why, what will you do with it?

Stan. I'll have no mercy on't, *I'll* never spare it, faith, you shan't think to make me in Love with you for nothing.

Self. I shall have a new Suit come home to morrow morning, in Mr. *Carlos* his fashion; but I assure you 'tis something better fancied, both for the Colour and the Garniture.

Gart. Really, Sir, methinks Mr. *Selfish* is the prettiest modish person, and so gentile, is not he?

Stan. S'heart, what an entertainment is this to me, that I should love such a thing? don't mistake him, he is an Ass, I assure you.

Gart. Oh Lord, that you should say so now! he does every thing so like a Gentlemen, as my Lady *Busy* says, and is so well-bred.

Stan. Well-bred? hang him, he is a finical Clown, he has not breeding enough for a *Valet de Chambre.*

Gart. What a strange man are you? well, you Wits never speak well of one another, I vow.

Stan. Ounds, what a pretty Fool she is? but I am vigorous still, her folly cannot thrust me off, so much as her beauty pulls me to.

Self. I am going to buy me a pretty convenient Coach, what Colour do you fancy, dear Mrs. *Gatty?* I think Purple will suit best with my Complexion.

Gart. O yes, Purple will be very pretty.

Self. Nay, I'll say that for myself, my fancy always pleases the Ladies. Pretty Miss, let me see that delicate Busk, I will write a Distick upon it, and present it to you.

Gart. Pray do.

Self. Let me kiss that happy Busk, that goes so near your lovely body, and that delicate, sweet, white, soft hand that gave it me.

Gart. Well, he's a rare Man, and is so full of fine Courtship.

Stan. Do you know that I will not suffer you to smile, and cringe, and play the Monkey here?

Self. I cannot help it; if Ladies will love me, and be affected with my person, what is it to me?

Stan. Get you gone, you Coxcomb, I'll endure it no longer.

[*he fillips him, and pulls off his Peruque.*

Gart. Nay, what have you done to poor Mr. *Selfish?*

Self. I wonder you should have no more breeding, one would have thought I might have taught you more in this time.

Gart. Pray let me help you, I'll set it right again.

Stan. Death and damnation! what's this?

Self. The Devil take me, if I could not find in my heart to ruffle your Cravat, before the Lady, for this outrage of yours.

Stan. Do you hear, Sir? be gone, and leave us, or by Heaven I will cut your Throat.

Self. Well, I cannot be ill bred, though you can, and therefore I take my leave. [*Ex.* Selfish.

Gart. Nay, look you now, udds fiddles, what have you done? you have made Mr. *Selfish* go away. I'll follow him, that I will.

Enter Lady Cheatly *and* Maggot.

L. Cheat. Do you hear, Minx? be civiller, than I hear you are, to

Mr. *Stanmore*, and know, I'll turn you out of my house, if you think on *Selfish*. Sir, you Servant.

Gart. Oh lack! what does she say?

Stan. Nay, I'll follow you. [*Ex.* Gartrude *and* Stanmore.

Mag. Catch her, Man, she'll be a vast Fortune, my Lady wallows in money, she knows not what to do with it. But, good Madam, let me humbly petition you to consider my passion, and have some regard to my Estate, which is a plentiful one. And then, Madam, for business, you see a proof; did you ever see a man tell money better than I do; I do all the Ladies business hereabouts, and great Persons, *&c.*

L. Cheat. I must first consider of reducing my Estate into some order, before I think of disposing my Person.

Magg. If any Man sollicits your business like me——try me, Madam, I do every thing for the Ladies.

Enter Steward.

Stew. Madam, I have private business for your Ladyship's Ear.

Mag. Your Servant, Madam, I will retire, be pleased to consider me. [*Ex.* Maggot.

Stew. My business concerns your Ladyship and my self so nearly, that you must pardon me, if I urge it home.

L. Cheat. What means he? [*Aside.*

Stew. That I have serv'd you faithfully, your self can witness.

L. Cheat. I can, and I'll reward you largely.

Stew. 'Tis that I ask. Think, Madam, I have in your Service lost my honesty, lay'd by my conscience, and while I contribute to your fraud or others, I must not be deceiv'd my self.

L. Cheat. What will he drive at? I am sorry you ask for what I intended to give you; I did resolve to give you a thousand pound.

Stew. Do not I know that all the Bonds you have given to people, and the Assignments, and Declarations of Trust to your Brother, are written with the ink I bought of a great Artist, and that within a moneth it will wear out, and nothing will remain but blanks?

L. Cheat. What then? my Husband was cheated of his Estate by my Brother, and other Rascals, and 'tis fit I should take Letters of Reprisal.

Stew. No doubt. Your Bonds you have taken from others are written with ink *I* had of the same man, which (rubb'd over with a spirit) makes impressions into many sheets, so that you have many Bonds for one, the sums are easily altered.

L. Cheat. What would this Rascal have? [*aside.*

Stew. A thousand pound! *I* scorn it, *I* aim at higher things, *I* am a Gentleman in birth, your Equal.

L. Cheat. Heaven and Earth! what have *I* brought my self to? When my Estate is out of dispute, *I* will increase your reward.

Stew. No, Madam; *I* have long honour'd and lov'd your Ladyship, and nothing less than your Person can ever satisfie me.

L. Cheat. How, Sir!

Stew. Hold, Madam; if you use me roughly, *I* in a moment will blast all your Fortunes, and you shall fly from hence as naked as you came; but if you'll marry me, *I*'ll be as humble a Servant as *I* have been before.

L. Cheat. Insolent Villain. [*aside.*
Sure thou art not in earnest. [*to him.*

Stew. By Heaven, I am, and I will perish, or attain my ends.

L. Cheat. He may undo me; Oh that I should lay my Plots so shallow! I must have a trick for the Rogue. [*aside.*
Give me time to consider of it.

Stew. I can give none, nor will.

L. Cheat. Marriage would stop my business, and I shall get no more money of my Brother, or others.

Stew. We'll keep it private.

L. Cheat. (Though modesty would not let me propose it to you, and I would rather have died than done it) I must confess the thing I wish'd for upon Earth.

Stew. Then I am happy, and will serve you 'till my death.

L. Cheat. Forgive this frailty, and use me well, shame and blushes will confound me.

Stew. Dear Madam! there's no shame in Love and Marriage. I see she loves me. [*aside.*

L. Cheat. There yet remains one difficulty; You are my main Witness, and (when we are married) you can be none; therefore if you will go to a Master in Chancery, and swear to all my Deeds, and make Affidavit to my false Estate, the next hour shall make you Master of me, and mine.

Stew. Hah! I may be catch'd, and after I have sworn to that, I have no hank upon her. [*aside.*
Before, Madam, I never will; but after, for my own sake, I must. I'll get a Parson (whom I can trust) and none shall know of the Marriage but himself.

L. Cheat. This will not do, I must have another trick for the Rascal. [*aside.* You have convinc'd me; but I am engaged to a Parson already, whom I promised that Office to; I'll send for him presently.

Stew. I am transported with my happiness.

L. Cheat. Withdraw, Sir, I'll come to you instantly.

Enter Prigg.

Hah! this Fellow shall be my Engine, and I must lose no time.

L. Cheat. I am glad you are come; I have a business to communicate to you, that concerns you nearly, in which you must be secret.

Prig. Does it concern my Honour? Madam, I'll cut their throats.

L. Cheat. No, Sir, it concerns your Love.

Prig. Then I'll cut their throats too.

L. Cheat. No, it is not come to that; but just as *I* was resolv'd (having considered your passion, to bestow my self upon you.)——

Prig. Oh dear Madam! let me kiss your fair hand.

L. Cheat. Would you believe it? this villainous Steward having Writings in his hand for the greatest part of my Estate, is arriv'd to that insolence, he threatens to burn 'em, unless *I* will instantly marry him.

Prig. Oh dog! Rogue! your Servant, Madam, *I'll* cut his throat immediately.

L. Cheat. Hold, Sir, he's an odd humorous Fellow, and will not have his throat cut.

Prig. Will he not? why then *I* won't.

L. Cheat. I have design'd a better way; to put a false Marriage upon him, and you shall be my Chaplain, you can get the habit of a Parson.

Prig. Ay, ay, this is very pretty; I your Chaplain? ha, ha! if my face would but look solid enough for a Divine.

L. Cheat. I warrant you, 'tis a very judicious face, and will be very Parsonical.

Prig. Not so, a Gamster's at your service.

L. Cheat. And you can read the Common-Prayer, that's material; for some Gentlemen can scarce read now adays.

Prig. I warrant you, Madam: this will be the prettiest trick.

L. Cheat. When you have married him and me, about an hour hence (no body else being by) I'll take care to pack him far enough afterwards, and thus reserve my self for you. Get a Habit quickly, and lay it in the Closet, here's the Key, there you shall shift; I must be gone.

[*Ex.* La. Cheatly.

Prig. Oh happy Man! I shall never need to sneak after a Lord, to sing Catches, break Jests, to eat and rook with him; well, I'll go no more to Twelve, that's certain; I'll get me a pack of Fox-Dogs, hunt every day, and play at the Groom-Porter's at night. [*Ex.* Prig.

Enter Theodosia *and* Isabella *in the Garden.*

Theod. Dear *Isabella*, how I love these solitary Walks, free from the noise and importunity of Men.

Isab. So much the contrary, that should you hear the ratling of a Coach, you'd be ready to leap over the Wall.

Theod. If it were *Bellamour*'s.

Isab. Why *Bellamour*'s? no, though you knew it to be a tired Hackney, with six dusty Passengers in't; thou art the giddiest Creature.

Theod. I do not love to be solid as you are, and fix upon one Man; 'tis better to like all, and love none.

Isab. Thou hypocrite; do not I know that none but *Carlos* can please you, he has caught you fast?

Theod. No, never think so: Do but hear the Men talk of another, and 'tis antidote enough against 'em, they are as malicious as we Women, and would quarrel as often, if it were not for fear of fighting.

Isab. Of all men I wonder *Stanmore* scapes it, he speaks well of no man.

Theod. 'Tis fit to speak ill of Fops, who were lost to the World, if men of Wit might not show 'em.

Isab. For ought I see, laughing at them does them no hurt; for they rise and get Fortunes for all that; Fools are lawful prize; but *Stanmore* speaks ill of witty men.

Theod. When the witty men fall upon one another, they make sport for the fools, and so laughing goes round, no matter how.

Isab. Stanmore says, *Carlos* has an ill breath, and takes Physick of a *French* Surgeon; and that *Bellamore* keeps a Player, and will run out his Estate.

Theod. And yet you see how dear they are one to another when they meet, 'tis the fashion.

Enter Gartrude.

Gart. Oh Sister, come hither! here are four men measuring of swords, I believe they are going to fight in the next field.

[*Carlos*, *Prigg*, *Stanmore*, and *Young Maggot* in the field.

Yo. Mag. How shall I kill this *Prigg?* he wants two of his vital parts, a Brain and a Heart.

Prig. I'll spoil your writing; have at your Madrigal arm, you Wit you. [Prigg *disarms* Yo. Mag. *and comes up to* Carlos.

Stan. Carlos, you see our advantage.

Car. And scorn it; have at your first. [*He disarms* Prigg. Now, Sir, for you. [*to* Stanmore.

Stan. We are friends, I love thee, prithee let it alone.

Car. Not so great friends, I over-heard you speaking ill of me to my Mistress.

Stan. Prithee *Carlos*, that's nothing, we all speak ill of one another, and it goes for nothing.

Car. I am not of your opinion, have at you. [Carlos *disarms* Stanm.

Stan. At you? well, you have it, and I am glad I had to do with a brave man.

Car. You are men of Honour, and may be trusted with your swords; let's in amongst the Ladies, as if nothing has pass'd between us.

Prig. You may do what you will; but the valiant *Prig* desires his Widow may hear of his prowess at least.

Yo. Mag. That I should be worsted by an Ass. [*Exeunt.*

The Ladies re-enter.

Gert. I am afraid *Carlos* has hurt honest Mr. *Stanmore*; but *Carlos* is a fine Gentleman, and fights so like a Gentleman; he said the prettiest things to me in an Arbor, Mr. *Selfish* could not have courted me at a higher rate, I vow I begin to like him strangely, I like a Wit better than I did.

Isab. Thou'lt like any Body.

Theod. Pray Heaven *Carlos* be not hurt.

Isab. You seem disordered.

Theod. No, no, what makest thou think so?

Isab. I am confident *Carlos* is not hurt.

Theod. I think not of him.

Isab. I cannot blame you; I believe he has honesty to his wit, and honour to his courage, I never saw a finer Gentleman.

Gert. He has almost as taking a way with him as Mr. *Selfish.*

Theod. I don't like his face, 'tis too serious; his meen is stiff, and he dances ill.

Isab. You are too nice; his looks and meen are manly, and he dances like a person of quality; you are for a Page's face, and a dancing Master's legs, and I hate both.

Theod. Nay, never let's fall out about him.

Isab. If we should, he's here to part us.

Enter Carlos, Prigg, *and* Young Maggot.

Theod. He goes on faster with his task than I'd have him.

Yo. Mag. There is no living two hours out of the *Beau mond;* I am out of the Lady's company like a Fish out of the water; is not that well said, *Prigg?*

Prig. Not at all, the Devil take me.

Theod. Not so mute as a Fish, I hope.

Yo. Mag. No; we witty men are always talking, now and then two or three of us at a time, invention does so flow; but I had rather say one fine thing to a Lady, than twenty to the best Wits in Town.

Prig. Say fine things; what a Pox don't we all speak alike? don't we all speak English?

Theod. Had you never a Mistress that was a Fool?

Yo. Mag. None are so gross but they guess when a man says a witty thing; when I say it, I am sure.

Prig. Pox on saying, I love doing a witty thing; to win a man's money is to out-wit him, I think, and I'll undertake to win yours at ten several Games.

Yo. Mag. What, cheat me?

Prig. No, upon the square, by meer judgment. A Wit is like a running Horse, good for no earthly thing beside; when did you ever know any of 'em well with a great Man, or so much as taken down to a Lord's house a Buck-hunting? they can drink some of 'em; but then they talk of Philosophy, History, Poetry, as if they came into company to study; this is stuff the Devil would not hear.

Theod. What would you have 'em talk of?

Prig. Why Dogs, Hawks and Horses, Crimp, Trick track, and Primero; make me a match at Bowls or Tennis over a Bottle; come, even or odd for two Pieces, I hate to be idle.

Isab. What an intolerable Fool is this?

Prig. There are three matches to be run at *New-Market*, I'll bett money on every one of 'em: I'll hold you six to four of the Gelding against the Mare; gold to silver on the bay Stone-horse against the Flea-bitten; and an even fifty pound, or what you will.——

Yo. Mag. You need not run your self out of breath, I will never bett while I live.

Prig. Ladies, what think you of five merry Guineys? will either of you bett?

Theod. I do not like *Carlos* his talking so long with that Fool; she is young and handsom, she has beauty enough to invite, and folly enough to grant.

Prig. I hold five pound I make a Tennis-ball lye upon that Stand once in thrice.

Isab. This Fellow has no Genius but to play, nor no argument but a wager.

Yo. Mag. One that wants Wit, deserves not to bear the figure of a Man.

Theod. Such Fellows are but cyphers to you men of Wit, they make you of greater value.

Yo. Mag. I'll swear that's well said, I don't think I could have said better my self.

Prig. What will you give me for this Ring at the day of Marriage?

Carlos. You are so pretty, and so obliging, there's no resisting both. But will you come and see my Lodgings? I have the finest *French* things.

Gert. Really, Sir, you are so courteous and well-behaved, I cannot

deny you coming; you put me so in mind of Mr. *Selfish*, you have his way with you to a hair; do you write too? he is a very pretty Poet.

Car. Were I not sharp set, this would turn my stomach: *Selfish* steals all he writes out of *French* Poetry; he has neither Wit nor Money but what he borrows, forget him, and I'll be your Servant.

Gert. You shall promise to be very civil, when I come.

Car. She is very easie, pray Heaven she be sound; I'll promise any thing. [*aside.*

——Well, *Theodosia*, if I be false, 'tis your command has pusht me into temptation.

Prig. Come, here's ten Guineys, I'll lay 'em upon my Toe, and in six times kick 'em all into my mouth.

Isab. And what if you do?

Prig. Talk of Wit; I'll play at Prick-penny for twenty pound, with any one here.

Car. I am for you at Tennis.

Prig. I'll give you a bisk at *Longs* for ten pound.

Theod. Bowling methinks is better.

Prig. I'll give him one in seven for five shillings.

Car. We have better reserve our strength; I'll hunt to morrow.

Prig. With all my heart; hollo, hey *Ringwood*, *Rockwood Jowler*, hey. Well, I'll go and play in the mean time: Pox, this is the basest company, there's no money stirring. [*Ex.* Prigg.

Theod. What could you do with that Fool all this while?

Car. In obedience to your command, I suffered her impertinence: You are a very Tyrant; your Beauty obliges me to love none but you, and yet you'll have me make Love to all; flesh and blood is not able to bear it.

Theod. Not so: I would have you gain their esteem, and be cryed up among 'em; using us scurvily, often does that; Women love the careless, insolent, and loud.

Car. Faith, Madam, I am a moral man, I do as I would be done by.

Theod. I would not be in Love with you for a million, 'twould tempt you horribly.

Car. It would tempt me to vanity, but never to ingratitude.

Theod. Vanity and ingratitude are as inseparable as old age and ugliness; they that think too well of themselves, ever think too ill of others; and I will give you no temptation of any kind.

Car. You are nothing but temptation; your face, your shape, your voice, nay, your very coldness is a tempter, and therefore have a care on't.

Isab. You have met with the greatest Tyrant of our Sex.

Car. The greatest Conqueror: But she has too much goodness for

a Tyrant; however, I'll tire her cruelty with my patience, and I'll hold her the greatest wager in the World that I get her heart at last.

Theod. You have a pretty confidence; pray what's your wager?

Car. A Wedding-night.

Theod. Who shall be Judg?

Car. Your Friend here.

Theod. I can't have a better; done.

Car. Done, Madam; I am sure good service and perseverance will gain a reasonable Woman, where there is not a down-right antipathy, and I am resolved never to give you over.

Theod. Love in this Age is as well counterfeited as Complexion; what with the Men's lying and swearing, and the Women's waters and washes, we know not what to make of one another.

Car. Try me with Commands.

Theod. I must have you Poetical, that's a great sign of Love in a Man of Wit; I must have Songs and Sonnets plenty.

Car. Very well.

Theod. I must never have you see a Play but when I am there.

Car. That is, I must see none at all; for when you are there, I can see nothing but your self.

Theod. Then upon no pretence whatsoever must you go behind the Scenes.

Car. That's grown the sign of a Fop, and for my own sake I'll avoid it.

Theod. But the Women have Beauty and Wit enough to hearken to a Keeper.

Car. Some of 'em are so far from having Wit of their own, that they spoyl that little the Poets put into 'em, by base utterance; and for Beauty they lay it on so, that 'tis much alike from fifteen to five and forty.

Theod. Item, You must not talk with Vizors in the Pit, though they look never so like Women of quality, and are never so coming.

Car. Be it so. I never knew any good come of that way of fooling yet; for if they were afraid of me, I was ever more afraid of them. But how shall I arrive at the general Fame and Reputation you spoke of, with these restraints? The Men in vogue forbear none of all these things; they dive like Ducks at one end of the Pit, and rise at the other, then whisk into the Whore-Boxes, then into the Scenes, and always hurry up and down, the Devils in an *Opera* are not so busie.

Theod. You must take other Courses.

Car. I have bespoken a Play for you, and all the good company of this House; when the other is done, I hope, Madam, you will honour it with your presence.

Theod. I'll do as the rest do.

Isab. This is a new piece of Gallantry, *Theodosia.*

Theod. The invitation's general.

Car. How mad would they be, if they knew this were meant to me?

Enter Maggot, *unseen by the rest.*

Yo. Mag. Now pretty Mrs. *Gartrude*, and the rest of the good company, I have the Poem about me, which I told you I writ upon Beauty; 'tis elaborate, I kept my Chamber about it as long as a Spark does, of a Clap, or a Lady of a Child; I purged, and bled, and enter'd into a Diet about it, and that made me have so clear a Complexion, and write so well, and brought down my Belly too.

Mag. How now, Wit! let me see that damn'd Poem you lay in of so long, when you should have studied the Law.

Yo. Mag. Oh Heaven! I am undone.

Mag. I shall spoyl that Moneth's Work.

Yo. Mag. Ladies, pray intercede for me, and save my Poem.

Theod. Hold, Sir, reprieve it.

Yo. Mag. 'Tis not mine, 'tis a Friend's of mine.

Mag. Ah graceless Fool! the worst Friend thou hast, thy self thou meanest. [*He tears it, and scatters it.*

Yo. Mag. Save this, and I will never be witty again.

Mag. No, Sir, there, there, so, 'tis done: By Heaven, touch a piece on't, and I'll dis-inherit you. [Yo. Mag. *goes to gather up the pieces.*

Car. Let me intercede for him, he'll mend, and be less witty every day.

Yo. Mag. Forgive me once, and I'll mend, and be as dull as an old fat Alderman, that sleeps over Justice at the *Old Baily.*

Mag. At your Simile's again, Oh you incorrigible Wit! let me see what Poetry you have about you.

Yo. Mag. Ladies, for Heaven's sake, plead for me, or I am utterly ruin'd: Sir, will you disgrace me before my Mistress *Gartrude?*

Mag. Hang you, Coxcomb; she hates Wit, because she's a fool, as I do, because I am wise. Stand still. [*He pulls out bundles of Papers.*

Yo. Mag. Mercy upon me! what will become of me?

Isab. Good Mr. *Maggot*, be more merciful.

Mag. What's here? A Poem call'd, *A Posie for the Ladies Delight.* A second, *The Flower of Love's Constancy. An Answer to it. Dislicks to write upon Lady's Busks. Epigram written in a Lady's Bible in* Covent-Garden-*Church.* Oh wicked Wit! *Posies for Wedding-Rings*, Oh idle Rake-hell! I shall have you come to write to Tobacco-Boxes and Sword-Blades, and Knives, and to all the Iron-work at *Sheffeild*; all these go to it.

Yo. Mag. Hold, good Sir, hold; upon my knees I beg you'ld hold:

here cut off this Joynt, this, this, any Joynt about me, so you'll spare my Poetry.

Theod. Have pity on the poor Gentleman.

Gar. Oh pray give me those upon the Busks.

Mag. Not one shall live to make him in favour: Must you needs be a Wit, to the dishonour of your Family, and the disturbance of your good old Father's ashes? I never knew one of our Family before. I'll alter my Will instantly. [*Ex.* Maggot.

Yo. Mag. Nay, now you may hang me and you will, now you have torn my Poetry, I have never a Copy of any of 'em; I will go hide my self in a hole, and never shew my head again. [*Ex.* Yo. Mag.

Car. Come, Ladies, shall we prepare for the Play after this Farce?

Isab. With all our hearts.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

Enter *Carlos*, *Theodosia*, *Prigg*, *La. Cheatly*, *Maggot*, *La. Busy*, *Bellamore*, *Isabella*, *Stanmore*, *Gartrude*, *Young Maggot*, and *Selfish*, and others coming into the Play-house, seating themselves.

The Scene, *The Play-house.*

Isab. BY being masqued, I shall observe *Bellamore*'s Actions.

Gert. Now no Body will know me; they'll take me for you in this Petticoat.

Isab. If you hold your Tongue, Sister; but that makes a great difference betwixt us.

Gart. Ay, but I'll whisper, and they shall not know my voice.

Isab. But they'll soon discover your sence.

Car. My dear Mistress, since you accept my service, I am resolv'd to ply you so, that I must win at last.

Theod. You are very resolute, and shall find me so; you think to go on like the *French* King; we shall have you do as he does by a Town in *Flanders*, set a day when you will take it.

Car. I hope to corrupt you within with Love, and make my conquest the easier.

Bell. I wonder *Isabella* is not here, *Stanmore*; I am so damnably in Love, I am afraid thou'lt never own me; I am a very Recreant.

Stan. My Mistress is not here neither; her folly has a little cool'd my Love; but I have a most abominable lust to her, the wiser passion of the two, and no despair: Though that Rogue *Selfish* has her Mind, I do not doubt but to get her Body, which is worth two of it for my use.

Yo. Mag. I wonder pretty Mrs. *Gartrude* is not here.

Self. I am amaz'd at it; for she knew I was to come.

A great knocking at the Door. Enter *Door-keeper.*

Car. How now! What means that knocking?

Door-keep. Sir, Ladies and several Gentlemen knock to get in.

Car. Let the Ladies in for nothing, but make the Men pay.

[Ex. *Door-keeper.*

Prig. Had you ever such a Chaplain? I was so disguis'd, he could not suspect me; methinks I dispatch'd the business as well, as if I had been used to be married my self.

L. Cheat. 'Twas very well. I have since gotten my Deeds from him; and because he was a main Witness to many of my Bonds, and Mortgages, I have made him swear to 'em all before a Master in Chancery, upon pretence that when it should be known he was my Husband, his testimony would not be good.

Prig. Ha! ha! ha! This was the prettiest invention, and will make well for us. But where is the Fool?

L. Cheat. There is a Kinsman of mine going for the *Indies*, I sent him to him with an hundred pound for a Venture, and have taken care he shall not come back again; for he'll clap him under Hatches, carry him away, and sell him for a Rogue as he is; he sayls this Tide.

Several more come in, Women mask'd, and Men of several sorts. Several young Coxcombs fool with the Orange-Women.

Orange-Wo. Oranges; Will you have any Oranges?

1 *Bull.* What Play do they play? some confounded Play or other.

Prig. A Pox on't, Madam! what should we do at this damn'd Playhouse? Let's send for some Cards, and play at Lang-trilloo in the Box: Pox on 'em! I ne'r saw a Play had any thing in't; some of 'em have Wit now and then, but what care I for Wit.

Self. Does my Cravat sit well? I take all the care I can it should; I love to appear well. What Ladies are here in the Boxes? really I never come to a Play, but upon account of seeing the Ladies.

Car. Door-keeper, Are they ready to begin?

Door-keep. Yes, immediately.

Self. Now you shall see the Ladies make up to me; where e're I am, they flock about me: I think I am one of the happiest Men on

Earth; I thank Heaven every day for making me just as I am, *Bellamore.*

Bell. That's *Isabella*, I am sure, I know the Petticoat; what a Devil makes her talk to that Rogue? [*Gartrude chuses to sit by Selfish.*

Yo. Mag. You'll find it an admirable Plot; there's great force and fire in the writing; so full of business, and trick, and very fashionable; it pass'd through my hands; some of us helpt him in it.

1 *Bull.* Dam'me! When will these Fellows begin? Plague o'nt! here's a staying.

2 *Man.* Whose Play is this?

3 *Man.* One *Prickett*'s, Poet *Prickett.*

1 *Man.* Oh hang him! Pox on him! he cannot write; prithee let's to *White-hall.*

Y. Mag. Not write, Sir? I am one of his Patrons; I know the Wits don't like him; but he shall write with any of 'em all for an hundred pound.

Prig. Ay that he shall. They say, he puts no Wit in his Plays; but 'tis all one for that, they do the business; he is my Poet too; I hate Wit.

Enter several Ladies, and several Men.

Door-keep. Pray, Sir, pay me, my Masters will make me pay it.

3 *Man.* Impudent Rascal! Do you ask me for Money? Take that, Sirrah.

2 *Door-keep.* Will you pay me, Sir?

4 *Man.* No: I don't intend to stay.

2 *Door-keep.* So you say every day and see two or three Acts for nothing.

4 *Man.* I'll break your Head, you Rascal.

1 *Door-keep.* Pray, Sir, pay me.

3 *Man.* Set it down, I have no Silver about me, or bid my Man pay you.

Theod. What, do Gentlemen run on tick for Plays?

Car. As familiarly as with their Taylors?

3 *Door-keep.* Pox on you, Sirrah! go, and bid 'em begin quickly.

[Ex. *Door-keeper.*

They play the Curtain-time, then take their places.

Car. Now they'll begin. [*Selfish and Young Maggot go to sit down.*

Y. Mag. Don't come to us; let you Wits sit together.

Prig. These Fellows will be witty, and trouble us; go to your Brother Wits, and make a noise among your selves, Brother Wits.

[*They go on the other side.*

Self. I am always hated by the Fools; but I think it rather out of envy than malice.

Bell. Faith! you shan't sit by us.

Stan. Gentlemen, Do not mistake your selves; for you are no Wits, though y'are Poets, and we will not own you of our Party.

Yo. Mag. This is meer envy against us Writers, *Selfish.*

Self. It is so: I for my part will throw my self at a Lady's feet, play with her Fan, and fan her gently with it.

The Play begins.

Enter *Lover* and *Wife.*

Lover. Dear Madam, Let us not omit any occasion; but take every opportunity by the hand, to improve those Amours, which have rendred us so happy, to be elevated above the reach of Envy.

Wife. Sir, I should not entertain a thought, that might in any wise be prejudicial to our Amours, or the improvement thereof, if I were not so extremely obnoxious to the great infelicity of being subject to a Husband, whose Jealousie has so much the Ascendant over him, that it renders him so vigilant, not seldom to interrupt our happiest hours.

Lover. That turbulent temper does too often disorder the fair quiet of his own mind, as well as discompose ours; and Jealousie proves as often an obstruction to his own tranquillity, as it does an impediment to our fruition.

Wife. It is a priviledge too absolutely imperious (which by a seeming Conjugal right) our Husbands claim over us, to make so subtil a scrutiny into all our enterprizes, since they, with too great a regret, entertain the least motion of ours, whereby we would insinuate into their Affairs.

Lover. But since Fortune (by so many frequent Signalizations) has demonstrated how much she is a friend to us, in assisting us with so many Subterfuges, when most we have needed them, it will be a hainous tergiversation from her, to abandon that trust we formerly have reposed in her, and she may justly take a Picque at our infidelity, and, in that Caprice, may contrive a revenge sutable to our delinquency.

Wife. Rather Fortune may be apt to believe us too audacious, in tempting her with so much importunity, that it must needs be more vexatious than agreeable; and while we make such vigorous addresses to another Deity, for ought we know, Love may wax jealous of our Applications to it: For though he's blind, he can descry, and will greatly resent our Dereliction; and, when he is incensed, his Nature is highly vindicative.

Lover. When Fortune takes such pains to assist us in our Amours, Love will certainly be very sensible of our Omission; and when he is once provok'd, he seldom buries Injuries in the grave of Oblivion.

Theod. This is very lewd Stuff: Is this the new way of Writing?

Car. A Man would think these Lovers in Plays did not care a far-

thing for one another, when they find nothing to do but to be florid, and talk impertinently when they are alone.

Yo. Mag. This is a very strong, sinewy, and correct Style, and yet neat, and florid.

Self. I have taught 'em all this way of Writing; I always strive to write like a Gentleman, so easie, and well bred.

Prig. These are very good Lines, faith.

Y. Mag. Nay, 'tis admirably worded, that's the truth on't.

1 *Man.* Dam' me! I don't like it.

2 *Man.* Pox on the Coxcomb that writ it! there's nothing in't.

1 *Man.* God I love Drums, and Trumpets, and much ranting, roaring, huffing and fretting, and good store of noise in a Play.

Lover. I have sufficiently confuted all your Argumentation; and nothing then remains, but that I should humbly petition to hold the Honour of your fair Embraces.

Wife. The Motion is so civil, and favours so much of a sincere Affection, that I can no longer resist it.

Lover. Let us retire.

Wife. Come. [Ex. *Lover* and *Wife.*

Bell. So: now they are come to the Matter in hand: But here comes the Husband.

The Husband knocks at the Door, and turns his back.

The Lover kicks him several times, and retires.

Yo. Mag. Now it begins to warm; 'tis an admirable Plot.

Self. Bellamore, See how kind the Ladies are to me: Pretty Rogue! Let me repose my Head in thy soft Bosom.

Bell. 'S death! What's this? She will not speak to me, yet suffers that familiarity with that Rascal, as if it were on purpose to provoke me.

Car. Why does not the Fool look where the Blows come?

Theod. Oh! that would spoyl the Plot.

Husband. This must be the Devil that strikes me: Some whoring Rogue or other is gotten with my Wife, and the Devil pimps for him; but I have a Key to a Back-door, and will surprize him. (Ex. *Husband.*

Stan. I cannot find my Mistress; but I'll divert my self with a Vizard in the mean time.

1 *Man.* What, not a word? all over in disguise: Silence for your Folly, and a Vizard for your ill Face.

2 *Man to a Vizard.* Gad! some Whore, I warrant you, or Chamber-maid, in her Lady's old Cloaths.

[*He sits down, and lolls in the Orange-wench's Lap.*

3 *Man.* She must be a Woman of quality; she has right Point.

4 *Man.* Faith! she earns all the Cloaths on her Back by lying on't; some Punk lately turn'd out of Keeping, her Livery not quite worn out.

Isab. I deserve this by coming in a Masque; and if I should now discover my self, 'twould make a Quarrel.

Prig. You shall see what tricks I'll play; faith! I love to be merry. [*Raps people on the Backs, and twirls their Hats, and then looks demurely, as if he did not do it.*

Enter *two Lovers*, and *Wife*.

2 *Lover.* Have I catcht them? I was jealous of this before; but now I will make further discovery. [2. *Lover goes under the Table.*

1 *Lover.* In verity it favours of Incivility, to interrupt our Joys in the middle of our Felicity; but since the barbarous Intruder is defeated, let us embrace the present occasion, which seems to court us.

Wife. If any thing which I can do can felicitate you, you may command my Person.

2 *Lover.* Oh damn'd Jade!

Enter *Husband* [*The Husband falls over a*

Wife. Oh God! my Husband. [*Form, and breaks his*

1 *Lover.* 'S death! What shall we do? [*Shins, and puts out the*

Yo. Mag. Now it thickens; an admirable Plot [*Candle.*

Husb. Oh my Shins, my Shins! [*Takes up the Candle, and*

Wife. 'Tis as we wisht. [*blows it in again.*

Yo. Mag. There's a turn: Who would expect that? As great a turn as can be, from darkness to light: Can any thing be greater?

1 *Lover.* Now we are undone again.

Husb. Now tremble at my Vengeance, thou most perfidious Strumpet; for I will kill thee before thou prayest.

Wife. What means my dearest Honey?

Husb. Oh thou falacious Jade! Canst thou ask, when that stallion-Rogue is there?

Wife. What Rogue? Art thou mad? Here's no Body.

Husb. No Body? Why, who's that? thou most lascivious Quean!

Wife. Where?

Husb. There.

Wife. I see no Body; thou art distracted.

1 *Lover.* How I adore her for her Wit.

Husb. What Fellow's that, Huswife?

Wife. Which? I see none.

Husb. But I do; and have at him first.

Wife. Hold, my Dear; if thou seest any Body, it is the Devil; and if thou strik'st it, it will tear thee in pieces.

Husb. Are you mad? Do you see no Body there?

Wife. No, Heavens knows, not I. Oh Heaven! the House is haunted: What does it look like?

Husb. Oh Lord! it looks like a Man: hah! Methinks he has glaring Eyes: Oh! Oh! I see his cloven Foot; this is that that struck me just now: Oh Heaven help me!

Wife. Oh help? I swound, I swound.

Husb. Oh my dear Wife! Oh the Devil!

2 *Lover.* Have I caught you, Sir? [1 *Lover goes under the Table.*

1 *Lover.* Since you have, for the Lady's sake, don't discover me.

Wife. Oh! Is it there still my Dear?

Husb. No, I think 'tis gone; hah! 'tis vanisht.

Yo. Mag. Well, it concerns me so, I am not able to bear it.

Husb. My poor Dear! I have wrong'd thee; prithee forgive me.

Wife. I am always abus'd thus by you; I am too honest.

Husb. Prithee forgive me, I will never tax thee more; but I must change my House, if it be thus haunted.

Wife. I am afraid to live here any longer; do, my Dear.

Isab. I see *Bellamore* minds no Woman but my foolish Sister (whom, I fear, he takes for me) yet she is so ridiculously fond of that Fool, that he cannot reasonably imagine I would be.

Self. Do you not see how fond that pretty Creature is of me? I make no doubt but I shall enjoy her Person.

Bell. Damnation on this Rascal! Can a Woman of so much Wit like him? I'll watch her; Women have odd, fantastick Appetites, and there's no trusting of 'em.

2 *Lover.* Tis too apparent that she's false to me, and I'll revenge it, by discovering her to her Husband, for all her trick. [*They scuffle under the*

1 *Lover.* I will cut your throat, if you offer it. [*Table, rise with it on*

2 *Lover.* Nay then, you Rascal, have at you. [*their Backs; the Table*

Husb. Oh villainous Woman! Are these Spi- [*falls down; they draw*
rits? Now I am convinc'd, I know one Whore- [*their Swords, and fight.*
master too well to believe it. [*Prig strikes a Bully over*

1 *Man.* Zounds you Rogue! Do you play [*the Back he takes it to be*
your tricks with me? [*another, and strikes him.*

2 *Man.* Have at you, Dog. [*They fight; Bell. Stan.*

Car. Impudent Rascals! Have at you all. [*Car. beat the Bullies out of the House; the Actors run off; Ladies run out shrieking.*

Self. I will make good the Lady's Retreat. [*He retreats behind the Ladies, with his Sword drawn.*

Bell. Where is this *Selfish* gone? I must watch him and the Lady. [Ex. *Bellamore.*

Car. What Rascals and Cowards are these Bullies? Where are the Ladies? Boy, go out, and bid the Players go on.

Enter *Theodosia* and *Isabella*.

Oh Madam! I am asham'd of this disorder.

Theod. Are you not hurt, Sir?

Car. Only a little in the Hand.

Theod. Come to morrow, and my shock Dog shall lick you whole. A Hurt in the Hand? Why, 'tis gotten with opening of Oysters, and cured with a Cobweb.

Car. If you will but pity the Wounds you give your self, I'll ne'r complain to you of any other.

Isab. Theodosia may affect ill Nature, which perhaps her Heart is no more guilty of than mine. But, I am sure, I am extremely troubled at your Hurt, and would not have you neglect it.

Car. You are too obliging; 'tis slight, and worth neither of our cares.

Gart. Oh Lord! Mr. *Carlos* is hurt, I shall swoun: Oh dear Sir! my Heart went pit a pat all the while you were fighting.

Car. That pretty Heart should only leap for joy.

La. Busy. Sir, Pray let me be so happy, as to apply my white Oyntment; 'tis very soveraign for a green Wound.

La. Cheat. I have a Balsom that never fails, and I were most unhappy, if one I esteem so well, should miscarry for want of it.

Theod. Here's a doe about a slight Hurt; a Butcher at the *Bear-Garden* makes nothing of forty such: I would have the Sun shine through my Servant now and then.

Car. You would have one serve you as they do a Mountebank, to be run through for him.

Isab. I cannot rest till I see if *Bellamore* be wounded. (Ex. *Isab.*

Enter one of the Actors.

Actor. Sir, We cannot go on with our Play, one of our young Women being frighted with the Swords, is fallen into a Fit, and carried home sick.

Car. Boy, Go and find the Company; I have prepar'd an Entertainment upon the Stage; we'll have an Entry, a Song, or some Musick; there is no loss of the Play; this *Prickett* can write none but Low Farce, and his Fools are rather odious than ridiculous.

Theod. You are once in the right.

Car. My cruel Mistress! You see I had some Favour from every one but your self.

Theod. I believe it has cost you five pound in penny gleek, to get the good Will of the old Ladies; and the hopes of Marriage has prevailed upon the young ones.

Car. I was never so serious as that comes to, with any but your self.

Theod. No more of this; I accept your Entertainment.

The Scene changes to the Stage and Scenes.

Enter *Selfish* and *Gartrude.*

Self. Now if your Love has any resolution, you may enjoy me, and make your self the happiest Lady in Town, and please me too.

Gart. Indeed you are so well bred, and so much a Gentleman, the Ladies cannot but love you.

Self. I have no reason to complain.

Gart. And then you dress so finely.

Self. Indeed most young Fellows when they come to Town, dress at me: But, pretty Creature, let us retire.

Gart. What you please, dear Sir, if you'll be civil.

Self. Pretty Soul! how she loves me? I am a Rogue to be false to these poor Creatures: While they divert themselves with the vulgar Entertainments of Musick and Dancing, I will steal the happiest minute that Love and Beauty can afford.

Gart. You shall not need to steal, I'll give you any thing: But will you make a Song on me?

Self. Thou shalt be my *Chloris*, my *Phyllis*, *Cœlia*, my All: Let's away my Dear. [Ex. *Selfish* and *Gartrude.*

Enter *Bellamore.*

Bell. Whither is that Rascal carrying *Isabella?* She must do this on purpose to make me mad; for I can never believe she can like *Selfish*, I'll follow. [Ex. *Bell.*

Enter *Stanmore* and *Isabella.*

Stan. Well, You must be my Mistress; my Heart beats, and I have a thousand Disorders upon me, which none but she can cause.

Isab. It beats a false Alarm for once; you see I am not she, but she is some-where behind the Scenes; pray go, and look after her. [Ex. *Stan.*

Enter *Carlos* and *Theodosia.*

Theod. Prithee pull off thy Mask, and conceal thy self no longer.

Isab. Do not discover me. I hear *Bellamore* keeps a Player; I am resolved to watch him, and see if I can make any Discovery.

Enter *Lady Cheatly, Lady Busy, Prigg*, and *Maggot.*

Mag. Madam, Your Ladyship is so pester'd with this Gamester *Prigg*, that I cannot have time to talk with you.

L. Cheat. I am so; and I have Business of great concernment, to confer with you about; wou'd I were rid of him.

Mag. I'll have a trick for him.

Prig. Sirrah *Maggot!* I will not suffer you to talk to my Lady; she is mine, you old Fool.

Mag. Come out, you young Blockhead, and let our Swords try whose she is.

Prig. Let's fight here; I would have my Mistress see how I put in my Pass, and what a yerk I give it.

Mag. Thou o're-grown Coward!

L. Cheat. Gentlemen, I must not suffer quarrelling before me; Mr. *Prigg* be more temperate.

Prig. I will, Madam; though 'tis hard, when Love or Honour bids me draw.

Enter *Young Maggot.*

Yo. Mag. Gentlemen, Be not so much troubled, that the Play was interrupted by the Bullies; for I have a Poem about me, which I'll entertain you with, that perhaps may be more agreeable; I will read it to you.

Car. But first let's have a Dance.

Yo. Mag. With all my Heart.

L. Cheat. Do you hear, Carpenter? Can you make the Machine's Work? I shall have use of 'em.

Carpent. Yes, Madam.

L. Cheat. Pray be ready when I give you Order: Do you hear? Thus. Let us all sit and see this Dance. [*An Entry of Clowns.*

Enter *Lump.*

L. Cheat. My Brother's here; what shall we do now?

Lump. I am asham'd, Sister, of your Sin, and Vanity, and cannot in conscience let you alone in your evil ways. What makes you in this wicked place? this sink of sin? this house of Abominations? where wise men, and godly men are abus'd: It is great wickedness, and I cannot be silent; my zeal and wisdom will not let me be silent.

L. Cheat. Brother, Have a little Breeding, as well as Zeal and Wisdom, and do not disturb the Gentlemen.

Lump. I care not for Breeding; shall Zeal and Wisdom give place to that? I say, 'tis not lawful, 'tis sinful, 'tis abominable, to come under the Roof with these Hornets; where is Wit, flashy Wit stirring here; and I would as soon be in a Pest-house.

L. Cheat. I must comply with those I have designs upon, for my Fortune's sake, and for my Daughter's.

Lump. That does something mollifie the sin; but it is too great, and I cannot bear it: Cannot you take religious Courses, in order to your design, and then you may serve Heaven and your self together? You are foolish, very foolish, and have no method in you.

Car. This Gentleman is going to read a pious Poem to us; pray do not interrupt him.

Lump. Sir, I must interrupt him, I have a Call, a great Call to it; all Poetry is abominable, and all Wit is an Idol, a very *Dagon*, I will down with it; all the wise and godly Party of the Nation hate Wit.

Yo. Mag. None but Fools hate Wit, and those that cannot think; for my part, I will venture my Blood in defence of Poetry.

Lump. I will preach against it, while I have breath.

Yo. Mag. Peace, Fool! I will read on.

Lump. Sister, You shall not hear it; 'tis prophane, abominable, a Grace-resisting, Soul-destroying, Conscience-choaking, most unutterably Sin-nourishing thing, and I cannot bear it; I cannot suffer it.

Lady Cheatly whistles, two mock-Devils descend and fly up with Lump.

Murder, murder, What dost thou do, Satan? whither dost thou fly with me?

Yo. Mag. This is very well: Ha! ha! ha! now I may read in quiet.

Prig. Pray, my Dear, let's be going; I hate this Wit; I think Mr. *Lump* is in the right.

L. Cheat. Sit but a while, and I'll go.

Yo. Mag. Beauty, thou great preserver of the World. [*reads,*
By which into dead Lumps quick life is hurl'd.

L. Cheat. So, now I shall have time to speak with you.

[Ex. *Mag. L. Cheatly, Lady Busy. Prigg and Young Maggot are carried up in their Chairs, and hang in the Air.*

Prig. Hold! hold! Murder! murder! What a Devil do you mean? My Dear! Honey! Where is my Lady? Madam! Madam!

Yo. Mag. What can this mean? But hold, I'll read on, if you will.
Beauty, thou great, *&c.* [*All go out, and leave 'em hanging.*

Prig. They are all gone; what shall I do? Pox on your Wit, Sirrah! This is your Wit, you damn'd Wit, you.

Yo. Mag. You lye, Fool! 'tis a Wheadle, a Cross-bite of the Widow's.

Prig. Oh you damn'd scribling, sensless, sing-Song Wit!

Yo. Mag. Oh you damn'd, gaming, Jocky, hunting, Tennis-Fool!

Enter *Bellamore.*

Bell. Hell, and Damnation! What have I seen? A Curse on all the Sex! Is this the Vertue she pretended to? To be lewd with so despicable a Coxcomb as *Selfish*, so nauseous a Fellow! Death and Hell!

Prig. Hark you, *Bellamore*: Prithee help me down.

Yo. Mag. Pray let me down.

Bell. Pox on you both!

Enter *Selfish.*

Self. Ah *Bellamore!* I am the happiest Man, I think, that ever the Sun shin'd on: I have enjoy'd the prettiest Creature, just now, in a Room behind the Scenes: I cannot help telling of thee, because thou

art my Friend; Faith! telling is half the pleasure to me; for I confess to thee, I think, we that are happy in Lady's Affections, make Love, as much for Vanity, as any thing else: You know the Lady.

Bell. Damn the Dog. [*aside.*
'Twas one of my Lady *Cheatly's* Daughters; which of 'em was it?

Self. Well, I can keep nothing from thee; it was one of 'em; but upon your Honour keep it secret; guess which; they are both desperately in Love with me, hah!

Bell. Impudent Rascal and Coxcomb!
[*He strikes him, then beats him with his Sword.*

Self. What ill Breeding is this? Are you distracted?

Isab. Heaven! What's the matter? Hold, hold.

Bell. Be gone, Rascal, or I'll run you through.

Self. I will not be uncivil before a Lady, another time I shall call you to an account; an ill-bred Fellow! [Ex. *Selfish.*

Isab. What's the reason of this Quarrel?

Bell. Here, Carpenter.

Carpent. Here, Sir.

Bell. Let down those Fools, and dispose of 'em, so they may not trouble us.

Prig. So, this is well.

Yo. Mag. Bellamore, I thank you.
[*Carpenter lets 'em down, and presently they sink down and roar out.*

Bell. You know too well the occasion of the Quarrel.

Isab. What do you mean?

Bell. Is all your pretence of Vertue come to this? and must my Love be thus rewarded?

Isab. This rudeness of yours amazes me.

Bell. 'Tis I have cause to be amazed, to be refus'd the Favour, and you to grant it to that filthy Fool, *Selfish*; there's nothing but dissembling, treachery, and ingratitude in your whole Sex.

Isab. A Favour to *Selfish?* The Fool of all the World, I scorn and hate the most; but now I see you'll give me occasion to rank you with him.

Bell. No, you shall never rank me with him; I scorn to be oblig'd to one, who is so free to lay out her self upon such an Ass.

Isab. Has that vain Rascal lyed on me? and do you believe him?

Bell. My Eyes will not lye, Madam; I will trust them; and though you have let down your Skirt, I know the Petticoat too well.

Isab. Unworthy Man! I could stab thee for this Affront, but that thou art not worthy of a serious thought. Is this the Petticoat you mean? What has my foolish Sister done?

Bell. How? this is not the Petticoat.

Enter *Stanmore* and *Gartrude* bare-faced.

Heaven and Earth! 'twas *Gartrude*, I see now.

Isab. I scorn and hate thee for thy base suspicion, more than all Mankind.

Bell. Madam, I am a Dog, a Villain, not fit to live; kill me, for if you forgive me not, I'll do't my self.

Isab. I'll never see thy odious Face again, do what thou wilt; farewel base Man. [Ex. *Isabella.*

Bell. Hell and Devils! What has my Rashness brought me to? Ex. *Bell.*

Stan. Pretty Miss! Be not so troubled; I have us'd thee kindly, very kindly.

Gart. Kindly? Oh sad! I'll tell my Mother what you have done to me, so I will.

Stan. Thou art not mad, Child! Prithee don't.

Gart. But I was mad to let you be so uncivil, and I will tell her; here she is.

Enter *La. Busy*, *La. Cheatly*, and *Maggot.*

Stan. S'heart! What a Fool she is? I'll not stand the brunt. [Ex. *Stan.*

Mag. Well, Madam, I'll dispatch the business, and wait on you again. [Ex. *Maggot.*

Gart. Oh Madam! what shall I do? what shall I do?

L. Cheat. What's the Matter?

Gart. I thought what 'twould come to; you charg'd me to be civil to *Stanmore*, and I am deflowr'd, so I am.

L. Cheat. Oh Heaven! What did he ravish you?

Gart. No; because you bid me be civil to him, I consented; I was afraid to anger you, Madam.

L. Cheat. Civil? that was civil with a vengeance; let me come, I'll knock her on the head, filthy Creature.

L. Busy. Hold, Madam; be wise, and make the best on't; let me alone to manage this Affair: Come, pretty Mrs. *Gartrude*, has he made no Settlement upon thee?

Gart. He settled nothing but himself upon me, that I know.

L. Cheat. No, that's the Plague; I knew there was no Settlement, if that had been done, it had been somewhat.

L. Busy. Go to; be patient; let me alone; withdraw, good Madam, and trust me. [Ex. *L. Cheatly.*

Enter *Stanmore.*

Come on, Mr. *Stanmore*, I must talk with you a little.

Stan. Now for a wise Lecture.

L. Busy. Look up, pretty Miss, come on.

Sir, My Lady *Cheatly* is a worthy Person, and of good quality; right—

Mrs. *Gartrude* is a very pretty young Lady—true—nor is it fit my Lady (who has entertain'd you so often, and so nobly, in her house) should be abus'd—do you conceive me—nor is it fit that this pretty young thing should be injur'd—you understand me—

Stan. Your Ladyship speaks like an Oracle.

L. Busy. Very good—this pretty thing, I understand, has been very kind to you. Very well—

Stan. Fie Miss! fie! tell tales out of School? if she has, I am sure, I was as kind as she could be for her heart.

L. Busy. Very good—Come, *I* understand you—Ah what pleasure 'tis to lye by such a sweet Bedfellow! such pretty little swelling Breasts! such delicate black sparkling Eyes! such a fresh Complexion! such red powting Lips! and such a Skin! *I* say no more——in short, she would make a Husband very happy——Come, let it be so—and let no more words be made of this Matter.

Stan. I'll do what *I* can to help her to one.

L. Busy. Go to—that's well said—your self then be the Man—Oh how the Town will envy you the enjoyment of so fine a Lady!

Stan. S'heart, Madam, what do you take me for? if you knew all, what need *I* marry for the Matter?

L. Busy. Go to; she may make as good a Wife as can be for all that; have you not many Examples?

Stan. No, Madam; *I* have made a Vow of Chastity that way, which *I* will never break.

L. Busy. I would not my Lady should know this for the World, she would be reveng'd to the last degree: Let me tell you, you have been very uncivil.

Stan. Faith, Madam! I think not.

Gart. Yes, but you have been uncivil though, that you have.

L. Busy. Go to—do you mind? Do you think a Family is to be dishonoured? is that like a Gentleman—nay, not but that humane frailty must be pass'd by—for young people, when they meet, are apt and lyable—'tis confess'd—but then—ay what then?—why, your Gentlemen and your worthy Persons strive to make it good: Very well—but how is it to be made good? hum—why, either by Marriage or Settlement.

Stan. I have a private Reason must keep me from doing either.

L. Busy. No, no, that won't pass: I know you are too much a Gentleman; besides, you made me promise you would keep; and let me tell you, my Honour is concern'd in it, and I would not have my Honour touch'd for the World.

Stan. I did not promise to keep for another, as I must if I keep her.

Gart. You do not say true then.

L. Busy. Fie, Mr. *Stanmore*, that you should say such an ungentile thing! Come, Miss, bear up, and do not cry: how can you endure to see a young Lady's tears, and not melt: Come on, pretty Miss, I am sure you will be kind, and constant to Mr. *Stanmore*, will you not?

Gart. Yes, yes.

L. Busy. Good. Why look you, Sir, I know you are a worthy Gentleman, and will consider of a Settlement, such as befits a Gentlewoman.

Stan. No, Madam: *Selfish*, this Evening, in a green Room, behind the Scenes, was before-hand with me; she ne'r tells of that: Can I love one that prostitutes her self to that Fellow?

L. Busy. How's this?

Gart. Oh sad, that you should say such a thing! I am sure, he will not say so for the World; would I might ne'r stir out of this place alive now, if I did.

Stan. I had it from his own Mouth.

Gart. O Lord, I'll be far enough, if you had! I'm sure, he's too fine a Gentleman, and too well bred, to tell such a grievous lye of a Lady; I am sure, he did not say so, that he did not.

Stan. How she commends him?

L. Busy. You know, *Selfish* is the vainest Fellow that ever was born; can you believe that Coxcomb? it is not generous.

Stan. Shall I believe *Bellamore*'s Eyes? He saw it: Good Madam, be pleas'd to forbear your Tricks upon me. Farewel, I hate the leavings of a Fool; I'll as soon eat the Meat he has chew'd, or wear his foul Linnen after him. Adieu, good Madam. [Ex. *Stanmore.*

L. Busy. Now see what your Indiscretion has done; did I not tell you, *Selfish* would undo you?

Gart. Oh what shall I do! what shall I do! Does your Ladyship think, you could not get Mr. *Selfish* to marry me? Oh! he's the prettyest Man; I could live and die with him.

L. Busy. Go to; you will utterly ruine your self: Do you think, a Fellow that has been so base to boast of your Kindness, will marry you? Peace, I say; I will try another; *Young Maggot* shall be the Man.

Gart. I can't abide him.

L. Busy. *I* say, go to—you must marry him, if he will, and be glad on't too: *Stanmore* has forsaken you; *Selfish* can't keep you; your Mother will turn you out of doors, and you will starve. Come, come, along with me, and be better advis'd. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

Enter *Prigg* and *Lady Cheatly*.

Prig. NOw, Madam, *I* hope, you will be perswaded to dispatch this business of Wedlock this Morning; 'twould be much more convenient for me than to morrow, because *I* am to go to *New-market* to a Cock-Match: *I* have lay'd fifty pound upon *Jack-an-Apes*, against *Tom Prigg*'s *Boxen Beak*; my *Dun* fights a Battel with *Tom Whiskin*'s *Duck Wing*, for fifty pound.

'Twill be the best Sport in the World; *I* would fain marry to day, and go thither to morrow: Will your Ladyship go and see it?

L. Cheat. No, pray, Sir, if that be the best Sport in the World, see that first, and marry afterwards.

Prig. New-market's a rare place, there a Man's never idle: We make Visits to Horses, and talk with Grooms, Riders, and Cock-keepers, and saunter in the Heath all the Forenoon; then we dine, and never talk a word but of Dogs, Cocks, and Horses; then we saunter into the Heath again; then to a Cock-Match; then to a Play in a Barn; then to Supper, and never speak a word but of Dogs, Cocks, and Horses again; then to the Groom-Porters, where you may play all night. Oh, 'tis a heavenly Life! we are never idle.

L. Cheat. For ought *I* see, you are never otherwise.

Enter *Steward*.

Heaven! Is this Villain return'd?

Stew. Yes, Perfidious Woman! I am return'd, and will make you know, that I am not to be us'd so. What? to be clap'd under Hatches, and carried to the *Indies*, to be sold for a Slave? a fine Design truly: But, come, Madam, *I* will make you know your Lord and Master.

L. Cheat. What means your Impudence?

Stew. Impudence! to command my Wife? Know your Duty.

Prig. Your Wife? Why, you are her Man; are you not?

Stew. What Fellow's this? *I* must have new Orders; *I* must have no such Customers about my House.

L. Cheat. Call a Constable, the poor Fellow's distracted.

Stew. No, but *I* may make the Lady so, if she persists in her Impudence.

Prig. Thou art very sawcy to thy Lady and Mistress.

Stew. Peace, Fool! Sawcy to my Wife?

Prig. Fool? ha, Fool! What a Pox would you be at?

L. Cheat. Impudent Villain! thy Wife?

Stew. Most audacious Woman! Darest thou deny it? Was *I* not married to you yesterday in your own Chamber, by a Parson of your own chusing.

L. Cheat. How dar'st thou affirm so impudent a Lye? Where didst thou dream this?

Prig. I have my Que; I'll have my hand in the Plot. [Ex. *Prig.*

Stew. Why, thou most infamous of Women! Canst thou deny this?

L. Cheat. Yes, thou most impudent of Rascals, *I* will deny it to all the World, and *I* have taken care that thou shalt never prove it.

Stew. Hell and Devils! Is there one amongst you like this Woman?

L. Cheat. Well, if you will be quiet, and stir no farther in this Business, a thousand pound is yours; if not, you never shall have me, nor any thing of mine. Marry such a Fellow?

Stew. No, base Woman! I'll undo thee.

L. Cheat. 'Tis out of your power, Fool; you have sworn to all my Bonds and Deeds already.

Stew. Most Vile of Cheats! I'll find your Parson, if he be in *England.*

Enter Prigg, in the Habit of a Parson.

Oh happy Fortune! here he is.

L. Cheat. What means this Coxcomb, *Prigg?*

Stew. Now, Madam, did not you marry me to this Lady yesterday? Speak, upon the word of a Priest.

Prig. Yes, I did.

Stew. Now, what says your Impudence? I though I should catch you: Were you so cunning to deny it? Where do you live, Sir?

Prig. Madam, Pray help me off with my Habit.

L. Cheat. This is well enough.

Stew. Hah! What a Devil's this? Were you the Parson?

Prig. Yes, good Sir.

L. Cheat. Yes, This was my Chaplain, you sawcy Fool! Could you think, I would marry such a filthy Fellow as you are?

Stew. I will give you to understand, Madam, that 'tis a good Marriage, and I'll bring you into the Court to swear it, Sir.

Prig. If you do, Sir, I'll hold six to four, I forswear it, Sir.

Stew. Why, sure you dare not?

Prig. By Heaven, I dare, and will not forswear my self for such a Widow; Gentlemen forswear themselves to get Whores, and make nothing on't: Be gone out of my house, she is mine; Fellow, be gone, I say.

Stew. Curse on my shallow head! that I should be so credulous, to believe her to be true to me, when I was an hourly Witness of her falshood to others: I will have you my Wife, or be reveng'd to that degree;

you shall repent this Treachery your whole life: I am going to visit all those you have had Business with this moneth, and I shall tell 'em such a Tale. [Ex. *Steward.*

Prig. I'll cut his Throat; say no more.

L. Cheat. Pray hasten after this malicious, clamourous Rascal, and stop him some way or other; he'll invent a thousand lyes of me; get him arrested upon an Action of ten thousand pound at my Suit.

Prig. Let me alone; I'll do as becomes a Gentleman. [Ex. *Prig.*

L. Cheat. This Trouble joyn'd with that Fool my Daughter, will undo me; but I will find out *Maggot*, and he shall help to salve up all.

Enter *Maggot.*

Oh Mr. *Maggot!* I have Business to communicate to you, of the greatest concernment to me that ever hapned.

Mag. Gad, Madam, do! If any Man in *England* understands Business, or loves it better than I do, I'll be burnt.

L. Cheat. Every Man loves what he is good at; give me a Man of Business for my Friend: the fine Gentlemen of the Town, are like Fidlers, only good at idle hours.

Mag. There are no great Persons at this end of the Town, have any Business, but I do it for 'em; I am the busiest Man in *England*, and, I hope, Madam, you'll consider of my Love to Business, and to your Ladyship.

L. Cheat. Why, that is part of the Business I am to confer with you about.

Enter *Lady Busy* and *Young Maggot.*

L. Busy. Madam, I beg you will retire; *I* have an Affair with *Young* Mr. *Maggot*, that concerns you, and Mrs. *Gartrude.*

L. Busy. Mr. *Maggot*, *I* can never enough admire your Uncle *Maggot*'s aversion to Wit and Breeding; nor can *I* chuse but pity you, who are like to be so great a sufferer for your Love to both.

Yo. Mag. I glory in my suffering for so good a Cause.

L. Busy. Well, many a Man would be proud of such a Nephew; but is it true, that you are like to be dis-inherited?

Yo. Mag. It is as true, as *I* my self will ever be to Wit and Beauty; unless *I* will recant my Works, and for the future renounce Tropes, Figures, Similes, and all ornaments of Speech.

L. Busy. These are hard Conditions.

Yo. Mag. A Man of my vigorous Imagination, had as good have been born dumb: I will sing, and starve to death, like a Grasshopper, e're I submit.

L. Busy. Go to: Suppose some Friend of yours, more careful of you,

than you are of your self, should find a way to compose this matter, without prejudice to your Poetry.

Yo. Mag. That Friend should be another *Apollo*, if a Man, and a tenth Muse to me, if a Woman.

L. Busy. Good. There is a Woman, a pretty one, young and rich too in the case: Very well; but how shall I come by this Woman, say you? Go to; let me alone; a fine Woman, with a good Fortune, were no ill refuge from the anger of your Uncle, hah!

Yo. Mag. But if I should marry, what will the World say of my Wit? I had rather lose my Honour, and starve than lose the name of a Wit.

L. Busy. Your Reputation is establisht already; go to, consider.

Yo. Mag. But, Madam, my Heart is engaged, and the poor Soul loves me again to madness; I did but kiss my hand to a Lady in a window t'other day, and the poor Thing fell into a Fit; she will never out-live such a hainous Tergiversation.

L. Busy. Come, come, you know not the World; this is some soft-hearted Fool, that will be as fond of another in three days. Go to; I know the Sex better than you; but such a Reputation, such a Face, and such a Fortune!

Yo. Mag. Nay, if she have a better Face, and Reputation, than my *Gartrude*, I will forswear Poetry, and write Short-hand at Conventicles, all the rest of my Life.

L. Busy. Is she the Woman? My Lady *Cheatly* looks very high for her Daughter, *Stanmore* and several Fortunes are about her; do you conceive me?

Yo. Mag. That's all one.

As for my part I have chosen one,
And I'll have my Love, or I'll have none.

L. Busy. Hold: A Lady of Fortune, Beauty, and one that loves you, and admires you for your Wit, is not to be neglected.

Yo. Mag. How? then she has Wit too.

L. Busy. How else should she admire it in you?

Yo. Mag. Since she has Wit, I will see her, that's certain, and love her, if I can; if not, I'll make her some handsome excuse for't in my next Song.

Enter *Gartrude.*

L. Busy. Well then, here she comes.

It is this pretty *Gartrude:* Ah! what a Bedfellow is this, with above ten thousand pound too.

Yo. Mag. Pretty Creature! Are you she?

Gart. Yes, that I am.

Y. Mag. But, Madam, do you not think Marriage will spoyl my Poetry?

Gart. I would not marry you, if I thought it would; for I love your Verses dearly.

L. Busy. Stanmore and *Selfish* will hang themselves, when they hear of your good Fortune.

Yo. Mag. Ay, so they will.

Gart. Every Body says, they love one to ones face; but you said so behind my back; I heard you tell my Lady so, and I am resolved I will have you, though my Mother turn me out of doors, that I will.

L. Busy. Go, get you together, loving Rogues, and let me alone to make your peace with my Lady *Cheatly.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter *Selfish* and *Isabel.*

Self. Consider my Person, and my Breeding; think not of *Bellamore*, he has two Ladies with Child by him, and one claims Marriage.

Isab. You had best marry her for him, he'll give a good Portion.

Self. I did not think so harsh a Repartee could have come out of that pretty mouth: Sure you take something ill from me; my conduct among the Ladies does not please you: I confess, I have been somewhat too general in my Addresses; but I am resolved to apply my self to you, and be less Gallant hereafter.

Isab. Be less vain, and less a Coxcomb, and know, that nothing you forbear or do, can please or trouble me.

Self. Were I not skill'd in the various Dispositions of your soft Sex, these words would make me despair; but I have often known such peevishness the Child of Love.

Isab. Were I a Man, I'd cudgel you out of this conceit of your self; but as I am, *I* can only despise, and laugh at you.

Self. Hah! hah! hah! You are pleasant, and *I* am glad to find you so: *I* often discover Lady's Affections to me that way; for *I* am sure they love me, when they are so familiar with me, my pretty Raylleur.

Isab. Monster of Vanity! be gone.

Enter *Bellamore.*

Bell. I beg upon my knees, you will once more hear me.

Isab. I never will.

Self. It is in vain: Give her over, *Bellamore;* what would you have her do, poor Lady? she loves me; dost thou think ever to get a Lady where I am? Why, my Mother has often told me, I was born with a Cawl upon my head, and she wrapt me up in her Shift, to make me lucky to Ladies.

Bell. Impudent Coxcomb! I will not disturb the house; but follow me, or I'll cut you Throat here; you are the occasion of this Storm.

Self. With all my heart: I did intend to demand satisfaction for your ill Breeding at the Play-house, and you shall find I can fight, as well as I can make Love.

Bell. Come on, Vanity.

Enter *Carlos* and *Theodosia.*

Theod. I see you are resolved to watch me, to make me confess Love, as they do Witches, to make 'em own their Contracts with the Devil.

Car. If you would but look a little guiltily, I would take you upon suspicion.

Theod. And so hurry me away to Execution. Alas, poor *Carlos!* Don't I look as if I died for thee? Are not my eyes languishing enough.

Car. You are pleasant, Madam, as becomes a winning Gamester.

Theod. If I should play on, luck may turn, I think 'tis best to give over as I am.

Car. But consider how entirely I love you.

Theod. Consider how little I care for you.

Car. The greatest Beauties are not always most sincerely loved.

Theod. No, they are commonly like great Places, courted, and won by vain designing Knaves; and were I such, I should be yet more suspicious.

Car. A Man that's ready to die a Martyr, need make no other Professions, I should else——

Theod. Talk like an Ass, of Charms and Tyranny of mine, of Chains and Slavery of yours; a Man that should over-hear you, would think you had been taken by the *Turk.*

Car. 'Tis not in your power, to make me leave loving you.

Theod. 'Tis very unreasonable, that my indifference should not make you love me less.

Car. 'Tis very unreasonable, that my perseverance should not make you love me more; but I will yet hope.

Theod. Hope is a thin Diet, and may be allow'd in your Feaverish condition, and indeed is the only Food that Love can live on.

Car. Oh, Madam, Marriage!

Theod. Is to Love, as the *Jesuit*'s Powder to an Ague, it stops the Fit, and in a little time wears it quite off.

Enter *Isabella.*

Isab. My Dear, how dost thou?

Carlos, Will you forgive me? Lovers take it as ill to be parted, as Men of Honour.

Car. I was just upon the point of yielding.

Theod. I scorn to take Advantages; but I had reduced him to offer Marriage.

Isab. Then, it seems, he is weary of being your Slave, and would make you his.

Car. Madam, you should be generous, and take the weakest side. No, I am resolved ever to be her Servant, but would be glad of a nearer employment about her Person.

Theod. Come, prithee *Isabella*, let's take a Turn in the Garden, and see if we can talk of something else.

Car. Where e're I go, I shall carry my Love with me, and that will not suffer me to talk or think of any thing but your dear Self. [*Exeunt.*

Enter *Bellamore* and *Selfish* in the Field.

Bell. Come, Sir, I hope you like this Place, you are very nice in chusing one.

Self. Yes, *I* like this; for here *I* ran one Man through, and gave another his life.

Bell. Let me see if you be Arm'd, or not.

Self. No, *I* am too well bred for that.

Bell. Make ready.

Self. And yet *I* am damnably afraid: But if *I* should not fight, the Ladies will not be so apt to love me, as they are.

Bell. Come, will you never have done?

Self. Yes, Sir, What great haste are you in?

Beauty, What art thou? But a fading Flower.

Bell. Beauty? What a Devil hast thou to do with Beauty? You are a damn'd ugly, ill-bred Coxcomb, and the Ladies care not one jot for you. Draw.

Self. Come on, *I* will vindicate my self and the Ladies. Now for the Ladies: Do not kill me; consider, how the Ladies will hate you, if you should.

Bell. No, prithee live, and be an Ass still; but trouble me no more.

They fight; Bell. *throws* Self. *down, and takes his Sword.*

Self. Thou art a strange, rough, ill-bred Fellow, to fight so, to fling a Man down, and spoil his Cloaths; you have dirted all my Garniture, and spoil'd my Cravat: Could not you have fought easily, handsomely, and like a Gentleman? You were never bred in an Academy; they never fight thus brutally in *France*.

Bell. This is ridiculous enough.

Self. I warrant, you have done me ten pounds worth of hurt, with fighting with me; I do not know how to appear before the Ladies; I can't abide such Tricks.

Bell. Fare thee well: if I were not extremely troubled about *Isabella*, I would divert my self with this Coxcomb. [Ex. *Bellamore.*

Self. A Brutal Fellow! to spoil one's things thus: But I'll go home, and dress me. [Ex. *Selfish.*

Enter *Lady Cheatly* and *Maggot.*

L. Cheat. You see I have considered your Passion, and how apt you are for Business; I am afraid of a Suit or two in Law, which I know you can manage.

Mag. As well as any Man in the World.

L. Cheat. I have told you of the Insolence of the Steward, and the Artifice I used to get rid of him.

Mag. That shews, your Ladyship understands Business; how happy shall I be? how I shall laugh at, and triumph over all my Rivals?

L. Cheat. Not a word of what has pass'd betwixt us, till a fitter opportunity.

Enter *Prigg*, with a Plaster upon his Face.

How now, Mr. *Prigg*; what ayls your Face?

Prig. Be not frighted, my Dear; 'tis no great hurt.

Mag. My Dear! Poor Fool, how I pity him?

Prig. I went to stop that Rogue, your Steward, and demand satisfaction, as becomes a Gentleman; and, in fine, we drew, and after some two or three and thirty Passes, I found my self run into the Arm, and the Face; but I worsted him: Yet when I was at a Surgeon's, the Rascal got away.

L. Cheat. I am sorry you should venture so much for me.

Prig. Oh, Madam! 'Twas for my self; for we are to be all one Flesh: Now nothing troubles me, but that this Hurt will hinder my Journey to *New-market* to morrow.

Mag. He, all one Flesh with her? poor Coxcomb!

Enter *two Scriveners.*

1 *Scriv.* Madam, *I* wonder, a Lady of Quality should be guilty of such Fraud and Covin, to write Bonds with Ink, that will wear out in a Moneth.

2 *Scriv.* Other Ink, you have too, that with a Spirit rubb'd upon the Paper, will make Impression through a whole Quire.

L. Cheat. What mean these Fellows? Are you mad?

1 *Scriv.* No, but this is enough to make us mad, for our selves, and our Clients, to be cheated of such Sums.

2 *Scriv.* Pray, Madam, give us Security, and let me renew the Bonds with my own Ink.

L. Cheat. Go home, and sleep, and be sober.

Mag. What's the meaning of this? is my Lady a Cheat?

Prig. This is the Rogue, your Steward's Lye.

L. Cheat. Oh, Gentlemen! You have been with that Rascal, my

Steward, the most impudent Villain, who having most of the Writings, that concern my Estate, in his hands, had the Impudence to threaten to burn 'em, unless I would marry him.

Prig. 'Tis very true, upon my Honour.

L. Cheat. I, by a Wile, got 'em out of his hands, and he, out of revenge, for being so disappointed, has invented these malicious Lyes; but I shall lay him fast enough.

Enter *two Citizens.*

1 *Cit.* Madam, We did not think your Ladyship would put such things upon us, to give us false Notes for our Money.

2 *Cit.* Notes written with Ink that will wear out; we shall have nothing but Blanks for our Money.

1 *Cit.* Pray let me have my five hundred pound again.

2 *Cit.* And me, mine; you have not lay'd it out yet.

L. Cheat. What, my Rogue Steward, has been with you too; has he?

2 *Cit.* Rogue! He's an honest Man, to give us notice of this Deceit: Madam, I wonder, your Ladyship is not asham'd.

Prig. How now, Impudence! I tell you, the Steward is the Cheat, and Rogue, he has ly'd and abus'd you; my Lady is a Person of Honour.

Mag. Hah! There must be something in this; he would not be so foolish, to tell so silly a Lye.

2 *Scriv.* My Lady is a worthy Person, and the Steward has invented these Lyes, out of revenge; because he had the Impudence to pretend to marry my Lady, and would have kept all her Writings; he'd force her to do it, but she was too hard for him: We know all.

2 *Cit.* This is strange.

Enter *Lump.*

Lump. Oh thou vile Woman! thou Reprobate! thou most audacious, seared-Conscienced Creature! Could such a wicked Branch spring from our Family, who are precious, godly Men and Women, all but thy self?

L. Cheat. Are you mad, Brother?

Enter *Steward.*

Lump. I knew you would cheat the rest.
But must you betray me, and give me false Deeds?
Must *I* have nothing but Blanks for my Money?

1 *Scriv.* What ayls she?

1 *Cit.* How are we cheated?

Mag. S'death! There must be some Fire under all this Smoak.

Lump. Had it not been for this honest Man, who was troubled in

Conscience, and could no longer conceal your Fraud, *I* had ne'r known it ; but now *I* will make an example of you.

1 *Cit.* How, Sir? Are you a precious, godly Man, and knew of a Cheat, and would not discover it?

2 *Cit.* One of our own Church, to suffer us to be betray'd?

Lump. I had no Call to it, till now I am my self concern'd.

L. Cheat. Will you believe this most infamous Rascal, that would have dishonoured your Family, and having all my Writings, would have married me, or have burnt 'em? I, by seeming to consent to his desires, got 'em out of his hands, made him swear to 'em before a Master in Chancery, then I turn'd him away for a Villain, as he is.

Lump. What say you, Sir?

Prig. Say? I'll hold six to four, he cannot say a word.

Upon my Honour, this is all true, to my knowledge.

Stew. She caus'd me to be clapp'd under Hatches, in a Ship going to the *Indies*, because I knew this Secret; and I do assure you, ye are all cheated, and in less than a Moneth, will have nothing to shew for all your Money: I cannot in Conscience but reveal this.

L. Cheat. Impudent, lying Varlet! how darest thou affirm so devilish a Lye?

Stew. Will you marry me yet, and I will retrieve all? [*Whispers.*

L. Cheat. Oh Heaven and Earth! The Villain whispers me in the Ear now, and tells me, if I will marry him, he will deny all.

Stew. Mercy upon me! Will your Ladyship's Conscience give you leave to say that? Pray, Madam, consider your Soul.

1 *Cit.* Ay, Madam, consider your Soul.

2 *Cit.* And the payment of my Money.

L. Cheat. Heaven can witness what I say is true; even just now he ask'd me to marry him.

Lump. If this be true, Lady Sister, I will ask your pardon.

Stew. What need I ask that, which I have already? I am married to her.

All. How!

Stew. And her great Anger, and the Reason she would have sold me to *Jamaica*, was, because I could not in Conscience conceal these Deceits, though I might have had the benefit of 'em.

L. Cheat. This is so extravagantly ridiculous, it makes me laugh: I will not give a serious Answer to it.

Mag. Ha! Married? You did not consummate, I hope: Who married you?

Stew. Why, the truth is, she thought to put a false Marriage upon me: When she discovered my intention, of making Restitution to those she had injur'd, she dress'd that Fellow *Prigg* in the disguise of a Parson,

and he married us in her Bed-chamber: But I'l make her know, 'tis a good Marriage.

Mag. Did you know him in the disguise?

Stew. No, till this day he appear'd in it to me, and then pull'd it off, to shew me 'twas a mock-Marriage, as they thought; but I will make 'em know otherwise.

L. Cheat. This is the most amazing Impudence: Mr. *Prigg*, declare your self; deny it, or we are undone. [*aside.*

Prig. Is there ever a Magistrate here? I will swear, that there is not one word of all this true; I know not what he means; I hold Gold to Silver he's mad.

L. Cheat. Do you see, Brother, what a Rascal you have believ'd? and how you have injur'd me?

Lump. Why thou wicked Locust! thou spawn of a Serpent! to invent such cursed Lyes: I'll lay thee within four Walls.

Stew. By Heaven, 'tis all true; I'll swear it; nay, I'll swear with you for a thousand pound.

Mag. Let him swear it, that we may have his Ears.

1 *Cit.* Madam, We ask your pardon, with all our hearts.

2 *Cit.* Impudent Fellow! to abuse my Lady so.

Stew. Let me but speak.

1 *Scriv.* No, Base Fellow! thou shalt not speak.

2 *Scriv.* Abuse so worthy a Lady? Out thou wicked Fellow!

Stew. 'Tis very fine.

Lump. Lay an Action of ten thousand pound upon him; see who will bayl him: To my certain knowlege, she has a great Estate, and has been always a very conscientious Woman; indeed I was something amaz'd at this Story.

1 *Cit.* Ay, Sir, we believe your Worship.

2 *Cit.* We know, you are a precious, godly Man.

Stew. Are you distracted? Well, be all cheated, and you will, I have discharg'd my Conscience.

Lump. Conscience? thou Seed of *Belzebub!*

Prig. Conscience? An impudent Rogue! that offers to forswear himself: I offer'd to lay him ten to one, 'twas all false, and you saw he durst not bett.

1 *Scriv.* Hang him.

2 *Scriv.* Base, lying Rogue!

Enter *Sergeants.*

1 *Serg.* I arrest you at the Suit of my Lady *Cheatly*, in an Action of ten thousand pounds.

Stew. Oh vile Woman!

L. Cheat. Away with him.

2 *Cit.* Away with him.

All. Away with the Rogue.

Lump. I do beseech your pardon, Sister: I was mistaken, which I do not use to be; yet that Trick at the Play-house was base.

L. Cheat. I could not help it; I knew not of it.

Enter *two Creditors.*

1 *Cred.* Madam, You have undone us; you gave us Bonds for two hundred pound a piece, about six Weeks since, and we have nothing but the Seals left.

2 *Cred.* All the Ink is worn out; behold here, Madam. [*Shews a Paper.*

L. Cheat. Impostors! lying Rogues! I owe you nothing.

Lump. These are Instruments of this Rascally Steward's; how come they by the Seal?

L. Cheat. From the Steward.

1 *Cred.* Are ye all mad? We had it from you, for which you had two hundred pounds a piece from us.

Prig. Out you impudent Rogue! Get you gone.

1 *Cit.* Away, lying Fellows!

Lump. Be gone, ye Vipers! [*They thrust 'em out.*

L. Cheat. Now, Gentlemen, I desire you that remain, to take part of a Collation with me, and I will shew all the Evidences of my Estate to you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter *Isabella* and *Bellamore.*

Isab. There can be no defence to suspect me, and with that Wretch *Selfish* too.

Bell. Jealousie, like the Small-Pox; if it comes out kindly, is never mortal; and my Love will be the stronger, and the more vigorous, for this short Distemper.

Isab. It may relapse again.

Bell. 'Tis past all danger now.

Isab. And will you still give a thousand pounds down, and three hundred pounds a year, for this Tenement, notwithstanding the incumbrance of *Selfish* upon it.

Bell. When I made these offers, I did not know half your worth: I was a fair Chapman for your Beauty; but your Vertue, and other Perfections, are inestimable.

Isab. And shall I flant it in the Park with my grey *Flanders*, crowd the Walk with my Equipage, and be the Envy of all the Butterflyes in Town?

Bell. Forget that vain Discourse, as I have done, and take me and all I have for ever.

Isab. Sure a Man of your Wit will never marry; every rich Fool can get a Woman that way.

Bell. Do not insult, but take me quickly to your mercy.

Isab. I'll not deceive you: What-ever show my Mother makes, I have no Portion, nor was ever troubled at the thought of it till now.

Bell. I am glad of it; for now my Love will be the more easily believed, and better taken.

Isab. No, *Bellamore.*

Bell. How, Madam?

Isab. No, I say—for were I Queen of *Europe*, your Love would be as well accepted as 'tis now.

Bell. You surprize me with an Honour too great to bear.

Enter *Lady Cheatly.*

L. Cheat. What? Are you agreed yet? She is a foolish Girl, Sir, and looks as high as better Women.

Bell. She's very humble, and is pleased to accept of me for a Husband, and there wants only your consent, and a few words from a Parson, to compleat my happiness.

L. Cheat. You honour our Family, and cannot doubt of my consent: She is yours.

Enter *Lady Busy*, *Young Maggot*, and *Gartrude.*

L. Busy. I present you here with a Son and Daughter: I saw 'em married; give 'em your Blessing.

L. Cheat. Heav'n bless you! Madam, I can never thank you enough; you have made me happy, in removing my greatest affliction.

Enter *Selfish* and *Stanmore.*

L. Busy. I love to put Lovers together: Vertuous actions reward themselves.

Stan. Young Maggot married? Give you Joy, Sir: Your Love to Wit and Beauty is at length rewarded.

Yo. Mag. I will now keep company with none but the top-Wits, and write Plays, Songs and Lampoons, in defiance of the Fop my Uncle.

L. Busy. Not so fast: Get him to settle first.

L. Cheat. I'll call my Brother, and the rest of my company, to be Witnesses to my happiness. [Ex. *L. Cheatly.*

Self. Pretty Mistress! You look to day like a delicate Picture, and *Young Maggot* your Foyl.

Gart. I vow, you court me so gentilely, I shall die to part with you: I cryed in the Church, that I did, and had like to have spoyl'd all.

Self. But will you promise me a Meeting?

Yo. Mag. Stand off: She's mine.

Self. You are to have her ever after; methinks you should allow her one day, to take leave of her Friends.

Enter *Lady Cheatly, Lump, Maggot, Prigg,* &c.

Yo. Mag. Uncle, Your Unkindness has made me look about me, and Heaven has blest my Wit and Poetry with a rich Wife here, Mrs. *Gartrude:* I won her by 'em.

Mag. Ay, Boy, I know it, and know her Fortune as well as my own: Thou art a mettled Lad, and I like thy Humour well; give me a *Phillis* with ten thousand pounds, I could sing one of thy own Songs my self, I am so taken with this Match.

Yo. Mag. I hope then you will settle your Estate, as you always promised, if I married to your liking.

Mag. If I have no Children by my dear Wife, her Mother here.

Prig. La. Cheatly, your Wife, she has promis'd me Marriage.

Mag. What-e're she has promis'd you, she has perform'd Marriage with me this Morning. Be gone, Rook, they stay for thee at the Twelve-penny Ordinary.

Prig. What say you, Madam?

L. Cheat. 'Tis very true.

Prig. Then you are very false.

Mag. As your Dice: Gamester, I'll hold you Cock-pit Lay, ten pound to a Crown, she's Bone of my Bone, and Flesh of my Flesh.

L. Cheat. This is the Gentleman I'll live and die with.

Prig. Death and Hell! I'll declare all I know.

L. Cheat. You will declare your self a perjur'd Knave, if you do. Hark here. [*aside.*

Mag. What do they whisper for?

L. Cheat. All the Steward says, is true: I am worth little or nothing; my whole Fortune a Cheat; this old Gentleman I chose, because he is governable, and loves Business, of which my broken Fortune will give him enough.

Prig. What a Cross-bite have I scaped? This Sham was well carried on, Madam: Did you hear, old Fool?

Mag. Ounds! I am cheated, undone, and my Nephew ruin'd, and married to a Beggar.

Yo. Mag. I must even write hard for the Play-house; I may get the reversion of the Poet *Laureat*'s place: I thought, Uncle, you had known every foot of her Estate.

Prig. Well, I'll go to *New-market,* and never have to do with a two-legg'd Jade more: I shall rook, and go to Twelve, let what will come on't.

Mag. Since she has no Fortune, I shall have no Business neither.

Yo. Mag. None, but that which I am afraid you can't do, Uncle.

Mag. Is this a time for Wit, you Rascal, when we are both undone. *He beats* Yo. Mag. *Perriwig off, from under it drop several Copies of Verses.*

Stan. A Muss, a Muss.

A Copy of Verses upon a *Flea*, presented to his Mistress, in a gold Chain.

Oh happy Flea! *that maist both kiss and bite,*
Like Lovers, in their height of Appetite,
Her Neck so white.
Pretty black Alderman, in golden Chain,
Who suck'st her Blood yet putt'st her to no pain,
Whil'st I in vain.

Mag. What would become of the writing Coxcombs, if it were not for reading ones? I'll hear no more.

L. Cheat. If you will go on, and maintain what I have done, I shall have a good Estate yet, though it belongs of right to other People.

Mag. Right? 'Tis no matter for Right: I'll show 'em Law.

Theod. The Plague of Marriage rages in this House; let us fly from the Infection.

Car. I am so far gone, 'tis to no purpose to remove. Well, if you continue to be so unkind, you will ruine my Soul, Body, and Estate.

Theod. How so?

Car. Why, I can never marry any other; and in despair of you, I shall turn the most debauch'd whoring Rogue, 'twould grieve your heart to see it: I shall never be able to sleep without my three Bottles, and a fresh Woman every night.

Isab. 'Tis an act of Charity to redeem him.

Theod. The Devil seldom loses any thing by Matrimony; they most commonly grow worse for't.

Car. I will lead a solid, sober, Husbandly life, if you will marry me; if not, Whoring and Drinking will ensue.

Isab. Nay, now I must judge against you: You have lost your Wager, and you must pay it; you have confest to me you lov'd him infinitely.

Theod. Believe her not, I deny it.

Car. Though I distrust my self, I must believe my fair Judge: I will have a Canonical Bom-Baily, and arrest you upon Execution.

Theod. I will have a Moneth's time; you shall be so long a Probationer, before you enter in the Order.

Car. In hope of your good Nature, I will press no farther at this

time: Now you that have reacht at your Inn of Matrimony, will pray for us Travellers upon the Road.

Stan. So, Gentlemen, we have lost ye, ye are not Men of this World; now make much of your Matrimonial Bonds; I am glad, I have done my Business without 'em.

Self. Ladies are so kind to me, I need never marry one for the matter. Well, I will go home, and put on a very delicate, neat, convenient Suit, to dance with the Brides in here.

Lump. I give you all Joy. You see, Sister, how things prosper, when godly Men are the Instruments. I say to all, to all of you I say,

Be godly, observe Method, and be wise;

Car. Most excellent means to cover Cheats and Lyes.

EPILOGUE, *by the* AUTHOR.

IN troubled Times, like these——the Ancients chose
T' exhibit Feasts and Plays, and publick Shows.
By such Diversions t'allay men's Fears,
Compose their Minds, and mollifie their Cares.
If they did well then, now your Mirth to raise,
Were of such merit, you th'attempt should praise.
But 'tis a Task too hard for Comedy,
Which ne'r agen expects good Days to see.
The num'rous Herd of Fopps and Knaves arise,
Such as to Poets should be lawful prize,
Whom they like Magistrates ought to chastize.
Th' Embargo's lay on Wit, and stop our Trading,
If noted Knaves or Coxcombs be the Lading:
But this Proceeding would be too severe,
Whom the Town scorns, sure we may laugh at here.
All Prodigies to publick Marts should come,
Heav'n made not Coxcombs for a private Room.
If sullen Fools would make no sport to th' Nation,
We lose the only use of their Creation.
If such be drawn unlike, we punish none,
And if too like, some Fopps those persons own.
Our Poet therefore Sale-work Habits makes,
But of particular Men no Measure takes.
Variety of Garments we expose,
For Wits, for Knaves, for Fools, all sort of Cloaths.
If any want that Honesty, or Wit,
To think our Fools or Knaves their Persons hit,
Here they may have 'em, and w'are glad they fit.

F I N I S.

TEXTUAL NOTES

The Libertine

p. 7, l. 4. *Acted.* 1692 : As it is Acted by Their Majesties Servants. | *Written by* | Tho. Shadwell, *Poet Laureat.* | [Printer's fleuron.] | *London.* | Printed for *H. Herringman :* and sold by *R. Bently, J. Tomson, F. Saunders,* | and *J. Bennet,* 1692. |

p. 20, l. 17. *men's tempers.* 1692 : *Mens.* It may here be remarked that throughout the play 1692 invariably spells "Men" with a capital initial, thus differing from 4to I, 1676.

p. 23, l. 14. *Quicksands.* 1692 : *Quick-sands.*

p. 23, l. 18. *splenes.* 1692 : *Spleens.*

p. 24, l. 8. *Maria.* It will be noticed that there is some confusion here. In the first place Don Octavio is not "Brother to *Maria,*" as he is described. Flora, Maria's maid, does not appear in the cast list. Nor is Maria Leonora's maid, although when disguised in man's habit she appears with that lady in Act III. I have not attempted any emendations ; the mistakes presumably escaped the author, and in no case do they offer any great difficulty.

p. 25, l. 11. *future misery.* 1692 : "future Misery." One of the chief divergences between 1676 and 1692 is that the latter often very freely uses initial capitals. It has not seemed necessary to record every instance of this.

p. 25, l. 26. *clowded.* 1692 : clouded.

p. 25, l. 31. *splenatick.* 1692 : Spleenatick.

p. 26, l. 9. *stomachs.* 1692 : Stomacks.

p. 27, l. 7. *Weapons.* 1692 : weapons.

p. 27, l. 17. *begetting of you.* 1692 joins "of you" to "rid of him" at the conclusion of the preceding speech, where, of course, it makes nonsense.

p. 27, l. 35. *Governour.* 1692 : Governor.

p. 29, l. 3. *li'd.* 1692 : Ly'd.

p. 29, l. 39. *moneth.* 1692 : Month, and so throughout.

p. 30, l. 11. *swound.* 1692 : swoon.

p. 30, l. 14. *Receit.* 1692 : Receipt.

p. 31, l. 1. *onely fault.* 1692 : only fault.

p. 31, l. 34. *over-hear.* 1692 : over hear.

p. 32, l. 9. *Lemonado.* 1692 : *Leomanado.*

p. 33, l. 14. *doore.* 1692 : *Door.*

p. 34, l. 28. *I'll change.* 1692 : I'le change.

p. 35, l. 32. *Bilbow.* 1692 : Bilboa.

p. 37, l. 3. *Hero's.* 1692 : *Heroes.*

p. 37, l. 14. *What.* 1692 : VVhat.

p. 37, l. 25. *extremly.* 1692 : extreamly.

p. 37, l. 32. *Buffle.* 1692 : buffle.

p. 39, l. 26. *heav'n.* 1692 : Heav'n.

p. 40, l. 30. *Oathes.* 1692 : Oaths.

p. 42, l. 19. *Murder will out.* 1692 : Murther.

p. 43, l. 6. *Come, Pox on't.* 1692 : Come, Come, Pox on't.

p. 45, l. 34. *Widdower.* 1692 : Widower.
p. 46, l. 9. *Sirra.* 1692 : Sirrah.
p. 51, l. 10. *Hell gapes.* 1692 : Hell gaps.
p. 52, l. 11. *Clowds.* 1692 : Clouds.
p. 52, l. 23. *Family's.* 1692 : Families.
p. 53, l. 16. *paltry.* 1692 : paultry.
p. 53, l. 38. *horrour.* 1692 : horror.
p. 54, l. 38. *cold ſtomachs.* 1692 : cold Stomacks.
p. 58, l. 12. *are gon.* 1692 : are gone.
p. 59, l. 16. *Execution.* 1692 : execution.
p. 59, l. 39. *Countrey.* 1692 : Country.
p. 62, l. 5. [*Exit Ambo.* 1692 : [*Exeunt Ambo.*
p. 63, l. 26. *Shoar.* 1692 : Shore.
p. 67, l. 27. *afraid of a Man.* 1692, by a rare exception, here prints " man."
p. 68, l. 27. *Tygers.* 1692 : Tigers.
p. 69, l. 17. *suddenly.* 1692 : suddainly.
p. 71, l. 16. *I ask your pardon.* 1692 drops " I."
p. 73, l. 34. *feazible.* 1692 : feazable.
p. 75, l. 11. *feavourish.* 1692 : feverish.
p. 75, l. 19. *clowdy vapours.* 1692 : cloudy vapors.
p. 78, l. 30. *help help ! murder ! murder !* 1692 : Help Help ! Murder ! Murder !
p. 79, l. 28. *nods his head.* 1692 : *nods his Head.*
p. 79, l. 34. *Governour.* 1692 : Governor.
p. 81, l. 10. *quarrels.* 1692 : Quarrels.
p. 82, l. 2. *Burnt Brandey.* 1692 : Burnt Brandy.
p. 82, l. 30. *Farewell.* 1692 : Farewel.
p. 82, l. 40. *ſtile.* 1692 : ſtyle.
p. 84, l. 4. *manage it in council.* 1692 misprints : manage in it Council.
p. 84, l. 16. *succour.* 1692 : succor.
p. 85, l. 6. *Ill.* 1692 : I'le.
p. 85, l. 11. *Stock.* 1692 : ſtock.
p. 87, l. 2. *bloudy Villains.* 1692 : bloody Villains.
p. 87, l. 39. *lie.* 1692 : Lye.
p. 88, l. 29. *Don John's* [*Father's*] *Ghoſt.* Both 1676 and 1692 read : " *Don John's* Ghoſt." But this is patently an error and I have ventured to insert '[Father's].'
p. 88, l. 34. *treat us.* 1692 : Treat us.
p. 89, l. 9. *vengance.* 1692 : Vengance.
p. 89, l. 12. *Old man's voice.* 1692 : old Man's voice.
p. 89, l. 17. *bloud.* 1692 : Blood.
p. 89, l. 26. *flames eternally.* 1692 : Flames Eternally.
p. 89, l. 27. *li'ſt.* 1692 : ly'ſt.
p. 89, l. 34. *entertainment.* 1692 : Entertainment.
p. 89, l. 41. *desert.* 1692 : Desert.
p. 90, l. 5. *drink between meals.* 1692 : Drink between Meals.
p. 90, l. 10. *bloud.* 1692 : Bloud.
p. 90, l. 35. *unpiti'd.* 1692 : *unpitty'd.*
p. 91, l. 2. *eternal Chains.* 1692 : *Eternal chains.*
p. 91, l. 8. *heart.* 1692 : Heart.
p. 91, l. 34. *Cloud of fire.* 1692 : *Cloud of Fire.*
p. 91, l. 36. *words and actions.* 1692 : Words and Actions.
p. 91, l. 37. *will and power.* 1692 : Will and Power.

p. 91, l. 39. *declare.* 1692 : Declare.
p. 93, l. 13. *FINIS.* 1692 adds an advertisement of sixteen of Shadwell's plays, all save *The Volunteers*, " To be Sold by R. *Bentley*, *J. Tomson*, *F. Saunders*, and *J. Bennet*, The Works of *Thomas Shadwell*, Poet Laureate or single, *viz.*" *Psyche* is spelled *Psychy*.

The Virtuoso

p. 95, l. 4. *A Comedy.* 1691 : " As it is Acted By Their Maiesties | Servants, | Written By | *Thomas Shadwell*, Laur. | [Printer's fleuron.] | London, Printed for *Henry Herringman ;* and are to be Sold by *Francis—Saunders*, at the *Blue-Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the | *New Exchange ;* and *James Knapton*, at the *Crown* in | St. *Paul's* Church-Yard. 1691. |
p. 101, l. 16. *what ever.* 1691 : *Whatever.*
p. 101, l. 22. *Humors.* 1691 : *Humours.*
p. 102, l. 1. *pittied.* 1691 : *pityed.*
p. 102, l. 3. *Humorists.* 1676 : Humorist. 1691 : Humourists.
p. 102, l. 17. *Drammatick.* 1691 : *Dramatick.*
p. 102, l. 27. *favorably.* 1691 : *favourably.*
p. 103, l. 1. *Prologue.* 1691 prints in italic throughout.
p. 103, l. 6. *Rhime.* 1691 : *Rhyme.*
p. 103, l. 10. *buri'd lie.* 1691 : *buried lye.*
p. 103, l. 17. *lazie.* 1691 : *lazy.*
p. 104, l. 1. *Drammatis Personae.* 1691 : Dramatis Personae.
p. 104, l. 8. *to be a Wit.* 1691 : to be a great Wit.
p. 104, l. 21. *Ribband-Weavers.* 1691 : *Ribbon-Weavers.*
p. 105, l. 19. *Author.* 1691 : Authour.
p. 105, l. 20. *Head-ake.* 1691 : Head-ach.
p. 106, l. 8. *Consler.* 1691 : Construe.
p. 107, l. 28. *Vertuoso's.* 1691 : *Virtuoso's.*
p. 107, l. 29. *Neeces.* 1691 : Nieces.
p. 108, l. 37. *repartée.* 1691 : *Repartee.*
p. 108, l. 38. *Latine.* 1691 : Latin.
p. 109, l. 5. *Pilgarlike.* 1691 : Pilgarlick.
p. 109, l. 11. *Towel.* 1691 : Trowel.
p. 109, l. 39. *rules.* 1691 : Rule.
p. 110, l. 20. *onely.* 1691 : only.
p. 110, l. 39. *fore-noon.* 1691 : Forenoon.
p. 111, l. 1. *Orator.* 1691 : Oratour.
p. 111, l. 14. *Prosopopeia.* 1691 : *Prosopopœia.*
p. 111, l. 37. *Why.* 1691 : VVhy.
p. 111, l. 38. *Wit.* 1691 : VVit.
p. 112, l. 19. *Mistriss.* 1691 : Mistress !
p. 114, l. 3. *Snarle is.* 1691 : *Snarl* is.
p. 114, l. 32. *Tobacco.* 1691 (throughout) : Tabaco.
p. 115, l. 34. *Coxcombes.* 1691 : Coxcombs.
p. 116, l. 24. *Tankerd.* 1691 : Tankard.

p. 118, l. 5. *'ounds.* 1691 : Ounds.
p. 118, l. 28. *sense.* 1691 adds " [*Ex.*
p. 119, l. 1. *intollerable.* 1691 : intolerable.
p. 119, l. 32. *Sirra.* 1691 : Sirrah.
p. 119, l. 35. *half-Seas.* 1691 : half-seas.
p. 120, l. 28. *ti'd.* 1691 : ty'd.
p. 121, l. 14. *sawcy footman's.* 1691 : Saucy Footman's.
p. 121, l. 22. *ſtreights.* 1691 : ſtraits.
p. 121, l. 44. *Baron Do.* 1691 : *barren Doe.*
p. 122, l. 1. *'Sdeath.* 1691 (throughout) : 'sDeath.
p. 123, l. 3. *Longvil, don't kill him.* 1676 misprints : *Longvil,* do not kill me.
p. 124, l. 28. *Ladiſhip.* 1691 : Ladyship.
p. 125, l. 15. *Swiming-Maſter.* 1691 : swimming-Maſters. 1691 throughout reads swimming.
p. 126, l. 31. *superior.* 1691 : superiour.
p. 126, l. 40. *proud of the honor.* 1691 (p. 18) has catch-word " honour," but prints " honor " (p. 19).
p. 127, l. 7. *humble admirers.* 1676 misprints " humbl."
p. 128, l. 10. *Famellick.* 1691 : Famelick.
p. 129, l. 31. [*Exit Clar. and Mir.* 1691 : [*Exeunt* Clar. *and* Mir.
p. 129, l. 36. 64 *ounces.* 1691 : sixty-four Ounces.
p. 131, l. 12. *they are vitious.* 1676 misprints : then are vitious.
p. 132, l. 2. *Hypocraſie.* 1691 : Hypocriſie.
p. 134, l. 12. *Heroick Poet.* 1691 : Heroic.
p. 134, l. 14. *ſwining.* 1691 very miſtakenly : winning.
p. 134, l. 21. *Coxcombe.* 1691 : Coxcomb.
p. 135, l. 10. *Ladiſhip.* 1691 : Ladyship.
p. 137, l. 20. *freedome.* 1691 : Freedom.
p. 138, l. 5. *but me.* 1691 adds : [*Ex. Maid.*
p. 139, l. 11. *Strumpets.* 1691 : ſtrumpets.
p. 139, l. 31. *incenc'ſt.* 1691 : incens'd.
p. 140, l. 14. *Neufts.* 1691 : Neuts.
p. 140, l. 16. *Phaenomina.* 1691 : Phaenomena.
p. 141, l. 6. *Phoenomena's.* 1691 : Phaenomena's.
p. 142, l. 38. *Philoſophy, this.* 1676 : Philosophy. This.
p. 145, l. 22. *bewayling.* 1691 : bewailing.
p. 145, l. 24. *ſtrugling.* 1691 : ſtruggling.
p. 145, l. 29. *ſate.* 1691 : ſat.
p. 145, l. 30. *durance : after.* 1691 : durance. After.
p. 145, l. 35. *Pallat.* 1691 : Palate.
p. 148, l. 3. *Sir Sam.* Pox o' this. 1691 misreads speech-prefix as : Sir *Form.*
p. 148, l. 15. *de'e.* 1691 : do'e.
p. 148, l. 33. *Nimph.* 1691 : Nymph.
p. 149, l. 34. *Land-lady.* 1691 : Landlady.
p. 150, l. 35. *Porredge.* 1691 : Porridge.
p. 150, l. 37. *Choller.* 1691 : Choler.
p. 151, l. 19. *Hectorly.* 1691 : Hectory.
p. 153, l. 1. *haſt.* 1691 : haſte.
p. 153, l. 8. *privately.* 1691 : privatly.
p. 153, l. 16. *lie.* 1691 : Lye.
p. 154, l. 22. *very fine. Two.* 1691 : very fine : two.
p. 154, l. 33. *You muſt not expect.* 1676 erroneously drops " not."

p. 154, l. 36. *attones.* 1691 : atones.
p. 155, l. 34. *scew.* 1691 : screw.
p. 156, l. 1. *ſplinters.* 1691 : splenters.
p. 156, l. 8. [*Exeunt Ladies.* 1691 ungallantly : [*Exeunt Women.*
p. 156, l. 19. *Exeunt Bruce and Longv.* 1691 : [*Exeunt.*
p. 156, l. 32. *Monſtrum.* 1691 : monſtrum.
p. 158, l. 30. *Marriage-Bawd, your Canonical-Bawd.* 1691 : Marriage Bawd, your Canonical Bawd.
p. 158, l. 35. *bayl.* 1691 : bail.
p. 158, l. 40. [*Exit L. Gim.* 1691 adds : *with Sir* Sam.
p. 159, l. 19. *Exit Snarl.* 1691 : [*Exit.*
p. 160, l. 9. [*Exit Sir Formal.* 1691 : [*Exit.*
p. 160, l. 12. *Servant returns.* 1691 : *Re-enter Servant.*
p. 161, l. 17. *Tyre-woman.* 1691 : Tire-woman.
p. 161, l. 18. [*Exit Sir* Sam. 1691 : [*Exit.*
p. 163, l. 16. *Uncle.* 1691 : Unckle.
p. 163, l. 19. *Exſtaſie.* 1691 : Ecſtaſie.
p. 163, l. 22. *my Siſters and me.* This is the reading of the 4tos, but it should surely be " my Siſter and me."
p. 163, l. 25. *Scaramoucha.* 4tos misprint : *Scaramoncha.*
p. 164, l. 28. *chryſtalline.* 1691 : cryſtalline.
p. 165, l. 39. *Battels.* 1691 : Battles.
p. 166, l. 4. *Countryes.* 1691 : Countries.
p. 166, l. 15. [*Sir Formal ſpeaks.* 1691 : [*He ſpeaks.*
p. 166, l. 20. *What is.* 1691 : what's.
p. 167, l. 5. *The Water-men were themſelves.* 1691 omits " were," transferring it to before " blown " and so reading " were blown."
p. 169, l. 29. *recover this disorder.* The 4tos read " discover this disorder."
p. 170, l. 6. *ſuspitious.* 1691 : suspicious.
p. 170, l. 29. *know ye, nor care to know ye.* 1691 : know you, nor care to know you.
p. 171, l. 3. *Repertees.* 1691 : Reparties.
p. 171, l. 13. *Handkercher.* 1691 : Handkerchief.
p. 173, l. 19. *What, do you come.* 1676 misprints : What, do yo come.
p. 173, l. 34. *Germin ſtreet.* 1691 : *German ſtreet.*
p. 174, l. 41. *ſhreeks.* 1691 : *ſhrieks.*
p. 176, l. 24. *acknowledgment.* 1691 : acknowledgement.
p. 177, l. 20. *Metall's hot.* 1691 : Metal's hot.
p. 177, l. 23. *Sir Nicholas, Lady Gimcrack.* 1691 : *Sir* Nicholas, *and Lady* Gimcrack.
p. 178, l. 2. *Colledge.* 1691 : *College.*
p. 179, l. 36. *made.* 1691 : maade.
p. 180, l. 16. *pumpt.* 1691 : pump'd.
p. 180, l. 20. *marri'd.* 1691 : married.
p. 180, l. 42. [*Exeunt.* 1691 : [*Exeunt omnes.*
p. 181, l. 3. *wit.* 1691 : *Wit.*
p. 181, l. 18. *danger, bloud, and wounds.* 1691 : *Danger, Blood, and Wounds.*
p. 181, l. 28. *ſenſe.* 1691 : *Sence.*
p. 182, l. 6. *What e'r's.* 1691 : *What 'er's.*
p. 182, l. 11. *FINIS.* In 1691 follows : *A CATALOGUE of all* Mr. Shadwell's *PLAYS ; as they are now bound up in* One Volume, *and are to be Sold* by Francis Saunders, *at the* Blue Anchor *in the* New-Exchange ; *and* James Knapton, *at the* Crown *in St.* Paul's-Church-Yard. Sixteen plays are liſted, that is to say all except *The Volunteers*, and of course *The Tempeſt*,

which latter never appears under Shadwell's name or among his works.

The next page gives a number of books "*Sold by* Francis Saunders." Among these we have "*Shakespear's* Plays." There are also advertised twenty-one Plays "*Newly Printed for* James Knapton."

Timon of Athens

p. 183. l. 14. *Herringman.* 1688 adds: "and are to be sold by *Jos. Knight* and *F. Saunders.*"
p. 195, l. 24. *dullness.* 1688: *Dulness.*
p. 195, l. 30. *wayes.* 1688: *ways.*
p. 199, l. 18. *head-long.* 1688: headlong.
p. 202, l. 39. *too much Of your.* 1688 gives speech as prose.
p. 203, l. 13. *me thinks.* 1688: methinks.
p. 204, l. 22. *gods.* 1688: Gods.
p. 205, l. 3. *here is.* 1688: here's.
p. 205, l. 33. *flatt'ring.* 1688: flattering.
p. 207, l. 41. *bellies.* 1688: Bellies.
p. 210, l. 19. *alwayes.* 1688: always.
p. 215, l. 4. *Mercurie's.* 1688: *Mercury's.*
p. 215, l. 41. *Libertie's.* 1688: Liberty's.
p. 217, l. 7. *How now, Poet?* 1688 gives this and the next speech as prose.
p. 217, l. 10. *Poetries.* 1688: Poetry's.
p. 217, l. 29. *judgement.* 1688: judgment.
p. 217, l. 38. *Then what excuse.* 1688 as prose.
p. 218, l. 10. *Though I am none.* 1688 as prose.
p. 218, l. 17. *repayes.* 1688: repays.
p. 219, l. 35. *Ho, ho, ho—I laugh.* 1688 as prose.
p. 219, l. 36. *What.* 1688: VVhat.
p. 219, l. 37. *Would.* 1688: VVould.
p. 219, l. 40. *Of what vile earth.* 1688 as verse commencing second line "A Lord."
p. 220, l. 22. *I'll hear no more.* 1688 gives "himself" as a separate line.
p. 220, l. 24. *Let me have.* 1688 as three lines, commencing the second with "Such as Nature"; and the third "Before Eating."
p. 229, l. 3. *Demetrius.* 1688 as two lines, commencing the second with "That I have."
p. 230, l. 7. *Who waits.* 1688: VVho.
p. 231, l. 25. *The Government's.* 1688 as four lines, commencing the second "In suffering"; the third "In suffering Judges"; the fourth "Secretaries."
p. 231, l. 39. *Well, babling.* 1688 as two lines, commencing the second "We shall."
p. 232, l. 11. *Yes, he saies.* 1688: says. And also commences a new line with "To make."
p. 232, l. 25. *I am heartily glad.* 1688 commences a new line with Under—
p. 233, l. 27. *Yes, he wants fifty.* 1688 commences a second line with "But is assur'd."

p. 234, l. 12. *Good Fool.* 1688 as two lines commencing second with " Dost think."
p. 234, l. 17. *Isander and many.* 1688 divides here, and commences next line with " Men."
p. 235, l. 3. *be sure I.* 1688 divides at " seen " and commences next line with these words.
p. 235, l. 14. *Rich too.* 1688 divides at " And wou'd."
p. 237, l. 14. *Is't possible.* 1688 divides into three lines. The second commences with " What large . . . " ; the third " Did they all . . ."
p. 239, l. 5. *Shuns me.* 1688 divides earlier at " Now the Villain."
p. 240, l. 33. *than She.* 1688 divides at " course."
p. 240, l. 38. *Damn'd Villain.* 1688 divides at " say ? ", adding these two words to second line.
p. 243, l. 24. *when your.* 1688 adds to second line.
p. 243, l. 38. *All of ye.* 1688 divides earlier at " Think on't."
p. 244, l. 20. *Can afford.* 1688 prints " The season can afford it " as the second line.
p. 245, l. 2. *knee Slaves.* 1688 : Knee Slaves.
p. 247, l. 37. *Be punisht.* 1688 adds to previous line.
p. 248, l. 19. *saies.* 1688 : says.
p. 248, l. 26. *whoredoms.* 1688 : Whoredoms.
p. 250, l. 7. *Phenicians.* 1688 : *Phaenicians.*
p. 250, l. 8. *Lacedemonians.* 1688 : *Lacedaemonians.*
p. 250, l. 21. *His life.* 1688 : his Life ; adding to previous line.
p. 250, l. 34. *Balsome.* 1688 : Balsom.
p. 250, l. 35. *ha ! banishment !* 1688 : Ha ! Banishment !
p. 250, l. 37. *good man.* 1688 : good Man.
p. 250, l. 38. *My Sentence.* 1688 : my Sentence ; adding to previous line.
p. 250, l. 44. *Marishes.* 1688 : Marshes.
p. 251, l. 10. *abhor'd.* 1688 : abhorr'd.
p. 251, l. 18. *pattern.* 1688 : Pattern.
p. 251, l. 31. *Who's there ?* 1688 as a hemistich, commencing next line " What beast . . ." and adding to it " to trouble me."
p. 251, l. 38. *transformation.* 1688 : Transformation.
p. 252, l. 5. *He's much distracted sure.* 1688 as one line, commencing next line " Have you forgotten . . ."
p. 252, l. 10. *I come.* 1688 commences next line with these words, ending first line at " my heart."
p. 252, l. 29. *death.* 1688 : Death.
p. 252, l. 30. *Do with me.* 1688 divides earlier, commencing second line with " What woulds't . . ."
p. 253, l. 10. *roots and water.* 1688 : Roots and Water.
p. 253, l. 13. *humane conversation.* 1688 : Humane Conversation.
p. 253, l. 22. *One woman.* 1688 : One VVoman.
p. 253, l. 26. *Will hide.* 1688 : VVill hide.
p. 253, l. 29. *wrong right.* 1688 : VVrong Right.
p. 253, l. 33. *Hoar'd.* 1688 : hoar'd.
p. 253, l. 35. *Widows.* 1688 : VVidows.
p. 253, l. 43. *Sleep.* 1688 ends previous line at " hide it."
p. 254, l. 3. *mettle.* 1688 : Mettal.
p. 254, l. 4. *made of does.* 1688 adds " does " to next line : " Does engender . . ."
p. 254, l. 5. *Newt.* 1688 : Neut.
p. 254, l. 6. *worm.* 1688 : VVorm.
p. 254, l. 10. *Womb.* 1688 : VVomb.

p. 254, l. 12. *Whereof.* 1688 : VVhereof.
p. 254, l. 16. *gaul'd.* 1688 : gall'd.
p. 254, l. 22. *men report.* 1688 : Men report.
p. 254, l. 23. *manners.* 1688 : Manners.
p. 254, l. 30. *wear Silk.* 1688 : were Silk.
p. 254, l. 32. *woods.* 1688 : VVoods.
p. 254, l. 36. *Great man's breath.* 1688 : great Man's Breath.
p. 255, l. 8. *Creatures.* 1688 prints " Art thou proud ſtill ? " as a hemiſtich, commencing next line " Call any . . ." and concluding " Natures." The following lines are arranged :

Live in the ſpight of angry Heav'n,
VVhoſe bare un-houſed Trunks
To the conflicting . . .

p. 255, l. 39. *alwaies.* 1688 : always.
p. 256, l. 5. *game.* 1688 : Game.
p. 256, l. 7. *thyſelf ! thou well.* 1688 adds " Thou well . . ." to following line.
p. 256, l. 26. *gilt and thy perfumes.* 1688 : Gilt and thy Perfumes.
p. 257, l. 35. *Wee'll.* 1688 : We'll.
p. 258, l. 8. *We come.* 1688 : VVe.
p. 258, l. 9. *mold.* 1688 : mould.
p. 258, l. 13. *Whate're.* 1688 : VVhate're.
p. 258, l. 24. *haſte.* 1688 : haſt.
p. 258, l. 27. *I'll now.* 1688 ends previous line at " World ? " and commences second line with these words.
p. 258, l. 34. *wealth.* 1688 : Wealth.
p. 259, l. 12. *her arms.* 1688 : Her arms.
p. 259, l. 18. *vows.* 1688 : Vows.
p. 259, l. 20. *thing.* 1688 : Thing.
p. 259, l. 31. *Crocodiles tears.* 1688 : Crocodile's Tears.
p. 259, l. 33. *had I.* 1688 concludes former line at " Mankind ? " and adds these words to following line.
p. 259, l. 37. *beg'd.* 1688 : begg'd.
p. 260, l. 12. *A Baſiliſk.* 1688 adds to previous line.
p. 260, l. 13. *Thou haſt a vile.* 1688 adds to previous line.
p. 260, l. 14. *mind.* 1688 : Mind.
p. 260, l. 26. *follies of this life.* 1688 : Follies of this Life.
p. 261, l. 8. *Thou Evandra.* 1688 adds to following line.
p. 261, l. 19. *Meliſſa's Slave.* 1688 adds this hemiſtich to previous line.
p. 261, l. 27. *Worthy Timon.* 1688 : VVorthy.
p. 261, l. 41. *publick body.* 1688 : Publick Body.
p. 262, l. 2. *ſcurvy.* 1688 : ſcurvey.
p. 262, l. 20. *With all.* 1688 : VVith all.
p. 262, l. 33. *War.* 1688 : VVar.
p. 262, l. 37. *While you have throats.* 1688 : VVhile you have Throats.
p. 263, l. 17. *this Wood.* 1688 : this VVood.
p. 263, l. 24. *torture.* 1688 : Torture.
p. 263, l. 30. *rage.* 1688 : Rage.
p. 264, l. 32. *mine youth.* 1688 : mine Youth.
p. 264, l. 42. *little gold.* 1688 : little Gold.
p. 265, l. 10. *What myſterie.* 1688 : VVhat Myſterie.
p. 265, l. 24. *Holy Veſtments.* 1688 : Holy veſtments.
p. 265, l. 34. *thin Sculls.* 1688 : thin Skulls.

p. 265, l. 41. *Crack the Lawyer's voice, that he.* 1688 prints as separate line: "Crack the Lawyer's Voice, that he . . ."
p. 266, l. 29. *woe to ourselves.* 1688: wo.
p. 267, l. 9. *W'have.* 1688: We'ave.
p. 267, l. 18. *but leave.* 1688 adds to previous line.
p. 267, l. 23. *battering.* 1688: Battering.
p. 268, l. 1. *marching! watching! fasting!* 1688: Marching! Watching! Fasting!
p. 268, l. 6. *Bullwarks.* 1688: Bulwarks.
p. 268, l. 12. *Wee'l.* 1688: We'll.
p. 268, l. 40. *o'retake.* 1688: o'ertake.
p. 269, l. 4. *Lay me gently down.* 1688 arranges:

Lay me gently down, in my last Tenement.
Death's the truest Friend.

p. 269, l. 28. *dearest! kind! constant thing.* 1688: Dearest! Kind! Constant Thing.
p. 269, l. 31. *I must make haste.* 1688 arranges:

I must make haste, or I shall not o'rtake him in his Flight:
Timon, I come, stay for me.

p. 270, l. 4. *vain, prating thing.* 1688: Vain, Prating Thing.
p. 270, l. 6. *Titles.* 1688 adds to previous line.
p. 270, l. 19. *faithful, loving.* 1688: Faithful, Loving.
p. 271, l. 13. *vice and riot.* 1688: Vice and Riot.
p. 271, l. 34. *mercy.* 1688: Mercy.
p. 271, l. 35. *wee'l.* 1688: we'll.
p. 271, l. 42. *lives.* 1688: Lives.
p. 272, l. 2. *liberty.* 1688: Liberty.
p. 272, l. 2. *people.* 1688: People.
p. 272, l. 11. *hopes or expectations.* 1688: Hopes or Expectations.
p. 272, l. 17. *yoaks.* 1688: Yokes.
p. 272, l. 21. *revenge.* 1688: Revenge.
p. 272, l. 23. *Cursed Tyrants.* 1688: cursed Tyrants.
p. 272, l. 32. *Is in the Body.* 1688 arranges:

Is in the Body of the People, they will do themselves no harm,
Therefore henceforth I do pronounce the Government
Shall devolve upon the People, and may Heav'n prosper 'em.

p. 272, l. 40. *noble Lord!* 1688: Noble Lord!
p. 273, l. 3. *name.* 1688: *Name.*
p. 273, l. 10. *homes.* 1688: Homes.
p. 273, l. 15. *wealth and power.* 1688: *Wealth and Power.*
p. 274, l. 10. *sence.* 1688: *Sense.*
p. 274, l. 12. *French-meat.* 1688: *French-Meats.*
p. 274, l. 20. *slightness.* 1688: *Sleightness.*
p. 274, l. 21. *slight.* 1688: *sleight.*
p. 274, l. 37. *Levells.* 1688: *Levels.*
p. 275, l. 14. *constant.* 1688: *Constant.*

A True Widow

A True Widow. The so-called second edition, 1689, of this comedy is none other than the First Quarto, 1679, issued with a new title-page, and a new final page with the Epilogue.

The title-page, 1689, is: "A/True Widow./A/COMEDY,/ACTED by His/Majesty's Servants./rule./Written/By *THO. SHADWELL*,/Servant to His Majesty./rule/*Odi profanum Vulgus & arceo.*/[rule]/*LONDON*,/Printed for *James Knapton*, at the Crown in/St. *Paul's* Church-yard: 1689./"

It will be noticed that *Theodosia* is omitted from the Dramatis Personae. I have ventured to correct three obvious misprints:

p. 291, l. 8. Flutes Doux. 1679: Flutes, Doux.
p. 291, l. 35. Knaves. 1679: Knvaes.
p. 302. l. 5. Madam. 1679: Maadam.

On p. 353, l. 18. I have supplied the speech-prefix *Self*, which 4to 1679 has dropped, but which is obviously required.

In the re-printed Epilogue there are nine variants.

p. 363, l. 7. *Were of such.* 1689: *VVere of such.*
p. 363, l. 9. *Which ne'r.* 1689: *VVhich ne're.*
p. 363, l. 12. *chastize.* 1689: *Chastize.*
p. 363, l. 13. *Wit.* 1689: *VVit.*
p. 363, l. 16. *Whom.* 1689: *VVhom.*
p. 363, l. 16. *We.* 1689: *VVe.*
p. 363, l. 24. *Measure.* 1689: *measure.*
p. 363, l. 26. *Wits.* 1689: *VVits.*
p. 363, l. 27. *Wit.* 1689: *VVit.*
p. 363, l. 30. The verso contains a list of eleven books "*Newly Printed for* James Knapton, *at the* Crown *in St.* Paul's Church-Yard."

EXPLANATORY NOTES

The Libertine

p. 21. A Tradition. In the seventeenth century the anonymous author of the *Lettre sur les observations d'une comédie du sieur Molière, intitulée le Festin de Pierre* says that the history which gave rise to the legend of Don Juan actually happened. Viardot also in his *Etudes sur l'histoire des institutions, de la littérature, du théâtre et des beaux-arts en Espagne*, 1835, affirms that the original story is true, that Don Juan Tenorio was of Seville, where the descendants of the same family were still living in his day. Juan was a libertine and atheist, a notorious debauchee who killed the Commander d'Ulloa, and raped the daughter of the murdered man. The Commander was buried in a chapel belonging to the monastery of San Francisco, and his marble statue could be seen there for many years until a fire destroyed that wing of the church. The Franciscan fathers, who were all-powerful in Seville, outraged at the infamous and impudent villainies of Don Juan, in spite of the protection of his powerful relatives, caused him to be privately arrested, and brought before an ecclesiastical tribunal which was held within the monastery. He was justly condemned to death for his crimes, and executed in secret. As nothing was known of his fate upon his disappearance, the rumour spread that he had been carried off by demons owing to his enormous wickedness. Arvède Banni, "Les Origines de Don Juan" (*Revue politique et littéraire*, 15 October, 1881); Koch, *Zeitschrift für vergl. Litter.*, 1887, p. 392 *et sqq.*; and Zeidler, *Zeitschrift*, 1896, p. 89 *et sqq.*; all declare that the legend has its foundations in fact. Don Manuel de la Revilla in his great work *El tipo leyendario de Don Juan Tenorio y sus manifestaciones en las modernas literaturas* gives us even exacter details concerning Don Juan, who lived in the fourteenth century. He was the son of the Admiral Alonso Jofre Tenorio, and dwelt at Seville during the reign of Pedro the Cruel, 1350–1369.

The facts seem well established, but it is only fair to add that one authority inclines to dispute them, and appears to regard Don Juan as a purely legendary figure.

p. 21. The Character of the Libertine. Borrow'd from Rosimond's *Le nouveau Festin de Pierre, ou l'Athée foudroyé*, 1669. See note upon the Source.

p. 21. Atheisto fulminato. Among a collection of forty-eight MS. scenarios and *lazzi* discovered at Rome by M. Simone Brouwer is an *Ateista fulminato*, which is probably the piece to which Shadwell refers. The MS., however, is without a date, and bears no author's name. Castil-Blaze in his *Molière musicien*, I, p. 221, says that the history of Don Juan was taken as the theme of a play in verse and acted in monasteries and convents as *Ateista fulminado*. This auto-sacramental was frequently performed in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

It should be noticed, however, that the "auto-sacramental" from which Coleridge in his *Criticism of Bertram* so freely quotes is none other than Shadwell's *The Libertine*.

p. 21. Postscript. Settle's *Love and Revenge*, an effective and interesting tragedy, is founded, as the author has frankly confessed, upon William Hemming's *The Fatal Contract*, 4to, 1653, the plot of which is largely derived from the

French chroniclers, and which was acted with success not only before the closing of the theatres, but revived after the Restoration and reprinted as *The Eunuch*, 4to, 1687. *Love and Revenge* was produced at Dorset Garden in 1674, perhaps in November, for on the 9th of this month it was seen by the King. It was printed 4to, 1675, with a Dedication to the Duke of Newcastle. The Postscript is as follows :

This Play is founded on a Tragedy call'd the Fatal Contract. *And in the two First Acts, there is much of the Original Copy remaining. But from Page* 25th *'tis entirely New to the End, excepting the Last Scene in the* 4th. *Act, and a little Scene between* Dumane, Lamont, *and* Burbon. *For in the* Fatal Contract, *after the Supposed Death of* Lewis, *in the* 2d. *Act,* Aphelia *in the very next Scene after, at First Word asking, much like the* Ephesian *Matron, Marries the* King *her Lovers Murderer, which quite varied the Intrigue to the End of the Play. I could make Excuses for putting an ill Head upon Worse Shoulders ; or tell you as some of our Impertinent Tribe do, that 'twas Written in Three Weeks, or a Months time, if I thought any Reasonable Man, would be more Favourable to the Defects of the Play for such an Apology. But as I am Sensible, that that Excuse to a Play, would be much like that of a Builder, that after the fall of a House, shall tell you, truly he Built slightly, and chose an ill Foundation ; I will not urge that Plea for the Plays Defence ; which in the best Interpretation must render an Author Lazy, if not Dull : In the first of which, he shows himself Impudent, when he dares be so Disrespectful to an Audience, as to intrude such incorrect Stuff upon 'em, as he is, or ought to be ashamed of : Or else proves himself a Blockhead, and makes that Excuse, when really he wanted Abilities, not Leisure to write better.*

p. 22. Conquest of China. Elkanah Settle's *The Conquest of China, By the Tartars,* was produced at Dorset Garden in 1675, perhaps in May, on the 28th of which month it was seen by the King. It is a robustious drama. The cast, a strong one, was as follows : Tartars. Theinmingus, King of Tartary, Gillow ; Zungteus, his Son, Harris ; Palexus, Zungteus his Confident, Norris. Chineses. King of China, Medbourne ; Quitazo, Lycungus, Legozun, Princes of China, Smith, Sanford, Jevon. Orunda, only Child of the King of China, Mrs. Betterton. Alcinda, an Innocent Lady, engaged by Contract to Quitazo, Mrs. Currer ; Amavanga, a Queen of a Province in China, in the Disguise of a Souldier, Mrs. Mary Lee, who spoke the Epilogue ; and Vangona, her Confident, in the same Habit, Mrs. Spencer. Villains, Maskers, Messengers, Lords and Ladies, also forgather. The tragedy is fast and furious, so much so that in Act V we have the King of China's harem opened, and the Queens who have committed suicide in various ways are exhibited. We are hardly surprised to meet the stage directions " *They all fall on their Swords* " and " *Dy Omnes.*"

p. 22. His sawcy Epistle. *The Conquest of China, By the Tartars,* " Written by *Elkanah Settle,* Servant to His Majesty," 4to, 1676, is dedicated " To the Right Honourable the Lord Castle-Rizing." Settle, complimenting his Patron, says that " *the* Presentation *of a Play is the usual Return of* Poets *for Favours from Persons of Quality. . . . Yet had I the common Vanity of our Tribe, to believe such a Tribute satisfactory, I should want the Confidence to think it so here. 'Tis true such a trifle as a Play, were it Excellent in its Kind, like the* Crow *that was presented to* Cæsar, *might be acceptable. But this* Poem *wants that Perfection to make it so. For, to deviate from the general Style of my Brethren, without imputing its ill success to Malice, I acknowledge it Faulty. However, though it be so, I venture to persecute your* Lordship *with it : For, indeed Impudence in Poets, is a Frailty that most of us cannot Resist.*"

p. 23. PICCAROONS. Pirates: pirate vessels. Cf. Dryden's *The Rival-Ladies*, 4to, 1664, I, 1, where the robbers attack Julia and Don Manuel, who cries:

> We must prepare to die:
> This is the Captain of the Piccaroons.

p. 23. OSTEND PRIVATEERS. As in more recent years, Ostend, owing to its position, was the base for hostile craft which swept the Straits and the adjacent sea.

p. 26. LIKE MASTER LIKE MAN. A very old aphorism. Porter, *The Two Angry Women of Abingdon*, 4to, 1599, has "Like tutor like scholar." John Withals in his *Dictionary* gives "Like pot, like potlid" (ed. 1586). Guillaume Coquillart, *Les Oeuvres Poésies*, uses: "A tel pot, tel cuillier."

p. 28. CARBANADO. A carbonado is a piece of fish, flesh, or fowl, scored across and broiled or grilled on the coals. Hence to carbonado is to slash across, to cut to pieces. Cf. Bulwer's *Anthropomet.* (1650), 259: "Barbarous Gallants . . . slash and carbonado their Bodies."

p. 28. DEVIL AND THE WITCH. At Lille in 1661 Antoinette Bourignon's pupils confessed: "The Devil gives them a Mark, which Marks they renew as often as those Persons have any desire to quit him. The Devil reproves them the more severely, and obligeth them to new promises, making them also new Marks for assurance or Pledge, that those Persons should continue faithful to him."

p. 31. BOBS. Taunts; scoffs.

p. 32. LEMONADO. An early form.

p. 37. BUFFLE. Fool; Nincompoop. *Comical History of Francion* (1655), IV, 22: "He said to the three buffles who stood with their hats in their hands, Tell me, you Waggs, etc."

p. 41. SIX WOMEN. Perhaps Shadwell for this scene took something more than a hint from James Howard's *All Mistaken; or, The Mad Couple*, 4to, 1672, but seen by Pepys at the Theatre Royal 20 September, 1667, and probably an even earlier play. Philador, a wild gallant, has under a promise of marriage obtained the favours of half-a-dozen ladies, who in a body continually dog his footsteps. The situations are treated by Howard as broadest comedy.

p. 71. DUCCATOON. Chambers, *Cyclopædia* (1727–51), has: "*Ducatoon*, a silver coin, struck chiefly in Italy; particularly at Milan, Venice, Florence, Genoa, Lucca, Mantua, and Parma; though there are also Dutch and Flemish Ducatoons. . . . There is also a gold Ducatoon, struck and current chiefly in Holland."

p. 75. SATURN'S HAPPY DAYS. Vergil, *Eclogue*, IV, 6, has "Saturnia Regna," the Golden Age. Juvenal commences his Sixth Satire:

> Credo, pudicitiam Saturno Rege Moratam
> In terris, uisamque diu.

Shadwell has taken many of the ideas of this pastoral scene from Juvenal.

p. 78. SCORPIO. Scorpio is a fruitful sign, and rules in Man the privy parts, his penis and scrotum. Thus the Sun in Scorpio would be favourable for procreation. See J. Partridge, An Astrological Vade Mecum, 1679, p. 3; p. 45; and *passim*.

p. 79. THE STATUE NODS. One may remember the fine scene in Herold's *Zampa*, which was produced in Paris 3 May, 1831. During the pirate's carousal Zampa recklessly pledges the Statue, which suddenly turns aside with a gesture of horror. The situation is very dramatic and effective. Daniele

in the opera to a certain extent is the counterpart of Jacomo. The libretto of *Zampa* by Melesville is based on the old tale of the statue bride.

p. 81. MARBLE FISTS. There is a story in a striking work by E. Nesbit, *Grim Tales*, entitled *Life Size in Marble*, where two marble figures from a haunted church, on a certain November night, visit a house which was once part of their domain. The figures are discovered cold and immovable upon their altar tomb, but the marble finger of one has been broken off and is missing. It is found clutched in the hand of a woman who lies dead in the house to which they are supposed to have gone, whilst her face is distorted with unutterable horror.

p. 83. TIERCE. In fencing the third position for guard, parry, or thrust.

p. 84. FIR'D THE TEMPLE. The original temple of Ephesus is said to have been built by Theodorus of Samos about 630 B.C. Another was built in the latter half of the sixth century B.C. by an architect named Chersiphron. This temple was fired and burnt down by an Ephesian named Herostatus in the night on which Alexander the Great was born, 13–14 October, 356 B.C. Herostatus was put to the torture, when he confessed that he had done this deed to immortalize his name. He was condemned, and the Ephesians passed a decree consigning him to utter oblivion. "Quondam a communi consilio Asiae decretum est, uti nomen eius, qui templum Dianae Ephesi incenderet, ne quis ullo in tempore nominaret"; Aulus Gellius, I, 6. But, as might have been expected, the name was handed down by history. See Valerius Maximus, VIII, 14. It was the temple which took the place of the sanctuary destroyed by fire, that was accounted among the Seven Wonders of the World. In his *Urn Burial* Sir Thomas Browne has: "To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one. And who had not rather have been the Good Thief than Pilate? But the obliquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit in perpetuity. Herostatus lives that burnt the temple of Diana; he is almost lost that built it."

p. 88. DOUBLOONS. The Doubloon is a Spanish gold coin, a double Pistole, formerly worth 33*s*.–36*s*., but now slightly over a pound.

The Virtuoso

p. 95. THE VIRTUOSO. The word came into use about the middle of the seventeenth century. Thus in Brent's translation (*circa* 1651) of Paolo Sarpi, XXV, we have: "There have happened to come to Venice . . . divers Virtuosi in several professions." Evelyn in his *Sculptura; or the History and Art of Chalcography*, 1662, III, writes: "The Greeks and inventive Romans who . . . publish'd so many thousands of medails and coynes as are in the hands and collections of the *Virtuosi*." Blount, *Glossographia*, 1656, defines: "*Virtuoso* . . . a learned or ingenious person, or one that is well qualified." But the word was in disfavour with old-fashioned folk, crassly objecting to these students and scholars who, as they deemed, carried on idle pursuits in a dilettante or trifling manner. So when Sir Martin Mar-All, in Dryden's comedy *Sir Martin Mar-all*, produced at the Duke's House, Thursday, 15

August, 1667, III, 1, tried to impress old Moody by averring: "I am sure, in all companies I pass for a Virtuoso" the truculent veteran cut him short with "Virtuoso! What's that too? is not Virtue enough without O so?"

Yet in spite of Shadwell's satire the word Virtuoso is a fine dignified term, and one the English language can ill afford to lose.

Dryden, *Mac Flecknoe*, is very severe on Shadwell's burlesque of virtuosi:

> Thou art my blood, where *Johnson* has no part:
> What share have we in Nature or in Art?
> When did his wit on learning fix a brand
> And rail at Arts he did not understand?

p. 101. FRENCH WORDS. The very fashionable French affectations of the day were continually being satirized in the theatre. James Howard's comedy *The English Mounsieur*, which Pepys regarded as "A mighty pretty play, very witty and pleasant," had been produced at the Theatre Royal in 1666. Frenchlove is a clever caricature of this kind of foppishness.

Dryden's Melantha in *Marriage à-la-Mode* is a far more brilliant study. Her lists of French words which begin "at *Sottises* and end *en Ridicule*," her wooing by Palamede "with abundance of Noise and no sense" completely *en François*, are all in the highest vein of comedy.

Nor must we forget Monsieur de Paris in Wycherley's *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*, produced at Dorset Garden in March, 1672. He speaks broken English for the most part, and his dress is a burlesque of the latest French mode.

p. 101. FRENCH FARCE. The allusion is to Molière's *L'amour Médecin*, which was produced at Versailles 15 September, 1665, and at Paris at the Theatre of the Palais-Royal on the 22nd of the same month. Two Doctors, Monsieur Bahis and Monsieur Macroton, are introduced. The first gallops over his words, and the second drawls them out to a prodigious length, II, v. M. Bahis and M. Macroton are burlesques of two of the chief Court physicians, Esprit and Guenaut.

p. 105. OMNIS ENIM. Lucretius, *De Rerum Natura*, II, 646—651.

p. 106. CONSTER AND PEARCE. Construe and parse. William Gurnall, *The Christian in Complete Armour* (1669), has: "The child reads, construes, and pearces his Lesson as the Master saith."

p. 106. UNBROKEN PIPES. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, I, v, the Duke to Viola:

> For they shall yet belie thy happy years
> That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
> Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
> Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound.

p. 106. BOX OF PILLS. Cf. Duffett's farce *The Mock-Tempest*, 4to, 1675, I, 1, where Beantosser, a strumpet, bawls out: "O save the Syring, and the Pot of Turpentine-pills for my sake." For the chatter in the pit see the Prologue "*spoken by* Mrs. Ellen, *and* Mrs. Nepp" to Howard's *The Great Favourite; or, The Duke of Lerma*, produced at the Theatre Royal, Thursday, 20 February, 1667–68, when they wish the Poet a good Deliverance:

> *Nepp.* Deliver him from you that nothing spare;
> Nay, you that would fain seem worse than you are,
> Out-talk your own Debaucheries, and tell
> With a fine Shrug, *Faith*, Jack, *I am not well.*

Nell. From you that with much Ease, and little Shame,
Can blaſt a Poet's, and a Woman's Fame;
For at firſt sight a well-bred Trick y' have got,
Combing your Wiggs, to Cry, *Dam me, She's naught.*

Also the Epilogue, spoken by Mrs. Mary Knepp, to Duffett's *The Spanish Rogue*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields by the King's Company, in 1673:

Poets, from France, *fetch'd new Intrigue, and Plot,*
Kind Women, new French *Words, and Fashions got:*
And finding all French *Tricks so much did please,*
T'oblige ye more, They got—ev'n their Disease.
That too did take—and as much Honour gets
As breaking Windows, or not paying debts.
O 'tis so gente! So modish! and so fine!
To shrug and cry, Faith Jack! *I drink no Wine:*
For I've a swinging Clap this very time———

Also the Prologue, spoken by Smith, to D'Urfey's *Madam Fickle; or, the Witty False One*, produced at Dorset Garden in November, 1676:

The Stages Ruine unconcern'd you see,
And Dam th' Original of Gallantry.
Shou'd we leave off then, we shou'd hear you say,
Dam 'em, what Drones are these, why don't they Play?
'Sblud I shall never leave this Wenching vein,
Jack, *my laſt swinging Clap's broke out agen.*
And if we do Play—then you Censure raise,
And to encourage us, Dam all our Playes.

p. 106. NOT OLD ENOUGH. Cf. Dryden's *Marriage à-la-Mode*, IV, 3, where Melantha rallies Doralice, who is disguised as a page: "And you, I imagine, are my young Maſter, whom your Mother durſt not truſt upon Salt-water, but left you to be your own Tutor at fourteen, to be very brisk and entreprenant, to endeavour to be debauch'd ere you have learn'd the knack on it, to value yourself upon a Clap before you can get it, and to make it the height of your Ambition to get a Player for your Miſtress."

p. 107. YOU HAVE REASON. Vous avez raison = you are in the right on't. Cf. *The Gentleman Dancing-Maſter*, V, 1, where Gerard says: "The Fool has reason, I find, and I am the Coxcomb, while I thought him so."

p. 107. FALL DOWN AND WORSHIP ME. Cf. Le Sage, *Le Diable Boiteux*, XV, English translation, Nimmo's edition, 1881, where the tragic poet enters the room of the comic author, and cries: "Fall down, my friend, fall at my feet and adore a genius which Melpomene has honoured."

p. 108. TACE. Grose, *Provincial Glossary*, 1787, has: "Tace is Latin for a candle, signifies Silence; hold your tongue!" Swift, *Polite Conversation:* "Lord Smart. 'Well, but, after all, Tom, can you tell me what's Latin for a goose?' Neverout. 'Oh, my lord, I know that, why Brandy is Latin for goose. And tace is Latin for a candle.'" Dampier, *Voyages*, I, 365, ch. XIII, speaks of having fallen in with a letter of warning left in one of the Philippine Isles by a previous visitor which concluded thus: "Truſt none of them (the natives); they are all thieves: but Tace is Latin for a candle." This was in 1686.

p. 109. PILGARLIKE. Defined by Dr. Johnson as "A sneaking or hen-hearted fellow." The word firſt denoted a pilled or bald head, ludicrously likened to a peeled

head of garlic. Hence to a bald-headed man, and then as equivalent to "old fool." Cf. *The Humorous Lieutenant*, II, 2:

> And there got he a knock, and down goes Pilgarlick,
> Commends his soul to his she-saint and exit.

In Edward Stirling's *Blue Jackets*, produced at the Adelphi, 15 October, 1830, I, 1, old Admiral Trunnion cries: "More annoyance for poor Pill-garlic."

p. 110. CHICHESTER COCK-LOBSTER. Fuller in his *History of the Worthies of England*, folio, 1662, speaks of "An Arundel mullet, a Chichester lobster, a Shelsey cockle, and an Amerly trout" as being the best of their time. William Yarrell, *History of British Fishes*, 2 vols., 1835–6, also praises "A Chichester lobster, a Selsey cockle, an Arundel mullet," I, 233.

p. 111. MELETETIQUES. Rules and methods of meditation. Boyle, *Occasional Reflections* (1665), I, iii, 8: "Nor will the Meleteticks (or way and kind of meditation) I would perswade, keep Men alone from . . . etc."

p. 111. PROSOPOPŒIA. *προσωποποιία*, which signifies "Personification; a dramatic form of composition." See Dionysius Halicarnassiensis, *De Compositione Uerborum*, ed. Schäfer.

p. 112. AS ROUND AS A HOOP. This proverbial simile occurs in Gay's *New Songs*.

p. 112. GREEN-SICKNESS. An anæmic disease which mostly affects young women about the age of puberty. This chlorosis is usually associated with various morbid symptoms, one of which is a disordered, if not diseased, appetite. See the note upon the phrase "Eaters of Chalk," *The Humorists*, vol. I, p. 305.

p. 112. BED-STAFF. A staff or stick used in some way about a bed. Dr. Johnson has: "A wooden pin stuck anciently on sides of the bed-stead to hold the cloaths from slipping on either side." It was also a staff used to smooth down the sheets and bedclothes. In the picture "La Nourrice" (Tavernier), belonging to the series of nineteen plates depicting home life designed by Abraham Bosse and engraved by T. Le Blond and M. Tavernier, Paris, 1633, this bedroom scene shows a bed in one corner, which a servant is just making; she reaches over it, and smooths the quilt with a stick. Or, the stout sticks or staves laid (loose) across the bed-stocks in old wooden bedsteads to support the bedding (precursors of the modern laths). In Scotland these were called bed-rungs, in some parts of England bed-sticks. The bed-staff often served as an improvised weapon. There are innumerable allusions. *e.g.*, Brome, *The City Wit*, 8vo, 1653, IV, 3, where Crasy says to Josina: "Bastinado him soundly," and she replies: "If I do not make him an example . . . say there is no virtue in Cudgels and Bedstaves."

p. 113. HIS UNCLE SNARL. Cf. Oldham's *Horace His Art of Poetry, Imitated in English:*

> Diseases, Ills, and Troubles numberless
> Attend old Men, and with their Age increase:
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Full of Delays and Hopes, Lovers of Ease,
> Greedy of Life, Morose, and hard to please;
> Envious of Pleasure of the young and gay,
> Where they themselves now want a stock to play
> Ill-natur'd Censors of the present Age,
> And what has passed since they have quit the Stage:
> But loud Admirers of Queen *Besse's* time,
> And what was done when they were in their prime.

p. 113. CURST. Ill-tempered; perverse. Cf. *The Taming of the Shrew*, I, 2:

> Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
> As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
> As Socrates' Xantippe.

p. 113. WORMED. To worm is to remove the lytta (or worm) from, as a dog; formerly 'twas believed to prevent madness.

p. 114. BY THE MASS. It is remarkable how long this expression persisted. It was especially used by old-fashioned folk. Mr. Moody in Dryden's *Sir Martin Mar-all*, produced at the Duke's Theatre, Thursday, 15 August, 1667, continually swears "by the Mess." Ben the sailor in *Love for Love*, produced at the Little Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, 30 April, 1695, familiarly and frequently bawls out the same oath.

p. 115. WHEAT EARS. A small passerine bird, *Saxicola œnanthe*, highly esteemed as a delicacy, and by Defoe dubbed "the English Ortolan."

p. 115. CORONATION. Charles I succeeded to the throne 27 March, 1625.

p. 115. FROWSES. A wig of frizzed hair worn by women. In Etherege's *The Man of Mode*, 4to, 1676, I, 1, Dorimant speaks of: "some aukward ill fashion'd Country Toad, who not having above Four Dozen of black hairs on her head, has adorn'd her baldness with a large white Fruz, that she may look sparkishly in the Fore Front of the King's Box, at an old Play."

p. 116. GAMBADOES. A gambado is a kind of large boot, or gaiter, attached to a saddle, to protect the rider's legs and feet from the wet or cold. Blount in his *Glossographia* (1656) records: "Gambado, a kind of leather instrument affixed to the Saddle in place of Stirrops." The word has remained in use, but to-day is provincial and obsolescent. Elworthy in the *West Somerset Word-Book* (1886) writes: "Gambaders, a kind of leather shield or case for the legs of a horseman. They are attached to the stirrup-leathers. . . . They were very common within the writer's recollection."

p. 116. PACING TIT. So in Otway's *The Atheist*, Dorset Garden, 1683, Beaugard's old father upon his retirement asks for "Money in my Pocket: An old Pacing Horse, and an Elbow-Chair."

p. 116. HAMSTEAD OR HIGHGATE. Although these resorts were by no means so popular at this date as they were to become in another five-and-twenty years, they were greatly frequented by citizens on holiday, and an easy excursion for those desiring a country trip. Thomas Baker's *Hampstead-Heath*, produced at Drury Lane in October, 1705, shows us a pleasure resort, modish, and abuzz with intrigue.

p. 116. BLACK-FRYERS. The second Blackfriars, a small roofed theatre, built in 1596 by Burbage on the first floor of the South section of Blackfriars Monastery. The house was demolished on 6 August, 1655.

p. 116. JOSEPH TAYLOR. James Wright in his *Historia Histrionica*, 1699, makes his old cavalier say: "In my time before the Wars *Lowin* used to Act with mighty Applause, *Falstaffe*, *Morose*, *Volpone*, and *Mammon* in the *Alchymist*; *Melancius* in the *Maids Tragedy*, . . . *Taylor* Acted *Hamlet* incomparably well, *Jago*, *Truewit* in the *Silent Woman*, and *Face* in the *Alchymist*, *Swanston* used to play *Othello*: . . . These were of the *Blackfriars*."

Joseph Taylor was probably born about 1586. After the closing of the theatres he was one of the actors who endeavoured to find some support by publishing plays. Thus with Lowin he issued *The Wild Goose Chase* in 1652. As Flecknoe in one of his *Characters*, written in 1654, speaks of

Taylor as dead, the date of his decease is narrowed down to 1652–4. John Lowin, 1576 to 1659, was the original Henry VIII, and amongst his other rôles were Bosola, Aubrey in *The Bloody Brother*, Jacomo in *The Deserving Favourite*, Eubolus in Massinger's *The Picture*, Domitian in *The Roman Actor*, and Belleur in *The Wild Goose Chase*. During the rebellion he kept the Three Pigeons at Brentford, and is said to have died in poverty.

Eliard Swanston was the only actor who is recorded to have joined the Parliamentarians. Wright tells us that at the time of the Civil Wars "he profest himself a Presbyterian, took up the trade of a jeweller, and liv'd in *Aldermanbury*, within the territory of Father *Calamy*." Edmund Calamy was a well-known preacher. He was appointed Rector of S. Mary's, Aldermanbury, in 1639, and ejected thence by the Act of Uniformity in 1662.

p. 116. The Knight of the Sun. The adventures of the Knight of the Sun and his brother Rosiclair may be considered as belonging to the Amadis cycle of romance, since King Perion, the parent of Amadis de Gaul, was descended from Trebatius, father to the Knight of the Sun. Part I of the *Espejo de principes e cavalleros, o Cavallero del Febo*, by Diego Ortuñez de Calahorra, appeared as *The Mirrour of Princely deedes and Knighthood: Wherein is shewed the worthinesse of the Knight of the Sunne and his brother Rosicleer*. "Newly translated out of Spanish into our vulgar English tongue by M[argaret] T[yler] (4to, 1578)." Other Spanish authors, Pedro de la Sierra, Marcos Martinez, and Feliciano de Selva, continued the romance, which was accordingly translated, the English version of the ninth part being issued in 1601. There are references to the Knight of the Sun in *Don Quixote*, and in his English dress he was one of the most popular heroes of chivalry. Rosiclair is mentioned in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* (acted *circa* 1607–8). Cf. also *The Little French Lawyer* (about 1620), II, where Dinant says of La-Writ, "This is some Cavallero Knight o' th' Sun."

Amadis de Gaul is generally considered as one of the finest and most interesting romances of chivalry. The authorship is greatly disputed, but Dr. Braunfels in his *Kritischer Versuch über den Roman Amadis von Gallien*, Leipsig, 1876, has shown that the work, at least in the form in which it has been known since the middle of the fourteenth century, belongs to Spain. There is a detailed study also by E. Baret, *De l'Amadis de Gaule et de son influence sur les mœurs et la littérature*, Paris, 1853. An English translation by Thomas Paynel from the French version of D'Herberry (1540) was published in 1567.

p. 119. Whip-stitch. Cf. Dryden's *Mac Flecknoe*, where Sir Samuel's "By-Words" are satirized thus:

> Where sold he Bargains, Whip-stich, Kiss my Arse,
> Promis'd a Play and dwindled to a Farce?

p. 121. Hixius Doxius. A form of nonsense words used by jugglers whilst performing their tricks. Often "Hictius doctius," or "Hiccius Doccius," perhaps *hicce est doctus*, "here is the learned man": or, possibly mere jingling gibberish. Cf. "Hey presto!" So Sparkish in *The Country-Wife*, III, says: "Burlesque is a *Hocus-Pocus* trick they have got, which by the virtue of *Hictius doctius, topsey turvey*, they make a wise and witty Man in the World, a Fool upon the Stage you know not how." Cf. also Dryden's *The Kind Keeper*, II, 1: "I cannot open it, for the Guts of me. *Hictius Doctius!* what's here to do? I believe, in my Conscience, *Pug* can Conjure."

p. 122. SECRET AS A COCKLE. This simile was very common. We say "close as an oyster." Cf. Shakespeare and Fletcher's *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 4to, 1634, IV, 1, where the Jailor's Daughter says:

> There is at least two hundred now with child by him,
> There must be four; yet I keep close for all this,
> Close as a cockle.

p. 122. LEARN YOU. To learn as to teach a person is now only vulgar, but it was in genteel use until the end of the seventeenth century.

p. 123. QUARE IMPEDIT. A form of writ issued in cases of disputed presentation to a benefice, requiring the defendant to state why he hinders the plaintiff from making the presentation.

p. 123. GOOD OLD CAUSE. This name was given to the policy and principles of the Puritans. Mrs. Behn has an admirable comedy *The Roundheads; or, The Good Old Cause*, produced at Dorset Garden in January, 1682, or perhaps a few weeks earlier.

p. 125. KNACKS. A knack is here used as "an ingenious contrivance or machine of some kind," not with any sense of trifling, as in the reduplicated "knick-knack." Barrow, *Sermons, circa* 1677 (ed. 1683), II, vii, 104, speaks of "Springs, and wheels, and such mechanick knacks."

p. 125. THE COLLEDGE. *I.e.*, Gresham College.

p. 126. WAX BOOTS. A wax-boot is a boot made of waxed leather for walking in marshy places. The *N.E.D.* quotes this passage.

p. 127. CLAW ONE ANOTHER. To claw is to flatter. There is a very old proverb, "Claw me, claw thee," *Da mutuum testimonium*, which is quoted by Richard Taverner, *Proverbes or Adages of Erasmus*, 12mo, 1539, also 1552. Brian Melbancke in his *Philotimus*, 4to, 1583, refers to the same old phrase. The word is quite common. Tusser, *To light a Candle before the Devil*, 1573, has:

> Take therefore heed, my son, and mark full well this song,
> Learn thus with craft to claw the devil, else live in rest not long.

p. 128. FAMELLICK. Latin *famelicus*, hungry. Cf. *Bartholomew Fair*, III, 1, where Rabbi Busy says: "It were a sin of obstinacy . . . to decline or resist the good titillation of the famelick sense which is the smell."

p. 128. CAROTID. The carotid arteries are the two great arteries carrying blood to the head. Greek καρόω, stupefy; compression of these arteries was thought to do this.

p. 129. COWS-THUMB. *Dictionary of the Canting Crew*: "*Cows-thumb*, when a thing is done exactly, nicely, or to a Hair."

p. 130. NORTHAMPTONSHIRE SHEEPSTAIL. Fuller, *Holy and Profane State*, folio, 1642, has: "In Northamptonshire all the rivers in the county are bred in it; besides those (Ouse and Cherwell) it lendeth and sendeth into other shores; so the good housekeeper hath a fortune of wheat in his fields, mutton in his fold, &c., both to serve himself and supply others."

p. 130. CACOCHYMIOUS. Κακόχυμος, with unhealthy juices; full of humours.

p. 131. FINE FACETIOUS WITTY PERSON. Otway in the Preface to *Don Carlos*, 4to, 1676, says: "A certain Writer that shall be nameless (but you may guess at him by what follows) being ask't his opinion of this Play, very gravely Cock't, and cry'd, *I gad he knew not a line in it he would be Author of;* but he is a fine Facetious witty Person, as my Friend Sir *Formal* has it; and to be even with him I know a Comedy of his, that has not so much as a Quibble

in it which I would be Author of." The "certain Writer" is Dryden. *I gad* was his favourite expression, and is continually put into the mouth of Mr. Bayes in *The Rehearsal.*

p. 132. STENTROPHONICAL. A stentraphon is a megaphone. Cf. Mrs. Behn's *The Emperor of the Moon*, produced at Dorset Garden early in 1687, III, 3, where Keplair says: "They never speak . . . but by Interpreters, and that by way of Stentraphon, in manner of the Delphic Oracles." The word is derived from the Greek herald Stentor, whose voice was as loud as that of fifty men. See *Iliad*, V, 783; and *Juvenal*, XIII, 112:

> Tu miser exclamas, ut Stentora uincere possis,
> Uel potius, quantam Gradiuus Homericus, audis
> Iuppiter haec, nec labra moues cum mittere uocem
> Debueras uel marmoreus, uel aeneus?

p. 133. LADDER. At the gallows. Poor wretches about to be hanged.

p. 133. CONJURING BOOK. Martin Delrio, S.J., in his *Disquisitionum Magicarum Libri Sex*, Louvain, 1599, relates an old story of a young student who, during the absence of the philosopher, obtained admittance to the library of Cornelius Agrippa, and by inadvertently reading aloud from a grimoire caused the appearance of certain demons, who could not be dismissed until the return of the master.

p. 134. CARVE MY PASSION. Orlando is at once recalled, and the Paris of Ovid, *Heroides*, V, Oenone Paridi; 21–30:

> Incisae seruant a te mea nomina fagi:
> Et legor Oenone falce notata tua.
> Et quantum trunci, tantum mea nomina crescunt;
> Crescite, et in titulos surgite recta meos.
> Populus est, memini, fluuiali consita ripa,
> Est in qua nostri littera scripta memor.
> Populе, uiue precor, quae consita margine ripae,
> Hoc in rugoso cortice carmen habes:
> Cum Paris Oenone poterit spirare relicta,
> Ad fontem Xanthi uersa recurret aqua.

p. 134. GOSSIPS. See the famous scene in Middleton's *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, 4to, 1630, but acted considerably earlier, III, the lying-in of Mistress Allwit.

p. 134. UPSITTING. The occasion when a woman first sits up to receive company after her confinement. Cf. Brome's *A Joviall Crew; or, The Merry Beggars*, acted at the Cockpit in 1641, II, where Oldrents says:

> We will have such a lying in, and such
> A Christning; such up-sitting and Ghossipping!

p. 134. PHANATICK SERMON. Fanatic, a very common word in the latter half of the seventeenth century. It was invariably applied to Nonconformists, and always in a hostile or derisive sense. It is thus used by Archbishop Maxwell as early as 1644, and Fuller in his *Mixt Contemplations* (1660) has: "A new word coined, within few months, called fanatics, . . . seemeth well . . . proportioned to signify . . . the sectaries of our age."

p. 134. HUFFING AGAINST THE GODS. The chief example in a rhyming tragedy is Dryden's Maximin, created by Mohun, *Tyrannick Love; or, The Royal*

Martyr, produced at the Theatre Royal in 1669. He has some famous speeches, particularly that which commences :

> What had the Gods to do with me or mine ?
> Did I moleſt your Heav'n ?—
> Why should you then make *Maximin* your foe,
> Who paid you Tribute, which he need not do ?

Cf. Crowne's bob at similar speeches, *The Countrey Wit*, produced at Dorset Garden in January, 1675–6, IV, where Sir Mannerly says : I was a hero, and I remember two of the braveſt lines :

> If saucy Jove my enemy appears,
> I'll pull him out o' heaven by the ears.

There's ramping for you.

p. 134. TURKY-COCK. Cf. Macheath's song in *The Beggar's Opera*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields, January, 1727–8, III :—

> Before the barn-door crowing,
> The cock by hens attended,
> His eyes around him throwing,
> Stands for a while suspended.
>
> Then one he singles from the crew,
> And cheers the happy hen ;
> With " How do you do," and " How do you do,"
> And " How do you do " again.

p. 134. PERIWIG AND GARNITURE. A favourite phrase with Shadwell. In *The Man of Mode*, acted in 1676, III, 2, Sir Fopling is asked by Emilia " The Garniture ? " " Le Gras," he replies. " The Periwig ? " inquires Dorimant. " Chedreux," is the answer.

p. 134. CLINQUANT. Glittering with gold and silver ; tinselled ; dressed in spangles. Cf. Fletcher's *The Maid in the Mill*, acted 1623, V, 2, where Vertigo, the French tailor, speaks of " A clinquant Petticoat of some rich Stuff." Also Brome, *The Sparagus Garden* (1635), III, 5, where Gilbert spies " Courtiers Clinquant, and no counterfeit ſtuffe upon 'hem."

p. 135. OPPORTUNITY. So Lady Plyant in *The Double-Dealer*, II : " And nobody knows how Circumſtances may happen together.—To my thinking, now I could reſiſt the ſtrongeſt Temptation.—But yet I know, 'tis impossible for me to know whether I could or no ; there's no certainty in the things of this life. . . . I won't truſt my Honour, I assure you ; my Honour is infallible and uncomatable."

p. 137. ALL THE BLOOD. Lady Plyant, when Mellefont says : " Madam, pray give me leave to ask you one queſtion," exclaims : " O Lord, ask me the queſtion ; I'll swear I'll refuse it, I swear I'll deny it—therefore don't ask me ; nay, you shan't ask me, I swear I'll deny it. O Gemini, you have brought all the Blood into my face ; I warrant, I am as red as a Turky-Cock. O fie, cousin *Mellefont !* "

p. 138. BUDDY. A diminutive of Honey-bud, an endearing name. Cf. *An Epilogue*.

Spoken to the University of Oxon. By Mrs. Cook. *Poems on Affairs of State. . . . With other Miscellany Poems*, Part III, 1698, p. 173 :

> Whilst gentle *Abigail* with *Roger* goes
> To carry Master and Mistress to the Shows,
> To see the *Crocidil*, and get astride the *Rhinocero's*.
> Whilst nown dear Honey-bud his Duck neglects
> To see a Naked Moster of her sex.

p. 138. BIRDS-NYES. Nye for eye. Cf. pigs-nie. An obsolete term of fondling endearment. R. Davenport, *The City Night Cap*, 1661, II : " O my sweet birds-nie ! What a wench have I of thee " ; and again, " Prithee, sweet birds-nye, be content." So in Otway's *The Souldiers Fortune*, produced at Dorset Garden early in 1680, III, the amorous Sir Davy Dunce says to his wife : " Poor Fool ! poor Birdsnies ! poor Lambkin ! "

p. 139. MUN. Mun equals man used in the vocative. Here as an expression of foolish affection. But this vulgarism came to be a mere meaningless interjection addressed to females as well as to males. Cf. Vanbrugh's *The Country House*, II, 1, where Charly, a little Boy, says to Marianne : " You see I can keep a secret. I am no girl, mun." Also addressed to a man, Fielding's *Miss Lucy in Town* (1742) : " Let me alone, mun, will you ; I won't be pulled and hauled about by you, I won't."

p. 139. WESTMINSTER-SCHOOL. Richard Busby, the famous " Plagosus Orbilius," Horace, *Epistles*, II, 1, 70–1, became Head-master of Westminster School in 1640. He held this office for fifty-five years.

p. 139. CARPET. A table-cloth. Chambers' *Cyclopædia*, 1727–51, defines " Carpet, a sort of covering . . . to be spread on a table, trunk, an estrade, or even a passage or floor." Fuller, *Holy and Profane State* (1642), IV, x, 287, has : " A Communion-Table will not catch cold with wanting a rich carpet." No, but the devotion of the people may. It must be remembered that a table-cloth was very ample and generally very heavy. It covered the whole table, and fell sweeping to the ground on all sides. So in *She wou'd if she cou'd*, V, when Courtall is to be concealed, Sentry cries : " Madam, let him creep under the Table, the Carpet is long enough to hide him."

p. 140. MILLE-PEDES. Millepeda, the wood-louse. Cf. Pliny, *Historia Naturalis*, XX, 6 : " Item millepedae." Upon which Brotier glosses : " Millepeda, la Bête à mille pieds, aculeum habet in extrema cauda, quo ut scorpio, uenenum inferit." *Liber* XXIX, 39, Pliny describes this animal : " Millepeda, ab aliis centipeda, aut multipeda dicta, animal est e uermibus terrae, pilosum, multis pedibus arcuatim repens, tactuque contrahens se : oniscon Graeci uocant, alii tylon." We used to call them, in the country, in Gloucestershire, Hundred-legs, or garden-lice. Upon turning over a stone in the garden rockery there would swarm out thousands of these funny little creatures.

p. 140. HOGS-LICE. A hog-louse is the wood-louse. Cf. *Volpone*, 1605, V, 2 : " He will crumpe you, like a hog-louse, with the touch."

p. 140. FILLAMOT. Feuillemorte, faded leaf. And so, of that hue. Cf. J. Petwer, *Philosophical Transactions*, XX, 334, 1698 : " They are of a Tawny or Phyllamot Colour." Stapylton, *Juvenal*, 1647, has : " Her fieulamort old gownes he begs," thus translating VI, 517–518 :

> (nisi se centum lustrauerit ouis),
> Et xerampelinas ueteres donauerit ipsi.

Cf. also G. P. R. James' *Agincourt*, 1844, I : " His tight fitting hose were of a light philimot brownish-yellow."

p. 141. LURCHER. A cross-bred dog between a collie or sheep-dog, and a greyhound.

p. 142. TARANTULA. The bite of this spider, a large wolf-spider of Southern Europe, was fabled to cause extraordinary effects, such as laughter, singing, and especially dancing. Burton, *Anatomy*, Part I, Sec. 2, Mem. 4, Sub-s. 1, has: "Many such accidents . . . are so caused by . . . stinging with that kind of spider called tarantula, an ordinary thing if we may believe Skenck, *l.* 6, *de Uenenis*, in Calabria and Apulia in Italy. Cardan. *subtil. l.* 9. *Scaliger exercitat.* 185. Their symptoms are merrily described by Jovianus Pontanus, *Ant. dial.*, how they dance altogether and are cured by music."

p. 142. PAVIN, OR ALMAIN. The Pavan was a grave dance, in which the performers were often elaborately dressed. Hawkis, *History of Music*, 1776, IV, iv, 1, 387, has: "The Pavan, . . . derived from the Latin Pavo, . . . a kind of dance performed . . . with such circumstances of dignity and stateliness as show the propriety of the appellation." The Almain was a lively dance. Cotgrave, 1611, under *Saut* has: "Trois pas & un saut, the Almond leape." In *Alphonsus Emperor of Germany* (Chapman), 4to, 1654, III, Bohemia says:

> We Germans have no changes in our dances,
> An Almain and an upspring, that is all.
> So dance the princes, burghers, and the boors.

p. 144. HARE-FINDER. A man whose business it is to find or espy a hare in form. Cf. *Much Ado about Nothing*, I, 1, where Benedick says: "Do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder?"

p. 145. HE SINKS. *Mac Flecknoe*, 4to, 1682:

> He said, but his last words were scarcely heard,
> For *Bruce* and *Longvil* had a *Trap* prepar'd,
> And down they sent the yet declaiming Bard.

p. 146. GOOD GLOVES. Edmund Howes, who continued Stowe's *Chronicle*, says that sweet or perfumed gloves were first brought into England by Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, on his return from Italy, in the fifteenth year of Queen Elizabeth, during whose reign, and indeed for a century and a half or more afterwards, they were very fashionable. There are constant allusions to these essenced gloves. In *The Winter's Tale*, IV, 3, Autolycus peddles among his wares: "Gloves as sweet as damask roses." Monday, 25 January, 1668–9, Pepys tells us that W. Batelier brought out of France "a great many gloves perfumed, of several sorts"; and showed them to Mrs. Pepys, "but all too big by half for her, and yet she will have two or three dozen of them, which vexed me, and made me angry. So she, at last, to please me, did come to take what alone I thought fit, which pleased me."

Ambergris was largely used in perfumes as now, and being considered invigorating and a provocative, was also employed in wines, sauces, and possets. Alderman Wiseacres in *The London Cuckolds* highly extols "Ambercawdles, Chocolate, and Jelly-broth's" as aphrodisiacs, but "they are nothing comparable to youth and beauty," he adds. Pomet describes ambergris as "the dearest and most valuable commodity in France."

p. 146. ORANGERY. One of the most fashionable perfumes of the day. In Etherege's *The Man of Mode*, Duke's Theatre, 1676, Sir Fopling Flutter, the cream of fashion, when asked by Lady Townley and Emilia concerning his gloves; "The Gloves?" replies: "Orangerii: You know the smell, Ladies."

p. 146. GENOA. Genoa, Rome, Florence and Milan, were famous for their perfumers and scents. Every one of these cities did a considerable export trade in fragrant gloves, which were prepared at great cost by the native chemists, who found many imitators.

p. 146. ROMANE. In Dryden's *The Kind Keeper*, Dorset Garden, March, 1677–8, III, 1, Mrs. Tricksy remarked to Limberham: "I have been looking over the last Present of *Orange* Gloves you made me: and methinks I do not like the Scent—O Lord, Mr. *Woodall*, did you bring those you wear from *Paris?*" "Mine are *Roman*, Madam," replied Woodall, to which the lady answered, "The Scent I love, of all the World." Presently she returned it with: "Here, Sir, take your Glove again; the Perfume's too strong for me." Mr. Littlegad, a beau, in Carlile's *The Fortune-Hunters; or, Two Fools well met*, produced at Drury Lane in the spring of 1688–9, III, 3, boasts that he bought his gloves at Rome, and went there for that purpose. In D'Urfey's *The Richmond Heiress; or, A Woman once in the Right*, produced at Drury Lane in the spring of 1692–3, I, Tom Romance, showing the various favours he has received from his mistresses, triumphantly flourishes "A *Roman* Glove from sweet Lady *Susanna Simple* in St. *James's Square*." There is a contemporary recipe for "*The Roman and Milanese Perfume for Gloves*. Wash the gloves gently in warm white wine, sprinkle them over with rose-water and dry them in the shade. When you have smoothed them well, then scent them with oil of jessamine, cloves, nutmeg, and labdanum, which scent compound of a scruple of each of these; then take musk, ambergris and civet, of each four grains. Mix them well together in a stone mortar, covering it closely to keep the scent from flying out, and putting in a few drops of oil of spikenard and mucilage of gum tragacanth. Lay a small quantity at a time on the glove, and chafe it in with a very clean hand, and by degrees go over all, and it will leave a very rich and lasting perfume, the scent of which will greatly refresh and cherish the vital spirits."

p. 146. FRANGIPAND. This perfume was most popular in Rome, and was invented by a Roman nobleman whose family originally took their name from an ecclesiastical office performed by the members, who (it is said) had the right to supply S. John Lateran and other churches with the hosts for use at Mass. Count Frangipani's glove powder was composed of equal quantities of every obtainable spice, to which was added the weight of the whole in orris root with one per cent. of musk. This early perfume is not the same as the Frangipani of to-day, which is distilled from the flowers of the Plumicra Alba, a tree discovered by Mercutio Frangipani, the Count's grandson, who accompanied Columbus and landed in Antigua.

p. 146. NEROLY. Essential oil from orange-flowers, so called from its use by Anne-Marie de la Tremoille-Noirmoulier, second wife of Flavio Orsini, Duke of Bracciano, and Prince of Neroli. This lady always employed orange-flowers for perfuming her gloves, and set the fashion of "guanti di Neroli." Bellinda in *The Man of Mode* wears Neroli gloves. When (V, 1) she tells Mrs. Loveit how she has been buying nosegays in Covent Garden Market with some country friends, Mrs. Loveit is amazed that they do not prefer "Essences and sweet Waters" if they desire a pomander. "O they cry out upon Perfumes they are Unwholesome," Bellinda explains, "one of 'em was falling into a Fit with the Smell of these *Narolii*."

Tuberose, Polianthes tuberosa, was extremely modish. When the country ladies wished to buy Bellinda carnations and stock-gillyflowers, she

begged their pardon and told them she " never wore anything but Orange-Flowers and Tuberose." In Mrs. Behn's *The City Heiress*, produced at Dorset Garden in the spring of 1681–2, III, 3, Lady Galliard bids Closet, her woman : " Sprinkle my Handkerchief with Tuberose."

p. 146. JESSIMINE. Jasmine, Jasminum odoratissimum. Pepys, Saturday, 27 October, 1666, visited the New Exchange with Mrs. Pepys, Mrs. Pierce, and Mrs. Knepp. " And there my wife bought things, and I did give each of them a pair of Jesimy plain gloves, and another of white." In Duffett's *The Mock-Tempest*, 4to, 1675, III, 1, Beantosser, a bulker, boasts that her lover has given her " 6 pair of Jessimy-Gloves."

p. 146. MARSHAL. There were two perfumes of this name. The favourite essence was invented by Martial, the famous perfumer to Louis XIV, " the sweetest-smelling monarch ever seen," says Fournier. There was also a Poudre à la Maréchale, which took its name from Madame la Maréchale d'Aumont, who is said to have originated it.

p. 146. TOURS, FROWZES. A tour was a curled front of false hair. The word is often confused with Tower, the headdress of pasteboard, muslin, lace, and ribbons fashionable under William III and Queen Anne. Cf. Etherege, *The Man of Mode*, II, 1, produced at Dorset Garden in March, 1676, where Medley says of an inveterate card-player, " Her Tour wou'd keep in Curl no longer." In Mrs. Behn's *The Younger Brother*, produced at Drury Lane in the late winter of 1696, V, 4, old Lady Youthly is at her toilet. " Hold the Glass higher, *Lettice*," she cries, " is not this Tour too brown ? " And the maid arranges it, saying, " This Tour must come more forward, Madam, to hide the Wrinkles at the corners of your Eyes." A frowze was a wig of frizzed hair worn by women. In Etherege's *The Man of Mode*, I, Dorimant jeers at " some awkard, ill-fashion'd Country Toad, who, not having above four Dozen of black Hairs on her Head, has Adorn'd her Baldness with a large white Fruz, that she may look sparkishly in the Fore-front of the King's Box At an old Play."

p. 146. ALMOND-WATER AND MERCURY-WATER. Almond-water is a cosmetic for the face made of almonds and (generally) rose-water. Almond Meal, which when mixed with water forms a fragrant paste, is still used for the complexion and highly valued for its effect.

Mercury-water is a wash for the skin prepared from mercury. So " to mercury " is to bathe the face with mercury-water. Cf. Ben Jonson, *Cynthia's Revels*, 1599, I, 1, where Cupid punningly says to Hermes : " Your palmes . . . are as Tender as . . . a ladies face new mercuried, they'll touch nothing."

p. 146. PETER AND SPANISH PAPER. Peter is rouge. So in the Prologue, spoken by Thunder and Lightning, to Mr. Bayes' tragedy, *The Rehearsal*, I, Lightning says :

> Let the Ladies allow us their Graces,
> Or I'l blast all the paint on their faces,
> And dry up their Peter to Soot.

Cf. Boccalini's *Advertisements for Parnassus*, translated 1656 : " My face is now so fresh and ruddy because people have petered it and coloured it."

Spanish Paper was a particularly fine kind of rouge. *The Fop-Dictionary*, 1690, has : " *Spanish* Paper. A beautiful red Colour, which the Ladies, *&c.*, in *Spain* paint their Faces withal." In *The Way of the World*, III,

Lady Wishfort at her toilet cries to Peg: "Fetch me the Red—the Red, do you hear? . . . I mean the *Spanish* Paper, Idiot, Complexion Darling. Paint, Paint, Paint." Sir Simon Addleplot declared that Lady Flippant, "betwixt Pomatum and Spanish Red, has a Complexion like a Holland Cheese," *Love in a Wood*, II, 1. Cf. also Mrs. Behn's *The City Heiress*, produced at Dorset Garden in 1682; 4to, 1682; II, 2, where Wilding says to Diana: "Not a Patch, ye Gipsy, nor no *Spanish* Paint, d'y hear."

p. 146. Lamb's Caul and May Dew. The omentum of a lamb was believed to have soothing properties and often mixed with rose water, white beeswax, borax, almond oil, and bergamot, to make a cold cream for the face. This was sometimes spread on a cloth and worn as a kind of mask at night.

To wash the face with May Dew ensures a clear complexion. "Yesterday, according to annual and superstitious custom, a number of persons went into the fields, and bathed their faces with the Dew on the grass (May Dew) under the idea that it would render them beautiful." *Morning Post*, 2 May, 1791.

p. 146. Mercury and Hogs Bones. Mercury, as noted above, was largely used in cosmetics. The hogs' bones, ground to a fine powder, were mixed with lard, and this formed the basis of several kinds of pomatum. The "Pomade Divine" was confected of lard, cloves, nutmegs, benzoin, orris root, storax, cinnamon and camphor, the ingredients all being perfumed with Attar of Roses. The recipe for the ointment used by the famous Ninon de l'Enclos, who preserved her beauty and kept her face without a wrinkle until she had turned seventy, was as follows: "Oil of almonds 4 oz. Hog's lard 3 oz. Spermaceti 1 oz. Melt, and add three fluid ounces of expressed juice of house leek, and stir till cool. Scent with a few drops of esprit de rose."

p. 146. Note into a glove. So in Dryden's *The Kind Keeper*, Dorset Garden, March, 1677–8, III, 1, both Mrs. Tricksy and Mrs. Brainsick borrow Mr. Woodall's gloves, pretending to fancy the Roman perfume, and each slips a billet-doux into the glove she handles before returning it to him.

p. 146. Flat as a flounder. The same old simile is used in Fletcher's *Women Pleas'd*, folio 1647, II, 4, where Penurio says: "Blow you my Mistress, Sir, as flat as a Flounder." See also Gay's *The Wife of Bath*, produced at Drury Lane, May, 1713, II.

p. 147. Bridewel. Bridewell, which was built by Henry VIII in 1522, was presented to London by Edward VI as a House of Correction "for the strumpet and idle person, for the rioter that consumeth all, and for the vagabond that will abide in no place." There are numberless allusions and many ample descriptions. The house was destroyed in the Great Fire, but rebuilt in 1668. It stood in Bride Lane, and Salisbury Court (Dorset Garden), Fleet Street lies to the west of S. Bride's Church.

p. 148. Certiorari. A writ in law to expedite justice. Certiorari was commonly corrupted to "sisseraro," "sasarara," or some similar form. As such the word is very frequent and persisted late. Cf. *The Vicar of Wakefield* (1766), XXI: "'As for the matter of that,' returned the hostess, 'gentle or simple, out she shall pack with a sussarara.'"

p. 148. Hybla. There were three towns in Sicily of this name. Hybla Major was probably the Hybla famous for honey, although Strabo seems to make that a characteristic of Hybla Minor, afterwards called Megara. Hybla

Major was on the southern slope of Mount Etna. Vergil, *Eclogues*, I, 54–6, writes

> Hinc tibi, quae semper, uicino ab limite sepes
> Hyblaeis apibus florem depasta salicti
> Saepe leui somnum suadebit inire susurro.

Also Ovid, *Tristia*, V, 21–2 :

> Cana prius gelido desint absinthia Ponto,
> Et careat dulci trinacris Hybla thymo.

p. 150. FINICAL. Affectedly nice. Over-precise. Cf. *World of Wonders*, 1607 : " Women gorgeously apparelled, finicall, and fine as fippence."

p. 150. A CUCKOO IN WINTER. The old country saying, as quoted in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1797, I, 456, has :

> The cuckoo comes in mid-March,
> sings in mid-April,
> stuts in mid-May,
> and in mid-June flies away.

There is another old rustic proverb : " You never hear the cuckoo before Tenbury Fair (20 April), nor after Pershore Fair (26 June)."

p. 150. A CHIP IN PORREDGE. *I.e.*, tasteless. Ray, *A Collection of English Proverbs*, 1670, has : " Like a chip in a pottage pot doth neither good nor harm." Hazlitt, *English Proverbs*, 1869, quotes : " Like a chip in porridge, neither good nor harm."

p. 152. FLAM. A cheat ; a swindle. Cf. Crowne's *The Countrey Wit*, produced at Dorset Garden, January, 1675–6, III, where Ramble says : " I will take all upon my self, and pretend I came in by mistake." And Isabella protests : " Oh, Sir, she will know it all to be a mere invented story, a flam."

p. 154. ON THE HIP. At a complete disadvantage. Cf. *The Merchant of Venice*, Shylock's

> If I can catch him once upon the hip,
> I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.

Dictionary of the Canting Creed has : " *Hip, upon the Hip*, at an Advantage in Wrestling or Business."

p. 156. O MONSTRUM HORRENDUM. Vergil, *Aeneid*, III, 658.

p. 159. GERMAN-STREET. Jermyn Street runs parallel with Piccadilly from the Haymarket to S. James. It was built *circa* 1667, and derives its name from Henry Jermyn, Earl of S. Albans. It was a fashionable quarter. From 1675 to 1681 the Duke of Marlborough, then Colonel Churchill, lived here. La Belle Stuart, Duchess of Richmond, had a house near Eagle Passage, 1681–3, and was succeeded therein by the Countess of Northumberland. Next door dwelt Henry Savile, Rochester's friend, 1681–3. Three doors from the Duchess again was living in 1683 Simon Verelst, the painter. In 1684 Sir William Soames followed him. In after years also there were a large number of famous residents connected with this favourite street. In Mrs. Behn's novel *The King of Bantam* lodgings are taken in *Jermain Street* and found to be " very richly and modishly furnish'd."

p. 159. ORBICULATION. The state of becoming spherical or globular.

p. 160. PLANTANIMATION. The meaning is obvious, but the word itself is of the rarest, perhaps ἅπαξ λεγόμενον.

p. 160. PICQUE OF TENERIFF. The famous Pico de Teyde (Peak of Teneriffe), the ancient Mount Atlante, rising 12,200 feet high.

p. 161. RABBY BUSIE. Zeal-of-the-Land Busy, a Banbury man, suitor to Dame Purecraft, in *Bartholomew Fair*. Justice Over-doo is locked up in the stocks, and the watchmen have also placed Busy in the stocks, when a brawl arises, they fight, and leave open the stocks in the scuffle. Busy exclaims: "We are delivered by miracle; fellow in fetters, let us not refuse the means; this madness was of the spirit: the malice of the enemy hath mock'd itself." So the two prisoners make off promptly. When *Bartholomew Fair* was revived under my direction for two performances in June, 1921, being the first time for one hundred and ninety years, Zeal-of-the-Land Busy was inimitably acted by that very complete comedian Mr. Ben Field.

p. 162. VERE ADEPTI. The *Uere Adepti* were the highest rank of the Rosicrucians. They were also known as the Magi, from whom nothing is hidden, who are Masters over all things. It was fabled that Moses, Hiram, and Hermes belonged to this grade.

p. 164. LAMBS CONDUIT. Stow mentions "the Conduit of Holborn Cross, erected about 1498: again new made by Mr. William Lamb, 1557. Hence called Lamb's Conduit." From a reservoir the water was conveyed by this conduit to Snow Hill. The conduit had been restored, from a design by Wren, in 1667. The adjacent fields formed a favourite promenade for the inhabitants of S. Andrew's, Holborn, and of S. Giles-in-the-Fields. Duels were not unknown here. Cf. the Epilogue to *Madam Fickle*, produced at Dorset Garden, November, 1676 (4to, 1677), spoken by Mrs. Currer:

> *Let him that boasts of too much strength*
> *Appoint the place and send his rapier's length,*
> . . . . . .
> *Meet me to-morrow in* Lambs-Conduit-*Fields*
> *There he shall find a woman now turn'd Bully*
> *Has power to turn a Critick to a Cully.*

p. 164. TOTNAM. A very favourite place of holiday resort. "The Citizens buy better on a Holiday in their walk to *Totnam*," says Dorimant to the Orange-woman as he disparages her fruit. *The Man of Mode*, 4to, 1676, I, 1. For a good picture of old Totnam see Nabbes' *Totenham Court*, "a Pleasant Comedie, Acted in the Yeare 1633, at the Private House in Salisbury-Court" (4to, 1638). The scene is Tottenham Court and the fields about it. From this play the farce *The Merry Milkmaids of Islington* was taken, but the theft far from improves upon the original design. In *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*, I, 1, Hippolita complains that she is not allowed "to take a Ramble to the Park nor Mulberry-garden." And Prue, her maid, joins in "Nor to *Tatnam-Court* nor *Islington*."

p. 164. EPSOM. On Saturday, 25 July, 1663, Pepys and Creed paid a visit to Epsom, "the road being full of citizens going and coming toward Epsum, where, when we came, we could hear of no lodging, the town was so full." The next day he notes: "Up and to the Wells, where great store of citizens, which was the greatest part of the company, though there were some others of better quality."

p. 164. ISLINGTON. There was a famous cheese-cake house at Islington, and many short excursions were made to this and to the neighbouring taverns. Thus on Easter Tuesday, 1 April, 1662, Pepys and Mrs. Pepys took a number of

friends " to Islington, and then, after a walk in the fields, I took them to the great cheese-cake house, and entertained them, and so home."

p. 164. HOGSDON. As early as 1609 we have a tract, *Pymlico, or runne Redcap; 'tis a Mad World at Hogsden.* Heywood's excellent comedy *The Wise-woman of Hogsdon* was printed in 1638, but must have been acted many years earlier. Hogsdon is in the parish of S. Leonard's, Shoreditch, and was described by Stow, in 1598, as " a large street with houses on both sides."

Hogarth in his picture " Evening " has shown us the return of a worthy citizen, his wife, and children, from a Sunday afternoon ramble to these districts. The good man is carrying with difficulty one of his offspring, who has wearied during the walk. The buxom lady shows every sign of heat and ill-temper.

p. 164. THORN-BACK. A ray with spines on back and tail. *Dictionary of the Canting Crew* has: " *Thorn-back* . . . a well-known fish, said to be exceedingly Provocative."

p. 164. A GENEVA BIBLE. The Geneva Bible was published in 1560, and was the work of a number of extremists who found it convenient to be absent from England during the reign of Queen Mary I. Among these were Knox, Miles Coverdale, and Calvin's brother-in-law, William Whittingham. They settled in Geneva, and there with the aid of Calvin and Beza, after two years' work, completed a translation of the New Testament in 1557. Three years later the whole Bible was published. It was dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, whilst the handy form and other attractive features of the work rendered it so popular that between 1560 and 1644 at least 140 issues were published. It was the first English Bible divided into verses, and the first to print in italics all the words not actually expressed in the original. It largely follows Tyndale and the Great Bible, but it is unreliable, various passages being coloured by the views of the fanatics who ushered it into the world. In Dryden's *The Kind Keeper*, produced at Dorset Garden, March, 1678, IV, Woodall banters Mrs. Saintly, the Puritan hypocrite, as " thou old *Geneva* Testament."

p. 165. IONICK DIALECT. The question of the Homeric Dialect is extremely controverted. Dr. Fick, the eminent German philologist, in order to account for the Aeolic forms in the older portions (which forms are retained when the metre makes a change impossible, but are elsewhere altered to Ionic), maintains that the epics first existed in an Aeolic (Achæan) dialect and were sung in the palaces of Achæan chieftains, and then, having been brought to Asia Minor, were eventually converted into the Ionic dialect, in which all later insertions were made. Yet Simonides quotes in Ionic from VI, 148 (*Iliad*), which is certainly among the earliest portions of the poem. The fact is, we cannot sufficiently state what was Achæan or Aeolic, or the oldest form of Ionic in the centuries 1000–600 B.C. The dialect we know as old Ionic may not be the oldest Ionic, and as changes took place the archaic forms, whether Achæan, Aeolic, or earliest Ionic, which affected the metre, must necessarily be preserved, and so result in what seems to us the apparently mixed dialect of Homer. For the grandeur of the vocables one may not inaptly remember Mrs. Browning's divinely beautiful poem *Wine of Cyprus:*

And I think of those long mornings
Which my thought goes far to seek,
When, betwixt the folio's turnings,
Solemn flowed the rhythmic Greek:

Past the pane the mountain spreading,
Swept the sheep's-bell's tinkling noise,
While a girlish voice was reading,
Somewhat low for *αις* and *οις*.

p. 165. The Moon is an Earth. Cf. Mrs. Behn's *The Emperor of the Moon*, produced at Dorset Garden in the spring of 1686–7, I, 1, where it is said that Doctor Baliardo "is always travelling to the Moon." His daughter adds: "And so religiously believes there is a World there, that he discourses as gravely of the People, their Government, Institutions, Laws, Manners, Religion, and Constitution, as if he had been bred a *Machiavel* there." Various books have been written on the lunar world. Thus we have a highly diverting work, *The Man in the Moone*, by Domingo Gonsales (*i.e.*, Francis Godwin, Bishop of Llandaff, and later of Hereford), 8vo, 1638, and 12mo, 1657. Cyrano de Bergerac's work was translated into English as *Σεληνάρχια, or, The Government of the World in the Moon:* Done into English by Tho. St. Serf, Gent., 16mo, 1659. There is another version, *The Comical History of the States and Empires of the Worlds of the Moon and Sun, newly Englished by A. Lovell*, A.M., 8vo, 1687.

p. 167. Temple Stairs. One of the chief Landing-places from the great water-way of the Thames. Cf. Pepys, Wednesday, 22 May, 1667: "Creed and I also by water, and parted at the Temple Stairs, where I landed, and to the King's house."

p. 167. A Great Rabble. One may remember the riots which took place during the revolution in industry which was brought about by the series of mechanical inventions during the latter part of the eighteenth century. In 1764 Hargreaves invented the spinning-jenny, and four years later Arkwright perfected the spinning machine worked by water power. Crompton's mule was invented in 1775, but did not come into general use till about 1785, when Cartwright's power-loom gave an impulse to weaving which enabled it to keep pace with the greater supply of thread. Watt's improvements in the already existing rude steam-engine were conducted from 1765 to 1782.

p. 168. Quare fremuerunt gentes. Et populi meditati sunt inania. *Psalm* ii.

p. 168. Quousque tandem. "Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdieu etiam furor iste tuus nos eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata iactabit audacia?" Thus commences the famous first oration of Cicero, "In Catilinam," delivered in 63 B.C.

p. 170. Masqueraders. Masquerade scenes occur in many plays, *e.g.*, Carlile's *The Fortune-Hunters; or, Two Fools well met*, produced at Drury Lane in th spring of 1688–9, Act III, the concluding scene: Mrs. Behn's *The Younge Brother; or, The Amorous Jilt*, produced at Drury Lane late in 1696, the first scene of Act III: Colley Cibber's *The Provok'd Husband; or, A Journey to London*, produced at Drury Lane in January, 1728, Act V: and many more.

p. 171. Vizard Masques. In Restoration days the most frequent synonym for a whore, especially such as frequented the theatre. In Dryden's *The Kind Keeper*, produced at Dorset Garden March, 1677–8, IV, 1, Aldo, giving directions to Mrs. Termagant and Mrs. Hackney, two prostitutes, says: "At the Play-houses, she shall ply the *Boxes*, because she has the better Face; and you shall have the Pit, because you can prattle best out of a Vizor Masque."

p. 171. RANK BALL. *Ballum rancum. Lexicon Balatronicum*, 1811, defines: "Balum Rancum. A hop or dance, where the women are all prostitutes. N.B. The company dance in their birth-day suits." An Adam and Eve ball. Cf. Dryden's *The Kind Keeper*, produced at Dorset Garden in March, 1677–8, V, where Aldo says to Woodall: "We'll divide the Estate betwixt us, and have fresh Wenches, and Ballum Rankum every Night." And later when Aldo speaks for Mrs. Pleasance: "Thou shalt be us'd, little Pleasance, like a Sovereign Princess: Thou shalt not touch a bit of Butchers Meat in a Twelvemonth; and thou shalt be treated——" the lady smartly chips in: "Not with *Ballum Rankum* every Night, I hope!" In Duffett's burlesque *The Mock-Tempest*, 4to, 1675, III, Moustrappa taunts Beantosser: "I never danc'd naked at the *French* house for Mild-Sixpences, good Lerry-come-twang." Cf. Pepys, 30 May, 1668: "And here I first understood by their talk the meaning of the company that lately were called Ballers; Harris telling me how it was by a meeting of some young blades, when he was among them, and my Lady Bennet and her ladies; and their there dancing naked, and all the roguish things in the world." Harris was Henry Harris, the famous actor of the Duke's House. "Lady" Bennet was a procuress well-known in her day, and to whom there are frequent references. She is described in *The Tatler* (84) as "the celebrated Madam Bennet," and it was to her that Wycherley addressed his ironical dedication of *The Plain-Dealer*, 4to, 1676. In *The Woman-Captain*, I, 1, produced at Dorset Garden in the autumn of 1679, Bellamy instructs the Baud: "Let us have a Bevy of Whores for a rank Ball, for we intend to be luxurious to-Night." "It shall be done," the old lady promises. In "The Rake's Progress," III, Hogarth shows us the interior of a brothel. Of this picture Mr. Clerk writes: "In the front, a woman is undressing, in order to exhibit some indecent postures —(a filthy practice by which she obtained a precarious maintenance)." It is common knowledge that these *poses plastiques* are not unknown in bagnios to-day.

p. 171. PICKEER. To dally; to skirmish playfully or amorously. In Crowne's *Sir Courtly Nice; or, It Cannot Be*, produced at Drury Lane in May, 1685, I, Lord Bellguard says: "There never was such an open and general War made on Virtue; young ones of thirteen will pickeere at it, and by that time they are Twenty, they are risen to be Strumpets General."

p. 171. BOREE. The Borée, or Bourée, is the national dance of Auvergne. Madame de Sevigné, in her letters from Vichy, in 1676, repeatedly eulogises its grace and spirit; and Wraxall in his *Tour in France*, 1675, speaking of a fair Countess, says: "When she danced the Bourée, a dance peculiar to Auvergne, I thought Hortensia Mancini was not comparable to Madame de L——." In Carlile's *The Fortune-Hunters*, Drury Lane, 1688–9, III, Sir William Wealthy says: "Dance me a good round Country Frisk: Pox of your Minutes and Bore's (what d'ye call 'em) Dances only invented for your smooth pac'd pocky *French* Fellows."

p. 172. ENTRY. A dance which derived its name from being performed at that point in a masque when new actors appeared: the technical term for the appearance of a set of new dancers in a masque. There is a play upon the word in Crowne's *The Countrey Wit*, IV, where Lady Faddle says to Sir Mannerly: "Well, nephew, thou wilt dance away all thy country flesh this winter; thy heels will be invited to show their parts to dance, in every fine entry, in the masques and plays, and——" Sir Mannerly breaks in with "Why, do they dance in Entries here? we dance in the country in our halls and

dinning-room, because the entries are too narrow." His Aunt explains: "Oh fie, thou dost not understand the terms of thy own art yet! to dance in an entry, that is to say, in an entry, an entry of anything." "Of freestone or brick?" he asks. His servant comments: "Your Worships are all freestone." Lady Faddle endeavours to put them right: "No, no, fie, fie! expert in the science, and ignorant in the terms, in an entry of shepherds, or gods and godesses."

p. 172. PISTOLS. The pistole was a gold coin worth about 16*s*.

p. 172. RUBB'D OFF. Very common slang still in use for "making off," "clearing out." Cf. *The Way of the World*, 1700, I, where when Petulant is told that ladies are waiting for him he cries: "They must wait or rub off; . . . let 'em trundle."

p. 173. ANTICK PUPPIES. Antic here means "fantastic and foolish."

p. 178. GRESHAM COLLEDGE. Gresham House was the first home of the Royal Society. Wednesday, 23 January, 1660–1, Pepys met Ralph Greatorex, the mathematician, and "With him to Gresham Colledge (where I never was before), and saw the manner of the house, and found great company of persons of honour there." The Royal Society was incorporated by royal charter in 1663. There are very many references in the Diary; and Wednesday, 5 October, 1664, Pepys notes: "Fell in discourse with the Secretary of the Virtuosi of Gresham College, and had very fine discourse with him. . . . Thence to the Musique-meeting at the Post-office, where I was once before. And thither anon come all the Gresham College, and a great deal of noble company."

p. 178. EXECUTIONS AND EXTENTS. An extent is a legal term denoting a writ for seizure of land, etc.

p. 180. MAY-DEW. The Rosicrucians, *Fratres Rosae Crucis*, F.R.C., were explained by many to be not Brethren of the Rose-Cross, but *Fratres Roris Cocti*, or Brothers of Boiled Dew; and this appellation was interpreted by alleging that they collected large quantities of May morning dew, and boiled it, in order to extract a very valuable ingredient in the composition of the philosopher's stone, and the elixir uitae.

p. 181. SALVAGE. This obsolete form of savage is found in Gower, and persisted for several centuries. It is very frequent. In Tate and Brady's version (1696) of the *Psalms*, vii, 2, we have:

> Lest, like a salvage Lion, he
> My helpless Soul devour.

p. 181. HEROES. Such as were satirized in *The Rehearsal* by Drawcansir, who is "A fierce Hero, that frights his Mistress, snubs up Kings, baffles Armies, and does what he will, without regard to numbers, good manners, or justice." Drawcansir is a burlesque of Almanzor in Dryden's *The Conquest of Granada*. It may be remarked that Drawcansir "frights his Mistress," but most romantic heroes were content to whine at some lady's feet.

Timon of Athens

p. 196. BARBARY. Lissom; delicate. A Barbary shape, from the fleetness and grace of a Barbary steed, means "an elegant shape." So in *Love for Love*, I, Valentine rallying Trapland about the Widow, says: "Pretty round heaving Breasts—a *Barbary* Shape." N.E.D. does not give "Barbary" with this rare meaning.

p. 200. THE FRINGED VALLANCE. A reminiscence of *The Tempest*, I, 2, Prospero to Miranda:

> The fringed curtains of thine eye advance.

In the Davenant-Dryden version, 4to, 1670: "Advance the fringed Curtains of thine Eyes."

p. 203. TALENTS. An Attic talent was about £243 15*s*.

p. 204. DRACHMA. A drachma was worth 9¾*d*.

p. 206. FURS. Worn as a mark of office or state. Cf. Milton *Comus* (1634), 707:

> O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
> To those budge doctors of the *Stoick* Furr,
> And fetch their precepts from the *Cynick* Tub.

p. 211. CECROPIAN LAW. Cecrops is fabled to have been the first king of Attica (Apollodorus, III, 14) and to have founded Athens, the citadel of which he named after himself Cecropia. (Pausanias, IX, 33; Strabo.) The adjective *Κεκρόπιος* Athenian; and Euripides uses *Κεκρόπια* for Athens itself: *Suppliants*, 657–8.

> *Καὶ τοὺς ξὺν αὐτῷ δεξιὸν τεταγμένους*
> *Κέρας παλαιᾶς Κεκροπίας οἰκήτορας.*

p. 212. MANUMIZE. Manumit. Manumittere, to set free a slave, Cicero, *Pro M. Caelio*, XXIX, 68, has "serui manumissi." The word then came to mean to set at liberty, in any general sense.

p. 212. THRESHOLD. Cf. the celebrated *Epithalamium* of Catullus, 159–161:

> Transfer omine cum bono
> Limen aureolos pedes,
> Rasilemque subi forem.

The bride was lifted over the threshold of her husband's house by those who formed her immediate escort, including, it would seem from Lucan, II, 358–9, one or more married women. For this Plutarch gives several symbolical reasons; Varro connected it with the sanctity of the threshold, see Servius on *Eclogue*, VIII, 29; Isidorus with the union of the married pair in the meeting of the two valves of the door, *Origenes*, IX, 7. Another reason seems to have been the wish to avoid the very bad omen of a possible stumble. See Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, X, 452–3:

> Ter pedis offensi signo est reuocata: ter omen
> Funereus bubo letali carmine fecit.

One may compare Plautus, *Casina*, IV, 4, where the two maid-servants cry :

> Sensim super attolle limen pedes, noua nupta, sospes
> Iter incipe hoc, ut uiro tuo semper sis superstes.

Rossbach is no doubt right in tracing this ceremony to times when the bride was actually carried away, and only entered her husband's dwelling by force.

p. 212. DIANA. Virginiensis, the goddess that presided over the loosing of the bridal zone. Juno, pronuba. Parcae, because they were helpers at the birth of a child. See Pindar *Olympiads*, VI, 42 ; *Nemean*, VII, 1.

p. 212. FIGS. Figs were symbolical of fecundity and parturition, apparently owing to the legend that Romulus and Remus had been suckled by the wolf under a fig-tree, which was then held to be sacred. No doubt something is also due to the luxuriance of the fig-tree, and figs seem always to have been connected with sexual matters. We have the word fig used to denote, or at any rate to refer to, sex, in Latin and Italian slang, also in obsolete English slang. One may compare Molza's indecent capitolo *Ficheide*, and Caro's still more indecent commentary on the poem. In English, with allusion to *Genesis* iii, 7, fig-leaves certainly convey an idea of sex and nudity.

The old Latin myth with regard to Romulus and Remus and the fig-tree is very confused and obscure, no doubt it is of most ancient date, Rumina, or Rumia (rumis), was the goddess of nursing-mothers, and she was worshipped in a separate temple near the fig-tree under which Romulus and Remus had been suckled by the she-wolf. Pliny, *Historia Naturalis*, XV, 18, writes : Quoniam sub ea (ficu) inuenta est lupa infantibus praebens rumin (ita uocabant mammam)."

p. 215. MERCURIE'S IMAGES. Thucydides (VI, 27 and 28) tells us that in the spring of B.C. 415 the Athenians were making active preparations for the Sicilian expedition. "'Ἐν δε τούτῳ, ὅσοι Ἑρμαῖ ἦσαν λίθινοι ἐν τῇ πόλει τῇ Ἀθηναίων (εἰσὶ δε κατὰ τὸ ἐπιχώριον, ἡ τιτράγωνος ἐργασία, πολλοὶ καὶ ἐν ἰδίοις προθύροις καὶ ἐν ἱεροῖς), μιᾷ νυκτὶ οἱ πλεῖστοι περιεκόπησαν τὰ πρόσωπα. καὶ τοὺς δράσαντας ἤδει οὐδείς . . . καὶ τὸ πρᾶγμα μειζόνως ἐλάμβανον· . . . μηνύεται οὖν ἀπὸ ματόικων τε τινων καὶ ἀκολούθων περὶ μὲν τῶν Ἑρμῶν οὐδέν, ἄλλων δε ἀγαλμάτων περικοπαί τινες πρότερον ὑπὸ νεωτέρων μετὰ παιδιᾶς καὶ οἴνου γεγενημέναι, καὶ τὰ μυστήρια ἅμα ὡς ποιεῖται ἔν οἰκίαις ἐφ' ὕβρει. ὧν καὶ τὸν Ἀλκιβιάδην ἐπῃτιῶντο. καὶ αὐτὰ ὑπολαμβάνοντες οἱ μάλιστα τῷ Ἀλκιβιάδῃ ἀχθόμενοι ἐμποδὼν ὄντι σφίσι μὴ αὐτοῖς τοῦ δήμου βεβαίως προεστάναι, καὶ νομίσαντες, εἰ αὐτὸν ἐξελάσειαν, πρῶτοι ἄν εἶναι, ἐμεγάλυνον καὶ ἐβόων ὡς ἔπι δήμου καταλύσει τὰ τε μυστικὰ καὶ ἡ τῶν Ἑρμῶν περικοπὴ γένοιτο καὶ οὐδὶν εἴη αὐτῶν ὅτι οὐ μετ' ἐκείνου ἐπράχθη, ἐπιλέγοντες τεκμήρια τὴν ἄλλην αὐτου ἐς τὰ ἐπιτηδεύματα οὐ δημοτικὴν παρανομίαν." Plutarch, in his *Alcibiades*, adds further details. The scandal was terrific. "'Ἡ μέντοι τῶν Ἑρμῶν περικοπὴ μιᾷ νυκτὶ τῶν πλείστων ἀκρωτηριασθέντων τὰ πρόσωπα πολλοὺς καὶ τῶν περιφρονούντων τὰ τοιαῦτα διατάραξεν." *Alcibiades* 18. The whole affair was most carefully inquired into, and " During this Examination, *Androcles*, one of the *Demagogues*, produc'd certain Slaves and Strangers before them, who accus'd *Alcibiades* and some of his friends for defacing other Images in the same manner, and for having prophanely acted the sacred Mysteries at a drunken Meeting. Wherein one *Theodorus* represented the Herald, *Polytion* the Torch bearer, and *Alcibiades* the Chief Priest, and that the rest of his Com-

panions were present, as persons, initiated in the holy Mysteries, and acting the Part of Priests. These were the Matters contain'd in the Accusation, which *Thersalus*, the Son of *Cimon*, exhibited against *Alcibiades*, for his impious Mockery of the Goddesses, *Ceres* and *Proserpina*. The People were highly exasperated and enrag'd against *Alcibiades* upon this Accusation which being aggravated by *Androcles*, the most malicious of all his Enemies, at first disorder'd him exceedingly." (*The Second Volume of Plutarch's Lives. Translated from the Greek by Several Hands.* Tonson, 1684, pp. 33–34.)

According to Andocides, *On the Mysteries*, XI–XVII, no less than four informations were laid before the Assembly of profane travesties of the Mysteries, at two of which Alcibiades was present. But these contain no specifications of the part taken by the different revellers. When Diocleides told his story to the Council, he said he recognized the faces of most of the three hundred *Hermæ*-defacers by the light of the full moon. It was afterwards proven that at the time (early morning) when Diocleides professed to have seen them, the moon had set. It was, in fact, the time of the new moon, not a full moon at all. Twenty-two persons were denounced by Teucer, of these four at once took to flight, eighteen were arrested and executed. (*Andocides*, LII, LIX, LXVII.)

p. 222. TISSAPHERNES. Alcibiades when first banished proceeded to Sparta, where he acted as the avowed enemy of his country. The machinations of King Agis II induced him to abandon the Spartans and take refuge with Tissaphernes (412), whose favour he soon gained. Through his influence Tissaphernes deserted the Spartans, and professed his willingness to assist the Athenians, who accordingly recalled Alcibiades from banishment in 411.

p. 230. CLOISTER. *Stoa Poekile*, the porch adorned with the fresco-paintings of the battle of Marathon by Polygnotus, where Zeno opened his school. At an earlier date this had been a favourite rendezvous of the poets. From this Porch, Stoa, the disciples of Zeno were called Stoics. Diogenes Laertius, VII, 5.

p. 246. THRASIBULUS. Thrasybulus of Stiria, who " had the biggest and loudest voice as they say, of any man that was in all the city of Athens." (Plutarch, *Alcibiades*.) He was a strong supporter of Alcibiades, and must be carefully distinguished from the son of Thrason, that Thrasybulus, who accused Alcibiades to the people as a profligate waster of the public funds, a rake-shame, and a secret plotter against Athens.

p. 249. AGIS. It was said that whilst Alcibiades was at Sparta, as the guest of King Agis, he seduced the queen Timaea, in consequence of which Leotychides, the putative son of Agis, was excluded from the throne as illegitimate. It may be remembered that in Otway's very unhistorical tragedy *Alcibiades*, produced at Dorset Garden in 1675, Deidamia, Queen of Sparta, is in love with the amazingly chaste Alcibiades.

p. 249. HE WAS A BLOCKHEAD. Cf. Plutarch, *Alcibiades* (North's translation): " For he [Alcibiades] entertained Queen Timaea, King Agis' wife of Sparta, so well in his absence, he being abroad in the wars, that he got her with child, and she herself denied it not. For she being brought abed of a son, who was named Leotychides, openly to the world called him by that name: but when she was amongst her familiars and very friends, she called him softly Alcibiades, she was so far in love with him. And Alcibiades jesting out the matter, said he had done it for no hurt, nor for any lust of flesh to satisfy his desire: but only to have of his race, to reign amongst the Lacedaemonians."

p. 249. PISANDER. Cf. Plutarch (North) *Alcibiades*. "Wherefore those that were Alcibiades' friends, being at that time the stronger, and greatest men of the council in the army at Samos: they sent one Pisander to Athens, to attempt to alter the government, and to encourage the noblemen to take upon them the authority and to pluck it from the people: assuring them that Tissaphernes would give them aid to do it, by means of Alcibiades, who would make him their friend."

p. 250. FIVE HUNDRED SAIL. Idem: "This was a notable act, and a great piece of service done by Alcibiades: that he promised the five hundred sail of the Phoenicians (which the Lacedaemonian assembly looked for, in their aid from the King of Persia) should not come at all."

p. 250. ABIDUS. Idem: "There he [Alcibiades] was advertised, that Mindarus, the admiral of the Lacedaemonians, was gone with all his fleet unto the strait of Hellespont. . . . Thereupon he went also and sailed thither with speed, to aid the Athenians: and by very good fortune came with eighteen galleys even at the very instant, when they were both in the middest of their fight, with all their ships before the city of Abydos. . . . So notwithstanding that Pharnabazus was come thither to aid the Lacedaemonians, and did his best endeavour to save their galleys by the sea-shore: yet the Athenians in the end won thirty galleys of their enemies, and saved all their own, and so did set up certain flags of triumph and victory."

p. 250. CIZICUM. Idem: "Alcibiades leaving his fleet, followed the chase with twenty of the best galleys he had, and drave them aland. Thereupon he landed also, and pursued them so courageously at their heels, that he slew a great number of them on the mainland, who thought by flying to have saved themselves. Moreover, Mindarus, and Pharnabazus, being come out of the city to rescue their people, were overthrown both. He slew Mindarus in the field, fighting valiantly: as for Pharnabazus, he cowardly fled away. . . After they took the city of Cyzicus."

p. 250. BITHYNIANS. Idem: Alcibiades "led his army into their borders, and sent a herald to summon the Bithynians, to make amends for the wrong they had done the Athenians. The Bithynians fearing lest Alcibiades would set upon them, did straight deliver him the goods they had as before in their custody, and moreover, made a league with the Athenians beside."

p. 250. SILIBRÆA. Idem: "Then he [Alcibiades] took to the seas again, to go towards the country of Hellespont, to get some money, where upon the sodain he did take the city of Selymbria."

p. 250. BYZANTIUM. Idem: "Alcibiades went also against those of Byzantium, who in like case had rebelled against the Athenians. . . . The battell was terrible of both parts: but Alcibiades in the end obtained victory." In 407 he returned to Athens.

p. 254. CARPER. A fault-finder; a caviller; a cynic.

p. 268. ANUX. A mistake for Pynx (*πνύξ*), a semicircular hill, south-west of the Areopagus, where the assemblies of the people were held in earlier times, for afterwards the people usually met in the Theatre of Dionysus. The platform for speakers, or bema, which was the basis or steps of an altar to Zeus, is still visible with three rows of seats cut in the rock behind it. The Prytanes seated on these faced the people, who stood in a semicircular space (not originally a downward slope) between the bema and the Agora. Prytanis, *πρύτανις*, a prince, lord or chief, but at Athens a President. These Prytanes were a committee of fifty, being the deputies chosen by lot from each of the ten local tribes, or Divisions, *φύλαι*, at Athens, so that each set

formed a tenth part of the council of five hundred, *βουλή*. The Prytanes assisted by a *γραμματεύς*, managed the affairs of the *βουλή* and *ἐκκλησία*. The Division, *φύλη*, which first entered office every year was determined by lot; and their term of office (*πρυτανεία*) was about five weeks. During this time all treaties and public acts ran in their name. The Prytanes had the first place and hearing in the General Assembly (*ἐκκλησία*), conducted the whole of the business of the Council, and dined at the public cost in the *πρυτανεῖον*.

p. 274. JANTEE. Obsolete form of "Jaunty." Jantee means stylish, smart, elegant, and this passage is quoted to that effect in the *N.E.D.*

p. 274. DEUX YEUX. As we should say "to ogle." Cf. *On the Officers in the Camp*, a MS. satire of 1686:

> He Ogled much in Churches, and the Drawing Room,
> But all his Deux Yeux did to nothing come.

A True Widow

p. 277. ODI PROFANUM. Horace, *Carminum*, III, i, 1.

p. 283. CALAMITY OF THE TIME. The political agitations and murderous unrest fomented by Oates' plot.

p. 283. TERENCE. Suetonius in his *Life of Terence* tells us: "Non obscura fama est adiutum Terentium in scriptis a Laelio et Scipione, quibuscum familiariter uixit." Cicero, *Ad Atticum*, VII, 3, says: "secutusque sum, . . . Terentium, cuius fabellae propter elegantiam sermonis putabantur a C. Laelio scribi."

p. 283. MULBERRY-GARDEN. Sir Charles Sedley's first comedy was produced at the theatre Royal on Monday, 18 May, 1668, "and the house infinitely full. But the play, when it come, though there was, here and there, a pretty saying, and that not very many neither, yet the whole of the play had nothing extraordinary in it, at all, neither of language nor design." This seems a very fair judgement, for Sedley's famous wit has certainly evaporated to a great extent in this comedy. The author has made considerable use of Molière's *L'Ecole des Maris*, which was produced 24 June, 1661.

p. 283. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. This rhyming tragedy was produced at Dorset Garden in February, 1676–7, and it must be acknowledged to be a singularly poor specimen of its kind.

p. 285. PROLOGUE. Curiously enough this same prologue was printed before Mrs. Behn's *The Widdow Ranter*, 4to, 1690, produced at Drury Lane in November, 1689. The Epilogue to *The Widdow Ranter*, as we now have it, appears to have been first printed in *Covent Garden Drollery*, 1672, where it is described as the prologue to Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Double Marriage*. It again appears as the prologue to *Abdelazer* in 1693. The first edition (1677) of *Abdelazer* has no prologue.

From the Stationers' Register we know that Dryden did write a prologue and also an epilogue for *The Widdow Ranter*, but beyond this no trace of either exists. There does not seem to be any satisfactory explanation why Dryden's

prologue to *A True Widow* should have been utilized ten years later as the prologue to a play by Mrs. Behn.

p. 285. CRUSE. In allusion to the history of Elias and the widow of Sarepta, *III Kings* (A.V. *I Kings*), xvii. Until Christie the reprints of Dryden absurdly gave "Cause."

p. 285. MUSS. A scramble. Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, III, 13:

> . . . of late, when I cried "Ho!"
> Like boys unto a muss, Kings would start forth,
> And cry "Your will?"

p. 292. LEAN AS A SKELETON. The part of Selfish was perhaps acted by Tom Jevon, who was extremely slim, to which reference is not infrequently made.

p. 293. BARBER SURGEONS HALL. Monkwell Street City. It was rebuilt in 1678. Holbein painted a famous picture of Henry VIII giving the Charter to the Company in 1541. This is still in the possession of the Company. On Friday, 27 February, 1662–3, Pepys visited and dined at Chyrurgeon's Hall. Dr. Tearne lectured, and "we had a fine dinner and good learned company, many Doctors of Physique, and we used with extraordinary great respect."

p. 293. DUKE'S PLAY-HOUSE. Dorset Garden, where the company had opened on Thursday 9, November, 1671.

p. 294. PROTASIS. Shadwell probably took these names from Dryden's *Of Dramatick Poesie, an essay*, first edition 4to, 1668, where Eugenius (Lord Buckhurst) lays down that Aristotle divides the integral parts of a play into four. First, the Protasis, or entrance, the introduction. Secondly, the Epitasis, or working up of the plot. Thirdly, the Catastasis, called by the Romans, Status, the height and full growth of the play. Lastly, the Catastrophe, which the Grecians called λύσις, the French le dénouement, the discovery or unravelling of the plot. This division which Dryden ascribes to Aristotle is not in Aristotle's Poetics, nor is it to be found in any extant Greek grammarian. The first known instance of it is in the tractate *De tragoedia et Comoedia*, printed in Giles' *Terence*, p. xvi, and probably by the Latin grammarian Euanthius. Scaliger in his *Poetice*, I, 9, p. 36 of the 1586 edition sums up the matter: "*Protasis* est in qua proponitur et narratur summa rei sine declaratione exitus. . . . *Epitasis* in qua turbae aut excitantur aut intenduntur. *Catastasis* est uigor ac status fabulae, in qua res miscetur in ea fortunae tempestate in quam subducta est. *Catastrophe*, conuersio negotii exagitati in tranquillitatem non expectatam."

p. 295. BRACKLEY. Brackley Races were held on a flat piece of land at the South-East end of the Town adjoining a Mound, which can still be seen, that formed the site of Brackley Castle. The Castle was destroyed some time before the days of Leland, and now no trace remains.

p. 295. STAMFORD. With reference to Stamford Races Mr. Charles Atter, the Town Clerk of Stamford, has kindly furnished me with the following details: "It is not exactly known when this sport began to be held here, but it may doubtless be ranked among the earliest in England. There were races formerly on Wittering Heath, (two miles from Stamford) on the Thursday before Midlent Sunday for a plate of £10 value, provided by the Town. From an ancient copy of articles agreed to at these races, we copy the fifth for its singularity:—

> "V. Item, That if anye of the matched horses or theire riders chaunce to fall in anye of the foure heats, the rest of the riders shall stayein theire

places where they were at the tyme of the fall untill the rider so fallen have his foote in the ſtirroppe againe."

We have no record of the particular prizes awarded at the Stamford Races until 1715." (From Burton's *Chronology of Stamford*, published 1846.)

" Stamford Plate, £12 in 3 heats 10 stone weight the winning horse to be sold for £20.

" Length of course $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles and a straight course of 1 mile for 2 year olds. Every horse that runs must be brought before the Mayor of Stamford or his deputy on Tuesday at the Naggs Head in Stamford between 2—4 in the afternoon and to pay 2 guineas entrance.

" The Grand Stand was erected in 1766 built of ſtone has 3 floors and rails round the top and there is also a small building of wood near the winning post called the ' Red Stand.'

" The time for holding these races is fixed by the Newmarket Club and the Marquess of Exeter.

" 3 days were usually devoted to the sport from 1814–39, since which 2 days only have been occupied. There are generally 4 or 5 races each day. (Charges for entrance of vehicles and liſt of winners from 1771–1846 can be sent if required)."

From *Hiſtory of Stamford.* Published by Harrod, (1735), Chap. VII.

" The time appointed for the races has for many years paſt been the Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday in the 2nd week in June. In 1785 on the Tuesday in the race week a purse of £50 was run for by horses of all ages that never won £50. 6 horses starting.

" On Wednesday in the same week a purse of £50 was run for by 3 year olds that had never won £50. 7 horses ſtarting. On the same day the ancient donation plate was run for by 5 horses the property of the inhabitants of Stamford and S. Martins, Stamford Baron.

" And on the Thursday a purse of £50 given by the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Exeter for which 4 horses ſtarted."

From Drahard's *Hiſtory of Stamford.*

" On 1ſt day Town Plate £50.
2nd day Noblemen's and Gents plate £50.
3rd day Plate £50 given by Marquis of Exeter and subscribers besides sweepſtakes each day.

" The following are among the regulations adopted by Stewards :—

" The owners of every horse running for the plates subscribes £3 : 3 :— towards defraying the expenses of the races and 5/- for each horse as entrance money. Jockeys riding in any other colours than those mentioned in the liſts are fined 10/6. This is certainly a very proper fine and ought to be moſt ſtrictly enforced as the confusion caused by a change of dress in the Jockies is by no means slight to the generality of visitors.

" No person is allowed to erect a booth on the course without subscribing 10/6 towards the 21ſt plates and every person having a ſtall on the ground muſt pay 5/- towards the races.

" No running horse to be allowed to ſtand at the House of any person who does not subscribe 10/6 towards the same and no smith is suffered to plate any of the horses without subscribing."

p. 295. GIBBONSES. Gibbons' Tennis Court, Vere Street, Clare Market, so called after Charles Gibbons, its owner or keeper, who died in 1668. It was opened as a theatre by Killigrew's company, Thursday, 8 November, 1660. 8 April, 1663, the same company removed to the new house in Brydges

Street, conveniently known as the first Drury Lane Theatre. Wilkinson, *Londina Illustrata*, tells us that the remains of the Vere Street theatre were discovered 17 September, 1809, after a fire which left nothing but a portion of the bare walls. The inside had long since been stripped, and had served many odd purposes, such as a carpenter's shop, a tripe-boiler's kitchen.

p. 295. BISK. Cotgrave, 1611 : *Biscaye*, a vantage at Tennis. *Bisque*, a fault at Tennis. Bailey, 1721, *Bisk*, *Bisque*, odds at the play of Tennis ; a stroke allowed to the weaker side.

p. 298. WIT'S. A parody upon Dryden. "Love's the noblest Frailty of the Mind." *Indian Emperour*, II., 2, 67–71.

p. 298. CICERO. Cicero composed several poems, most of them in his earlier years, but two at a later period, containing a history of his consulship, and an account of his exile and recall. A line in one of these poems contained the unlucky jingle which has become famous from Juvenal, 122–4 :

> O fortunatam natam me consule Romam.
> Antoni gladios potuit contemnere, si sic
> Omnia dixisset.

Cicero did certainly not die a beggar, but on the formation of the triumvirate between Octavian, Antony, and Lepidus, 26 Nov. B.C. 43, his name was in the list of the proscribed. He was warned of his danger and attempted to avoid it, but being overtaken by the soldiers, he was slain 7 Dec. 43 B.C.

p. 301. BAYON BACON. Considered a great delicacy as having an especially delicious flavour. Cf. *The Dunciad*, IV, 558 :

> Thy Truffles, *Perigord !* thy Hams, *Bayonne !*

p. 301. CHARRS. The Char is a small fish (*Salmo saluelinus*) of the trout kind, found in the lakes of mountainous districts in the north of England and in Wales. It is esteemed a rare delicacy. Phillips, 1662, *Chare* a kind of fish which breeds most peculiarly in Winandermere in Lancashire. Wilkins, 1668, *Real Char.* 141, Trout, Charr.

p. 301. BRANT GEESE. More commonly Brent-goose. The smallest species of wild goose, *Bernicla Brenta*, which breeds in high northern latitudes, and only visits the British coasts in cold winters.

p. 301. PIECE. A piece is a cask of wine (or brandy), varying in capacity according to the locality, but generally equivalent to the butt, or two hogsheads. *London Gazette*, 1705, No. 4089/3 : "One hundred and eighty Pipes or Pieces, of double Spanish Brandy." Cf. Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, 1619, V, 10 : "Home, Launce, and strike a fresh piece of wine : the town's ours !"

p. 307. MARKHAM. Gervase Markham, a well-known writer on veterinary surgery. His principal work was very frequently re-issued with revision and additions. There is an edition 4to, 1675 : "Markham's Masterpiece revived, containing all Knowledge belonging to Farrier or Horse-Leach, touching the curing all Diseases in Horses, Oxen, Cows, Sheep, Hogs, Goats, and all smaller Cattel. In Quarto. Price, bound, *4s. 6d.* Printed for Tho. Passenger at the Three Bibles on London Bridge."

p. 307. THE COMPLEAT FARRIER. "The English Horseman and Compleat Farrier ; directing all Gentlemen and others how to Breed, Feed, Ride, and Diet, all kind of Horses ; whether for War, Race, or other Service : with a discovery of the Causes, Signs, and Cures of all Diseases, both internal and

external, incident to Horses. Alphabetically digeſted: with the Humours of a *Smithfield* Jockey. In Octavo. Price, bound, 2*s*. 6*d*. Printed for Simon Miller at the Star at the Weſt end of S. *Paul's*." *Term Catalogues*, Hilary, 7 February, 1673.

Among the "two or three Books about Horses" to which Prig refers, he doubtless included "The Gentleman's Jockey and approved Farrier; inſtructing in the Natures, Causes, and Cures of all Diseases incident to Horses. With an exact and easie method of Breeding, Buying, Dieting, and otherwise ordering all sorts of Horses, as well as for common and ordinary use as for the heats and course. With divers other curiosities, etc. Printed for H. Twyford in *Vine Court*, Middle Temple; and N. Brooke at the Angel in *Cornhill*. In Octavo. Price, bound, 2*s*. 6*d*." *Term Catalogues*, Michaelmas (20 November), 1671. *The Gentleman's Jockey* was several times reprinted.

p. 308. Trick Track. Tables. A game of backgammon, played with men and pegs and more complicated. Cf. the Duke of Newcaſtle's *The Country Captain*, II, 1: "*Underwit*. Two *payre of Tables*; Tables? for what? *Thomas*. Oh, Sir for Tick Tack." To "over-set" is thus explained: "If you are in, and your cast is such that you may also go into your Adversaries eleventh point by two other men, and you see it not, either by carelessness or eager prosecution of a hit which is apparent before your eyes, you lose two irrecoverably. Besides, it is a very great oversight as your men may ſtand, not to take a point when you may do it." Cotton. *Compleat Gameſter*, ed. 1709, Chap. XXVII: "Of Tick-Tack."

p. 308. Ten at Ombre. Each player at ombre is dealt nine cards.

p. 309. Crimp. An obsolete card-game. Cf. Jonson, *The Magnetic Lady*, 1632, II, 1, where Lady Loadſtone advises: "Let her . . . Laugh and keep company at Gleek or Crimp."

p. 313. Blub. Blub-lips. Full; swelling. Cf. Otway's *The Souldiers Fortune*, produced at Dorset Garden early in 1680, I, where Sir Jolly says: "Odd she has a delicate Lip, such a Lip, so red, so hard, so plump, so blub."

p. 314. Puss. The word is rarely applied to several animals and particularly to a hare. Cf. Etherege's *She Wou'd if She Cou'd*, produced at the Duke's house Thursday, 6 February, 1667–8, IV, 2, where Freeman says: "If a Leveret be better Meat then an old Puss."

p. 316. Fore-Room. A room looking upon the Street so that the sound of Psalm-singing and loud vocal prayers would attract the attention of passers-by, and the house be remarked as godly. So in Mrs. Behn's *Sir Patient Fancy*, Dorset Garden, January, 1678, IV, when Lady Fancy, in order to escape the long matutinal devotions, pleads a megrim and says: "I am not able to endure the Psalm-singing." Sir Patient replies: "But we'll omit that part of th' Exercise, and have no Psalm sung." The lady, who during her husband's absence from the room is about to give herself to her lover, expoſtulates: "Oh, by no means, Sir, 'twill scandalize the Brethren; for you know a Psalm is not sung so much out of Devotion, as to give notice of our Zeal and pious Intentions: 'tis a kind of Proclamation to the Neighbourhood, and cannot be omitted."

p. 322. Busk. A ſtrip of wood, whalebone, ſteel, or other rigid material, passed down the front of a corset, and used to ſtiffen and support it. There is a well-known poem "*On a* Juniper-Tree, *cut down to make* Busks," sometimes ascribed to Roche ſter, sometimes to Mrs. Behn.

p. 327. FISH OUT OF WATER. This very old phrase is used by Wyclif, English *Works*, E.E. Text Society, p. 449; cf. also Chaucer, *Prologue*, *Canterbury Tales*, 179–180:

> Ne that a monk, whan he is cloisterlees,
> Is lykned til a fish that is waterlees.

p. 328. PRIMERO. A gambling card-game in which four cards were dealt to each player, and each card had thrice its original value. Phillips, 1658, notes: *Primero* and *Primavista*, two games at Cards formerly much in use." There is a famous Italian *Capitolo del Gioco della Primiera* (*c.* 1526). Sir John Harington's epigram *The Story of Marcus's Life at Primero* gives a long account of the game.

p. 329. PRICK-PENNY. A trick or sleight of hand at dice. Cf. Wilson, *The Cheats*, acted 1662, IV, 1, where Titere Tu says to Bilboe: "Did not I . . . teach you your top, your palm, and your slur? shew'd you the mystery of jack-in-a-box, and the frail die? . . . and, generally, instructed you from prick-penny to long-lawrence?"

p. 329. LONGS. Long's was a famous Ordinary in the Haymarket. It was here that in 1678 Lord Pembroke killed Mr. Coney with his fist. He was tried by his Peers and acquitted. There was at the same period a second tavern in Covent Garden kept by Ben Long, Long's brother. In Dryden's *Mr. Limberham* (1678), Brainsick cries: "I have won a wager to be spent luxuriously at *Long's*." In Etherege's *The Man of Mode* (1676), I, 1, the following conversation occurs:—

> Bellair. Where do you dine?
> Dorimant. At *Long's* or *Locket's*.
> Medley. At *Long's* let it be.

p. 330. DEVILS IN AN OPERA. In reference no doubt to the operatic version of *The Tempest*, altered from Davenant and Dryden's, produced at Dorset Garden in April, 1674. The devils are certainly kept very busy. "Several Spirits in horrid Shapes" are seen at the commencement of the play "flying down amongst the Sailors, then rising and crossing in the Air." In the Rowe edition of Shakespeare the illustrations are, as I have elsewhere shown, drawn from the actual contemporary stage-setting of the plays, rather than from a reading of Shakespeare's text. Thus the picture of *The Tempest* undoubtedly shows us the first scene of the operatic alteration as it was presented in the theatre. Numbers of curious winged shapes and devils are very actively flitting to and fro in the air. In the opera also there is a somewhat elaborate masque and dance of devils which concludes Act II. The epilogue to *The Tempest*, Egerton MSS. No. 2, 623 (British Museum), has:

> And we have Singing, Dancing, Devils here
> Such Devils, and such gods, are very Deare.

This scene of the devils was very famous and was accordingly burlesqued at length by Duffett in *The Mock-Tempest*, see *Shakespeare Adaptations*, pp. 126–133.

p. 332. THE PLAY-HOUSE. Presumably Dorset Garden.

p. 334. PRAY SIR PAY ME. In Restoration days it seems that all kinds of tricks were resorted to by those who were anxious to obtain admittance to the theatre without payment. There is a passage in Pepys which is a striking comment

upon the present scene. Monday, 30 December, 1667, he dined with Sir George Carteret, and afterwards accompanied his host's eldest son, Sir Phillip Carteret, to the King's Playhouse. "I could not but observe that Sir Phillip Carteret would fain have given me my going into a play; but yet, when he come to the door, he had no money to pay for himself, I having refused to accept of it for myself, but was fain; And I perceive he is known there, and do run upon the score for plays, which is a shame; but I perceive always he is in want of money."

There was an extraordinary regulation that anyone who did not remain in the theatre till the end of the Act then in progress was not required to pay anything. So on Tuesday, 7 January, 1667–8, Pepys went, having missed his wife at the Nursery, "to the other two playhouses into the pit, to gaze up and down, to look for them, and there did by this means, for nothing, see an act in 'The Schoole of Compliments' at the Duke of York's house, and 'Henry the Fourth' at the King's house; but not finding them, nor liking either of the plays, I took my coach again, and home." This practice is referred to in the epilogue to Davenant's *The Man's the Master*, produced at the Duke's house Thursday, 26 March, 1668:

> And some—a deuce take 'em!—pretend
> They come but to speak with a friend;
> Then wickedly rob us of a whole play
> By stealing five times an act in a day.

There is extant an order 7 December, 1663: "Whereas Wee are informed that diverse persons doe rudely presse and with evill Language and Blows force theire wayes into the two Theatres at the times of theire publique Representations, and Acting without paying the prizes established, to the greate disturbance of Our Servants lycenced by Our Authority . . . Our Will and pleasure therefore is . . . that no person of what Quality soever presume rudely or by force to come into either of the two Theatres till the Playes are quite finished . . . notwithstanding theire pretended priviledge by custome of forceing theire Entrance at the fourth or fifth Acts without Payment." There is also a printed order regarding entrance, dated 2 February in the 26th year of Charles II. This repeats the order concerning payment and commands "(to avoid future Fraud) That none hereafter shall enter the *Pit*, *First*, or *Upper Gallery*, without delivering to the respective Doorkeeper the Ticket or Tickets which they received for their Money paid at the first Door." Nobody is allowed to sit on the stage or to come "within the scenes."

p. 336. Drums and Trumpets. So in a *Satyr* by Buckingham and Rochester, generally known as *Timon:*

> Huffe was for *Settle*, and *Morocco* prais'd,
> Said rumbling words, like Drums his courage rais'd.

p. 336. Point. Thread lace made wholly with the needle, and often lace generally.

p. 337. Raps People. This silly practical joke was known as dumbfounding. Cf. Dryden's prologue to *The Prophetess*, produced at Dorset Garden November, 1690, where the ladies survey the empty seats:

> Then think, on that bare Bench my servant sate,
> I see him Ogle still, and hear him chat;
> Selling facetious Bargains, and propounding
> That witty Recreation, called Dum-founding.

In Otway's *The Souldiers Fortune*, Dorset Garden 1680, II, when Sir David appears, and Beaugard says "Surely he does not see us yet," Fourbin impudently replies, "See you, Sir, why he has but one eye, and we are on his blind side; I'll dumb-found him." He then strikes him smartly across the shoulders.

At the music-meeting in Southerne's *The Maid's Last Prayer; or, Any, Rather then Fail*, 1693, IV, we have: "1 *Bully*. Pox o' this scraping, and tooting: shall we eclipse, *Tom*, and make it a rantrum? 2 *Bully*. No, no, we'll dumfound the baronet. (*They dumfound him, on each side, as he turns.*) *Sir Symphony*. Who's that? What do you mean! (*Turning quick, one hits him in the eye.*)—This is not to be borne: is't you, take that, sir."

p. 338. THEY FIGHT. Brawls and battles in the pit of a Restoration Theatre were matters of frequent occurrence. Sometimes they ended fatally, and of this there is a well-known instance given by Langbaine, who when speaking of *Macbeth* says: "At the Acting of this Tragedy, on the Stage, I saw a real one acted in the Pit; I mean the Death of Mr. *Scroop*, who received his death's wound from the late Sir *Thomas Armstrong*, and died presently after he was remov'd to a House opposite to the Theatre, in *Dorset-Garden*." This was in 1679. There are continual allusions to the rowdiness of the pit and Rochester has a "Prologue against the Disturbers of the Pit."

p. 339. GLEEK. This card game is fully described in Cotton's *Compleat Gamester*, 1674, c. VII, pp. 90–96.

p. 346. GREEN ROOM. This appears to be the earliest allusion to the Green-room of a theatre. The *N.E.D.* gives Cibber's *Love Makes a Man*, produced at Drury Lane in the winter of 1700, 4to, 1701, IV, 4, where Clodio says: "I do know *London* pretty well, and the Side-box, Sir, and behind the Scenes; ay, and the Green-Room, and all the Girls and Women-Actresses there," as the first example. The Green-Room is so called because originally painted, or hung with, green.

p. 351. CAWL. To be born with a caul on the head betokens good fortune. The idea is very common and is found in many countries, even among the N. American Indians. Sir Thomas Browne in his *Vulgar Errors* says that sailors buy and carry one to preserve them from being drowned. They were also sold to advocates to increase their oratorical powers and aid their promotion. A child's caul was advertised for sale in *The Malvern Advertiser*, March, 1872. The French expression is être né coiffé, and in Italian the caul is known as la camicia della Madonna. There are innumerable allusions to this old superstition, *e.g.*, Herrick, *Oberon's Palace*:

> For either sheet was spread the caul
> That doth the infant's face enthral,
> When it is born (by some enstyl'd
> The lucky omen of the child).

In George Digby's *Elvira*, 4to, 1667, V. Zancho says:

> Were we not born with cauls upon our heads?
> Think'st thou, *Chichon*, to come off twice arow
> Thus rarely from such dangerous adventures?

Swift, *Polite Conversation*, I, London 1738, has: "*Lady Answerall*. No, Mr. *Neverout*, I believe you were born with a caul on your head, you are such a favourite among the ladies." *Les Superstitions anciennes et modernes*,

2 vols., Amsterdam 1733–6, II, tells us: "Non seulement, dit on encore, l'enfant qui est ne coiffé est heureux; il a même le privilege d'être invulnerable, pourvu qu'il la porte toute sa vie sur soi et encore mieux l'est il s'il la mange."

To wrap an infant in the mother's shift or smock is quoted by John Ray, and Walker, *Paraemiologia*, 1672, p. 26, gives "Fortune's darling" as the equivalent of this phrase. In *Wine, Beer, Ale, and Tobacco contending for Superiority*, 4to, 1630, Wine says to Sugar: "Why, sure thou wert wrapt in thy mother's smocke."

In Swift's *Polite Conversation* we have: "I believe you were wrapt in your mother's smock, you are so well beloved." Middleton, *Your Five Gallants*, licensed 1608, has:

Mrs. N. The nimble gentelman in the celestial stockings
Pr. Hath the best smock fortune to be beloved of women. (I, 1.)

Allan Ramsay in his *Scots Proverbs*, 12mo, 1737, tells us that the Scots have a superstitious custom of receiving a child when it comes to the world in its mother's shift, if a male, believing that this usage will make him well beloved among women.

p. 352. WATCH ME. The watching of witches was one of the tests to which Beldames suspected of sorcery were put, and as John Gaul in his *Select Cases of Conscience Touching Witches*, London, 1646, tells us, it was a speciality of the craft of Matthew Hopkins: "Having taken the suspected Witch, shee is placed in the middle of a room upon a stool or table, crosse-legg'd, or in some other uneasie posture, to which if she submits not she is then bound with cords; there is she watcht and kept without meat or sleep for the space of 24 hours. . . . A little hole is likewise made in the door for the Impe to come in at; and lest it might come in some less discernable shape, they that watch are taught to be ever and anon sweeping the room, and if they see any spiders or flyes to kill them. And if they cannot kill them then they may be sure they are her Impes." Cf. *Hudibras*, Part II, canto iii, 146–8:

Some for setting above ground
Whole days and nights, upon their breeches,
And feeling pain, were hang'd for witches.

Also cf. Mrs. Behn's *The Dutch Lover*, produced at Dorset Garden in February, 1682–3, I, 2, where Marcel says:

There is a Knack in Love, a critical Minute:
And Women must be watcht as Witches are,
E'er they confess, and then they yield apace.

Also *The City-Heiress*, Dorset Garden 1682, I, 1, where Sir Anthony says to his nephew:

Believe me, *Charles*, Women love Importunity.
Watch her close, watch her like a Witch, Boy,
Till she confess the Devil in her,—Love.

p. 352. JESUITS POWDER. Powdered Peruvian bark, which was largely used as a remedy for the ague. *Mercurius Politicus*, 1658, in four numbers, advertises: "The excellent powder known by the name of 'Jesuits Powder' may be obtained from several London chemists." Burnet, *History of his Own Times*, relates that Charles II in his last illness was copiously dosed with "*Quinquina*, called in England the Jesuits Powder." The Spanish

Jesuit Missionaries in Peru were taught by natives the healing power of the bark some time between 1620–30, when one of the Fathers at Loxa was indebted to its use for his cure from a severe attack of malaria, whence it is sometimes known as Loxa Bark. The earliest transportation of the medicine was due to Father Barnabe de Cobo, S.J. (1582–1657). In *The Old Batchelour*, II, when Sir Joseph says that once he nearly died of a fright and is trembling all over, Bluffe laying his hand on his sword thunders out: "Look you here Boy, here's your antidote, here's your Jesuits Powder for a shaking fit."

p. 354. FRAUD AND COVIN. Covin is conspiracy, collusion. *Conuenium* from *conuena*, one who comes together with others. Cf. Convene.

p. 361. VERSES UPON A FLEA. One may remember and indeed compare Donne's *The Flea*.

p. 363. SALE-WORK. Made to be sold, and since not wanted at home ready-made as opposed to home-made. Hence, as often to-day, of inferior quality. *N.E.D.* quotes this passage.